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*Photo by Keystone View Co.*

**The 20-raters, well bunched, preparing to jibe 'round a mark in the last day's race. *Robin*, winner of the series, at right, the others being *Pirate*, *Friendship*, and *Lady Gay*.**

# California's Mid-Winter Regatta Opens American Racing Season

## *Fred Hoyt, Sailing "Marin," Brings King of Spain Trophy to the East Coast*

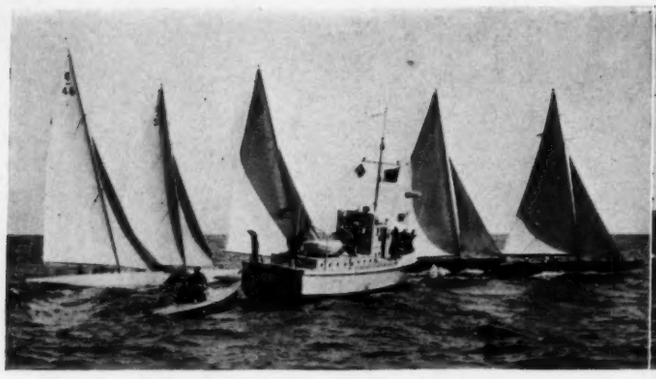
*By* WALDO DRAKE

SOUTHERN California yachtsmen were fortunate this year in the weather they drew for the Fourth National Mid-Winter Regatta, sailed off San Pedro March 15 to 19, but in competition they found the going very rough. It was a complete rout for the home boats. The King of Spain Trophy, a model in silver of Columbus' *Santa Maria* and emblematic of national supremacy in the Eight-Metre Class, was taken by Lewis Luckenbach's *Marin*, flying the colors of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. Clare Farrand, youngster among the Larchmont skippers, brought out his silver *Robin* and took the Don Lee Trophy in the R Class; while in the Six-Metre fleet Arthur Rousseau garnered for San Francisco Bay the Ben R. Meyer Cup with his perennial *May-Be*, carrying the burgee of the Corinthian Yacht Club.

To certain of the South Coast enthusiasts Frederick M. Hoyt was the villain of the show. But to all other contestants and lookers-on, Mr. Hoyt's masterly handling of *Marin*, against the combined efforts of the three California "Eights," was recognized as the most splendid work seen in California racing. *Marin* won the King of Spain Trophy in a thrilling finish in the final race, wherein Hoyt used practically every trick gained in a lifetime of racing on the Sound.

*Angelita*, a big double-ender of undoubted ability in moderate to fresh breezes, was built by a California Yacht Club syndicate this year to defend the King of Spain Trophy, won for the club in 1929 by Ted Conant, sailing Owen Churchill's *Babe*. Like *Marin*, *Angelita* was designed by Nicholas S. Potter and in the races was sailed by Ted Conant. Against the two Potter boats was *Babe*, sailed by Commodore Churchill himself, and Stuart Haldorn's *Monidah*, from San Francisco, sailed by Clare Neuner. *Babe* and *Monidah* sailed consistently in third and fourth places, so that aside from the hindrances *Marin* suffered from *Babe* and *Monidah*, Hoyt and Conant really fought out five match races.

Race week opened on Saturday in a southeast rain storm, with squalls rising to a force of forty miles, accompanied by a very uncomfortable sea. Conant struck *Angelita's* windward combination early, for on



The "Sixes" shave the bow of the committee boat in a close start.

*Photos by W. S. Sawyer*

*Marin* and the new "Eight" *Angelita* running down the Palos Verdes shore.

the very first windward leg she sailed by *Marin* and *Babe* in the stiff chop and won the race by nearly eight minutes. In the second race, sailed in a light southerly breeze, all "Eights" except *Babe* jumped the starting gun, but Hoyt brought *Marin* out of the three-minute handicap and beat *Angelita* by forty seconds. It was in Monday's race, the third, that he first dug into his bag of sailing tricks to beat the defending *Angelita*.

*Marin* had gained a slight lead on the beat to windward when *Angelita* and *Babe* fell into a scrap for weather berth and on the close reach down to White Point Conant tried desperately to get his boat around *Marin*. Hoyt staved him off, however, and as they started the long run to the finish off Point Fermin Conant again began luffing tactics. Hoyt permitted *Angelita* to work well up on his weather bow, when he made a lightning-like jibe to the port tack and ran free of her inshore, gaining several boat lengths on the maneuver. The wind softening, *Angelita* caught *Marin* again, whereupon Hoyt jibed quickly again and, on the starboard tack, forced *Angelita* under his lee. In that position he put *Marin* over the finish line, 14 seconds ahead of *Angelita*, which led *Babe* by seven seconds. In the fourth race, both *Babe* and *Monidah* caught *Marin* under their lee at the start and held her helpless until *Angelita* worked out a lead that gave her the race and tied the two leaders with 14½ points each.

In the fifth and final race, *Marin* got away to a beautiful windward start and worked out a half-minute lead over *Angelita*, which she held until the final reach, when *Angelita* drew up so fast that Hoyt was forced to luff. They fought until both had worked down opposite the mark, but to windward of it, when Hoyt jibed *Marin* suddenly and fell away for the buoy. Before Conant could bring *Angelita* before the wind *Marin* had jibed around the mark with her sheets well in and was beating for the finish line. She won by 45 seconds, though the race was sailed in a twenty-mile westerly, considered *Angelita's* own weather.

Both *Angelita* and *Marin* displayed every characteristic of the good racing sloop during the regatta. *Angelita*, a bare fortnight away from her launching, came within that single maneuver of Hoyt's at the leeward buoy of winning the title; while *Marin*, regarded as a light weather craft, showed marked ability in fresh breezes. This spring Potter reduced *Marin's* original sail area by seventy square feet and increased her water line by addition of considerable ballast, both of which changes seem to have improved her measurably. *Angelita*, first double-ended "Eight" on the coast, is likewise of unusual size, being fifty feet over all and with slightly more than 800 feet of working sail.

*Robin* won her victory among the twenty-raters by sailing but four out of the five races, nosing out Charles Deere Wiman's *Alert IV*, which won the Class R title

(*Continued on page 140*)

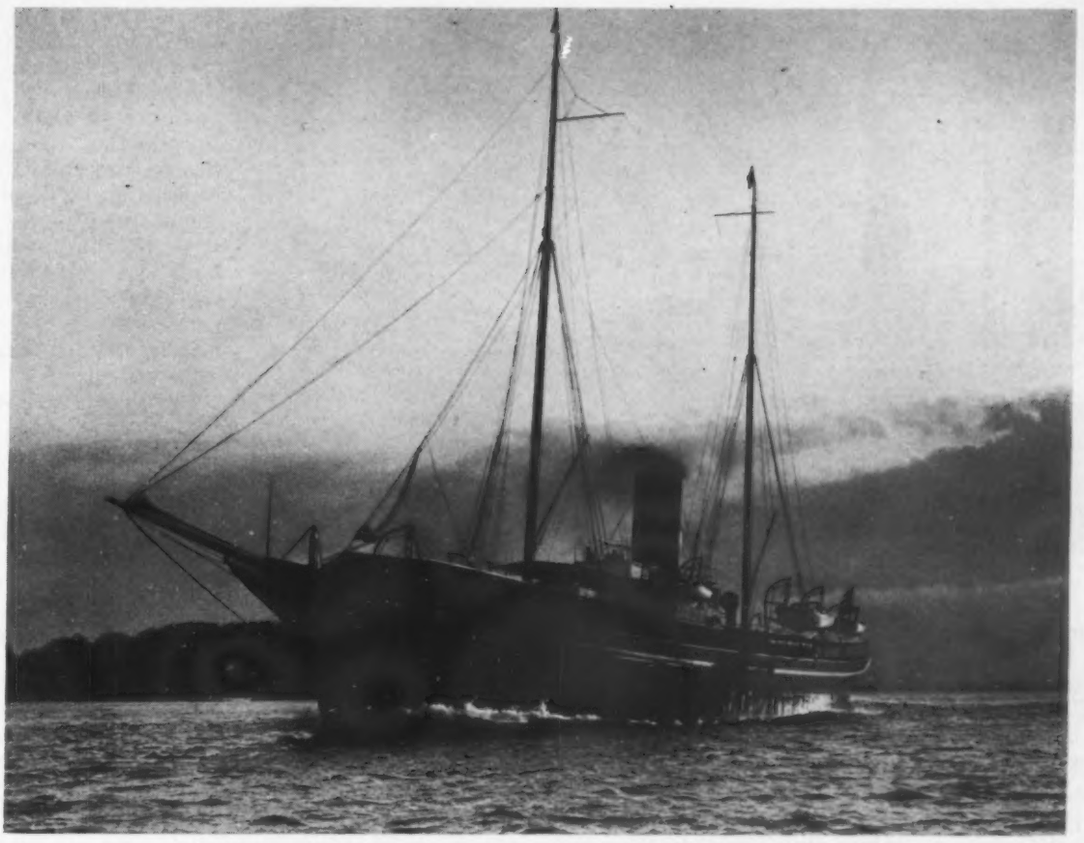
*Photos by Chapin*

*Marin*, a Potter-designed "Eight" owned by L. Luckenbach, won the King of Spain Trophy.

Arthur Rousseau's *May-Be*, winner in Six-Metre Class, leading *Caprice*.

*Photo by W. S. Sawyer*

*Robin II*, owned by C. L. Farrand of the Larchmont Y. C., winner of Lee Trophy in Class R.



The second *Corsair*, built in 1899 to replace an earlier Morgan yacht of that name, which performed valiant naval service in the Great War. After over 30 years of usefulness, she was given to the Coast and Geodetic Survey by Mr. Morgan. She will thus round out her eventful career locating the dread of all mariners — rocks and shoals.

# The Two *Corsairs*

## *How the Two Most Famous American Steam Yachts Won Honor and Distinction as Fighting Ships in a Most Exacting Naval Service*

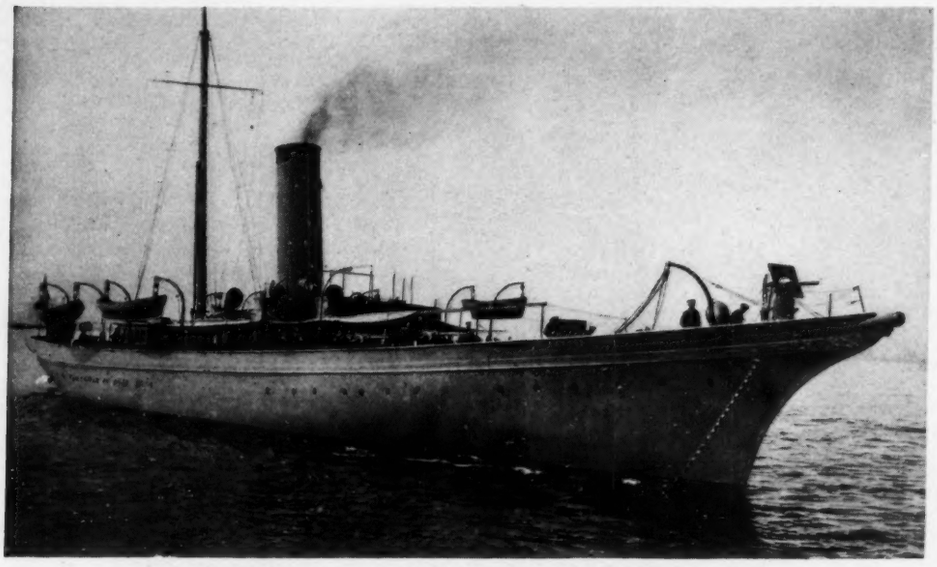
*By* CHARLES GODWIN MOORE, LIEUTENANT, U. S. N.

"I CONGRATULATE you, sir," said Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, "upon making as gallant a fight as ever a man made on the sea." Such was the greeting extended to the Spanish Admiral, Cervera, by his captor on the deck of the *U. S. S. Gloucester*, July 3rd, 1898. In that engagement, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the first *Corsair* won great laurels and placed her name on the long honor roll of valiant American fighting ships headed by the *Bonhomme Richard*.

It had been said that the doughty Gloucester fishermen were not flattered by having the name of their city accorded to nothing more formidable than J. P. Morgan's converted yacht, the *Corsair*. Keen rivalry existed between the New England coast towns, and the seaports of Machias and Marblehead lent their names to craft of far greater tonnage. But when the former flagship of the New York Yacht Club became one of the outstanding combatants of that historic summer day by sinking two Spanish torpedo boat destroyers, and later rescuing the fallen Spanish commander from his burning flagship, every true son of Gloucester was justly proud of the staunch little craft which had so honored his city's name.

The bell from the Spanish torpedo boat *Furor* (left), sunk by the first *Corsair*, July 3rd, 1898. The bell was recovered from the wreck and presented to Commander Wainwright, of the *Gloucester*.

The first *Corsair* was purchased by the United States from J. P. Morgan, Sr., at the outbreak of hostilities (April, 1898) for $225,000. Renamed the *Gloucester*, she was placed under



The first *Corsair*, as the *U. S. S. Gloucester*, lying at anchor.

the command of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, formerly the Executive Officer of the battleship *Maine*, whose destruction in the harbor of Havana had precipitated the war. In her general characteristics and graceful lines the first *Corsair* was practically a smaller prototype of the second vessel of that name which was built the year following (1899) for Mr. Morgan. Being of a vintage eight years earlier she was much smaller than the later edition, having dimensions of only 204, 27, and 12 feet — length, breadth and draft — as compared with the corresponding later measurements of 254, 33, and 16 feet. Like her later namesake, also, the first *Corsair* was largely officered by yachtsmen or reservists. In addition to the four regular naval officers assigned, five volunteer officers appeared on her roster. There was, however, a marked contrast in military features. The tonnage of the first vessel was only 786 as compared to 1136 tons, while the latter boasted of a speed superiority of at least two knots. And while the *Corsair* of 1917 was equipped with a modern armament of four three-inch rapid fire guns, the older vessel made history with such insignificant popguns as the old three- and six-pounders, popular weapons at the close of the century but rarely found on any but the most obsolete fighting craft today.

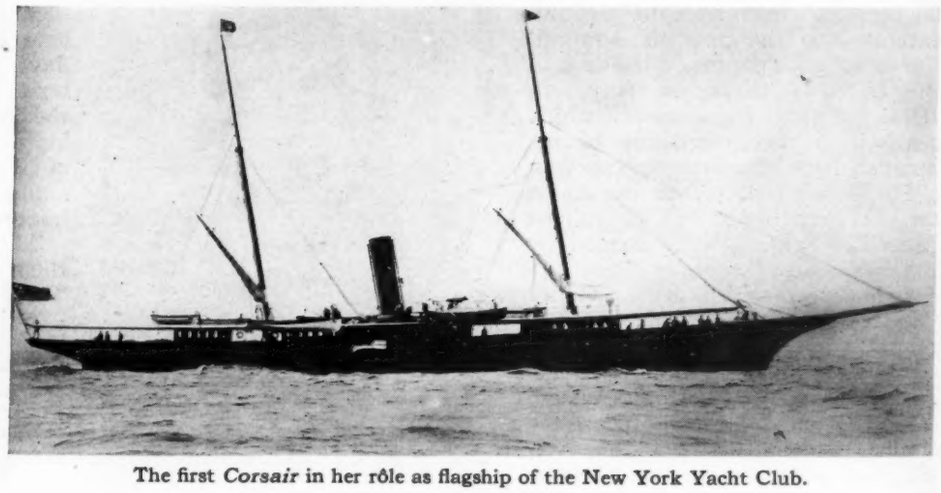
The contribution made by the *Gloucester* to the destruction of the 19th Century Spanish Armada is well summed up in the following extracts from the report of the American Commander-in-Chief, on the battle of July 3rd, 1898.

"The skillful handling and gallant fighting of the *Gloucester* excited the admiration of everyone who witnessed it, and merits the commendation of the Navy Department. She is a fast and entirely unprotected auxiliary vessel — the yacht *Corsair* — and has a good battery of light rapid fire guns. She was lying about two miles from the harbor entrance, to the southward and eastward, and immediately steamed in, opening fire upon the large ships. Anticipating the appearance of the *Pluton* and *Furor*, the *Gloucester* was slowed, thereby gaining more rapidly a high pressure of steam, and when the destroyers came out she steamed for them at full speed, and was able to close to short range, where her fire was accurate, deadly, and of great volume.

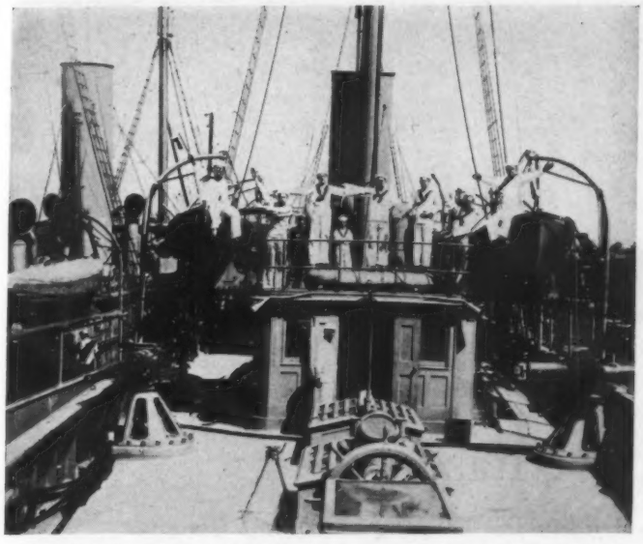
"During this fight the *Gloucester* was under fire of the Socapa battery. Within twenty minutes from the time they emerged from Santiago harbor the careers of the *Furor* and *Pluton* were ended and two-thirds of their people killed. The *Furor* was beached and sunk in the surf; the *Pluton* sank in deep water a few minutes later. The destroyers probably suffered much injury from the fire of the secondary batteries of the battleships *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Texas*, yet I think a very considerable factor in their speedy destruction was the fire, at close range, of the *Gloucester's* battery. After rescuing the survivors of the destroyers, the *Gloucester* did excellent service in landing and securing the crew of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*."

Three weeks following the events recorded above, on the morning of July 25th, the *Gloucester* was lying-to off the Porto Rican harbor of Guanica which was held by the enemy. Commander Wainwright signalled the flagship, "Shall I go in?" and received the laconic reply, "You can try it." Disregarding the submarine mines reported to be in the harbor, the *Gloucester* steamed in alone ahead of the fleet, capturing the town at the expenditure of two rounds from her six-pounders. Promptly, a landing party was sent ashore to strike the enemy flag and hoist in its place the American ensign. Shortly after the boat touched the beach the party was attacked from ambush but the ship's batteries again opened up and almost immediately silenced the hostile fire.

Upon the conclusion of the war the *Gloucester* returned home — a scarred veteran which had covered



The first *Corsair* in her rôle as flagship of the New York Yacht Club.



Signal drill on board the second *Corsair* during the Great War.

herself with glory and become the envy of many a larger vessel. One of the first ports she visited was Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the loyal citizens turned out in a body to do her honor, the entire populace lining the waterfront. As a mark of appreciation for the city's hospitality, the national ensign, which had been taken ashore by the landing party at Guanica, and was consequently the first U. S. flag ever hoisted on Porto Rican soil, was presented to the mayor.

After a cruise along the coast where the appearance of the vessel always called forth enthusiastic acclamation she was visited by Mr. Morgan in his new *Corsair*, which was later destined to lend new luster to that name in the anti-submarine campaign of the World War.

The old *Corsair* spent many years in the Navy acting as an auxiliary vessel in various capacities. In 1909 she was loaned to the New York Naval Militia, but upon our entry into the World War she was re-mustered into the service and, no longer young enough for the front line, she was assigned to duty in the Third Naval District. Following the war she was listed for disposal, and one year after the Armistice the sale was effected and she was stricken from the Navy list.

When, in 1917, conflict with the Central Powers was imminent and the authorities in Washington were busily acquiring all seagoing craft that could effectively meet the submarine crisis, the present Mr. J. P. Morgan offered the second *Corsair* to the government. For the nominal sum of one dollar per month this luxurious pleasure yacht passed to the Navy list, there to remain and to perform valuable services until the war was won. True to the pace established by her forerunner, she was soon on her way to the war zone. Three months after the opening of negotiations between Mr. Morgan and the Navy Department, which resulted in her complete change of category from a sumptuous yacht to a brisk and vigorous man-of-war, she was accompanying the first American Expeditionary Force to France. One of the first of our war vessels to reach French waters, together with another yacht — the *Aphrodite* — she became the nucleus around which was later built the historic Breton Patrol, unofficially dubbed by some of its personnel the "Suicide Fleet." This characterization, however, was hardly appropriate for the valiant units that comprised the detachment. Only one American yacht that stalked the Bay of Biscay during the following sixteen months — the *Alcedo* — met her end at the instance of a German torpedo. The chief game of the wily U-boat was allied commerce, and wherever possible the Breton Patrol and their terrifying depth bombs were given a wide berth. How strikingly this last statement is borne out can be appreciated from the experience of the *Corsair*. During her long cruise overseas, confined for the most part to the submarine-infested waters of the Bay of Biscay, on only one occasion did the yacht get an opportunity to come to grips with her lurking enemy.

During the night of October 2nd, 1917, the *Corsair* was ploughing eastward through a rain squall towards Brest when suddenly overhead the weather cleared. There on her port bow, five hundred yards away, lay the *U-60*, an enemy which for some days past had been making things extremely unpleasant for Breton fishermen and unescorted small craft. The *Corsair* opened fire almost immediately and headed for the German to ram him. With a precipitous crash dive the *U-60* sought the safety of her realm as the keel of the yacht cut sharply across the empty space where her enemy had lately been. The explosion of French, English and American depth charges rended the air, convulsing the bay into a collection of towering water columns. With perhaps only a knot or two more up her sleeve the *Corsair* might very well have won for herself the coveted gold star by contributing another prize to the overflowing locker of one Davey Jones.

Never again was the opportunity presented to the *Corsair* to engage in combat with the enemy. Apparently, the latter had learned his lesson. Shortly after her narrow escape the *U-60* returned to her base for a long period of rest. Late in November she was back again. Others came. But in the meantime, the Breton Patrol were learning the technique of keeping the U-boat well under the surface and their ships well above it. The end of that year definitely saw the eclipse of Germany's hope of stemming the American tide by the means which seemed so auspicious upon our entry into

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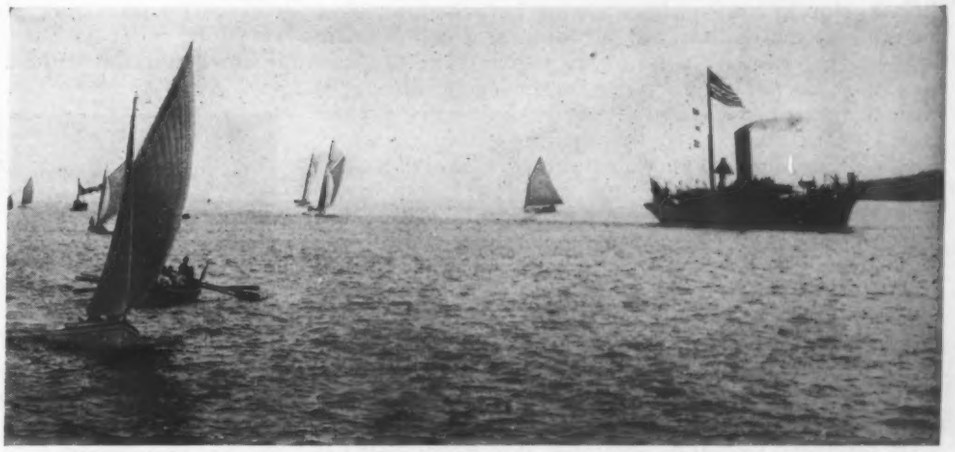
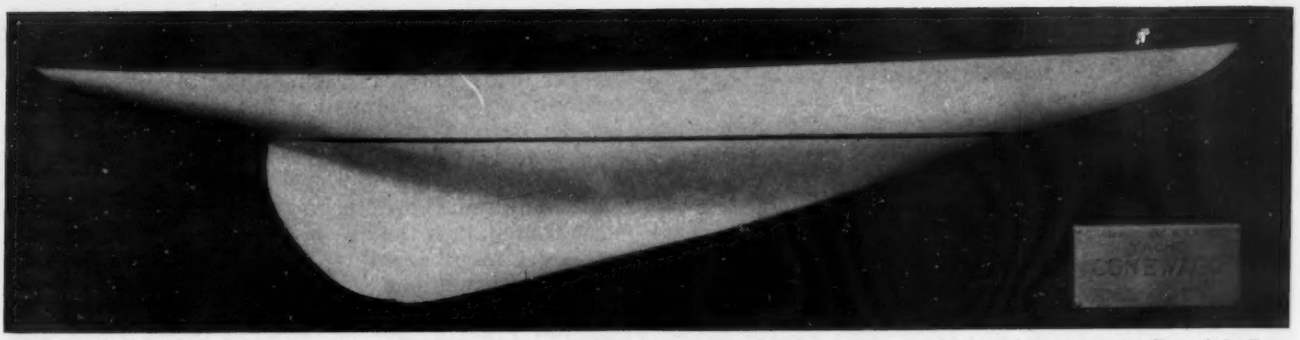


*U. S. S. Gloucester* (the first *Corsair*) standing into Gloucester harbor after her return from Cuba following the Spanish-American War.



Half model of *Conewago*, designed by Olin J. Stephens for a syndicate of Rochester yachtsmen for the defence of the Canada's Cup.

# Canada's Cup Chasers

## *A Description and Comparison of the Contenders for This International Trophy*

*By* C. H. J. SNIDER

ASPIRANTS for the Canada's Cup, from both sides of the international boundary line, offer an interesting study, as they embody the first efforts of designers of world repute to provide metre-yachts for fresh water.

Yachts designed under the International Rule have been racing on the Great Lakes for a few seasons, but this contest for the Canada's Cup, between the Rochester Yacht Club, of Rochester, N. Y., and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, Ont., brings to Lake Ontario a glittering handful of eight-metre yachts specifically designed for winning the greatest international trophy fresh water has known.

At this time and distance it is not possible to deal in detail with the candidates of the Rochester Club. The late unpleasantness in Wall street caused a hitch in the original defence plans. It had been announced that at least one eight-metre like *Gypsy* would be bought from the 1929 crop of Long Island Sound flyers, and that two or three others would be built, the designers favored being Frank C. Paine, Sparkman and Stephens, and Clinton H. Crane. Later reports reduced the prospects to one defender only. Still later reports, backed by an energetic drive for funds by the gentlemen of Rochester, produced the certainty of two new eight-metres, by Olin Stephens and by Paine, and the carrying out of the rest of the program as first outlined. From an examination of the scale model of the Paine candidate, which is being built at Neponset by the Lawley yard on the order of Mr. W. P. Barrows, for the Rochester Yacht Club, it is evident that an improved *Gypsy* is under way for the Lake Ontario club.

This model shows a very clean-lined hull, with wetted surface reduced to a minimum, no more lateral plane than is needed to hold her up to windward, rather blunt entrance, and thin run. From the rather V-shaped section one would expect heavy displacement, but here it is useless to speculate without the designer's figures. The rudder blade is broader than *Gypsy's*, the profile rather suggesting that of *Caryl*, the Seawanhaka Cup winner. The Stephens'-designed boat is for a syndicate organized by Walter L. Farley, and the model indicates a boat of great promise.

Of the three Canadian aspirants it is less difficult to speak, having examined the blueprints of the one building in England and the designs and the hulls themselves of the two others as they have grown into being on this side of the Atlantic.

The three British designers are William Fife, of Fairlie, Scotland, who designed that *Canada* which gave the cup its name; W. J. Roué, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, creator of the *Bluenose* fisherman and a long line of successful yachts; and Charles E. Nicholson, of Gosport, England, who also has an America's Cup challenger on his mind in this year of grace.

Fife designed his Canada's Cup essay early in 1929. When I saw her at Fairlie in June last year *Caryl* was in the water, and had won her first race. The Canada's Cup craft existed as a full-sized drawing on Fife's draughting floor and a collection of teak, mahogany, pitch-pine and British oak which had resolved itself into her stem, sternpost, horn-timber, keel, and main frames in the Fife shops. Her ballast-mold had also been completed. All these members, along with an extensive collection of metal-work, such as floors, mast-sleeves, chain-plates, etc., were gathered up into six packing cases and shipped from Scotland to Oakville, Ontario, by August. Here, in the shop of the Oakville Yacht Building Co., they have been set up and clothed with Honduras mahogany planking, so that the Scottish shadow or skeleton has become a very material substance.

A very sweet thing she is, without one hard line; a very long run, easy but not slack bilges, garboards fairly hollow, and the widest rudder yet seen in her class.

*Quest*, Fife-designed aspirant for the Canada's Cup, when planking had been completed. The quarter view emphasizes her wide rudder.

**Block model of Paine design for the defence of the cup. She has a family resemblance to *Gypsy*, Seawanhaka Cup defender last year.**

Fife has, manifestly, played for light weather. As he has been designing for Lake Ontario for forty years he knows how many of our summer races are sailed in eight-knot breezes. He has never yet sent a heavy-weather horse to the lakes. *Yama*, *Zelma*, *Vedette*, *Nox*, *Canada*, *Temeraire*, *Crusader* — not one of these has been a slug in light airs, and some of them have been famous ghosters. *Temeraire* and *Canada* were good sail carriers, but even they could move with the rest of them in a whisper. So this latest Fife will possibly be the light-weather favorite of the challengers for the Canada's Cup. She has the lines for that, and the dimensions; the greatest sail area, the lightest displacement, the shortest water line length, and, perhaps, the least wetted surface. On this latter point one is guessing.

The Fife entry was designed before the amendment to the rules which makes mast diameter correspond to rating measurement, not water line length. Consequently, it would not be possible for her to trade masts with the other two, or use the spare spar which the Royal Canadian Yacht Club syndicate financing all three yachts has provided for dismasting emergencies. The Fife spar is a beautiful piece — or pieces, six of them — of Sitka spruce, 61 feet 8½ inches in length, 56 feet of this above deck. It is built up, hollow, of course, with long splices, a pear-shaped section, and the two halves fitting together diagonally. It was made in the Oakville shop.

Nicholson, Fife's younger rival in the metre classes, has gone in for something radically different. He uses less sail area by more than thirty square feet — and one square yard of canvas does a lot of driving in the light lake breezes. He overcomes this handicap to some extent by designing a water line longer by some 14 inches, and a sharper bow. This has given satisfaction in his twelve-metre *Mouette*, in English racing, and it may prove successful on Lake Ontario. Lake seas run short and steep in a breeze, it is true, but few lake races are sailed in ugly confused water such as sea tides give, and it is in such conditions, one would think, that the sharp bow would benefit. Nicholson has also steered a different course in displacement, his entry being much the heaviest of the three Canadian yachts — well over a ton heavier than Fife's. She is also much the narrowest, being hardly anything over eight feet on deck. In fact, Nicholson's and Fife's Canada's Cup craft compare much as did *Gypsy* and *Caryl* in the Seawanhaka Cup. Those two yachts were assuredly unalike, and yet a splendid match. Either could have won the trophy. Fife's design is a *Caryl* improved for local conditions. If Nicholson's is an improvement on *Gypsy* they should offer some wonderful racing for the bewilderment of the selection committee that will pick the ultimate challenger. But from their lines and dimensions one would expect Fife to have it in light weather and Nicholson in heavy.

The Nicholson eight-metre was the last ordered by the owning syndicate, the order not going forward until late in November, but delivery was promised by the first steamer up the St. Lawrence in May. Building has gone on apace through the winter in the shops of Camper and Nicholson in Gosport, in spite of the preoccupation which might have been expected from the building of the America's Cup challenger at the same time by the same firm. Camper and Nicholson have built the spars both for their own product and for the third Canadian. These masts are interchangeable; the same firm has, therefore, built an additional mast which can be used by either in case of accident.

Without any opportunity of consulting the designs of either of his competitors — for Fife's was in the making and Nicholson's undreamed of when he began the job — W. J. Roué has contrived to hit the exact medium between the creations of his Scottish and English seniors. This young Nova Scotian created a very favorable impression with his *Acadia* in 1926, his first racer intended for Lake Ontario. His study for an eight-metre was selected by experts in a sealed competition between Canadian designers, held by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in the summer of 1929. None of the judges knew whose design was being considered until after the choice had been made and confirmed. When the decision was made the resources of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club were mobilized and building proceeded on the Roué design in the club's own well-equipped shop in its marine yard on Toronto island, some twenty miles away from the Oakville plant. This candidate has been the peculiar charge of Fleet Captain T. K. Wade, one of the R. C. Y. C.'s flag officers, William Ogle, the club's master builder, having personal direction and execution of all the work, and Mr. Roué making many journeys from

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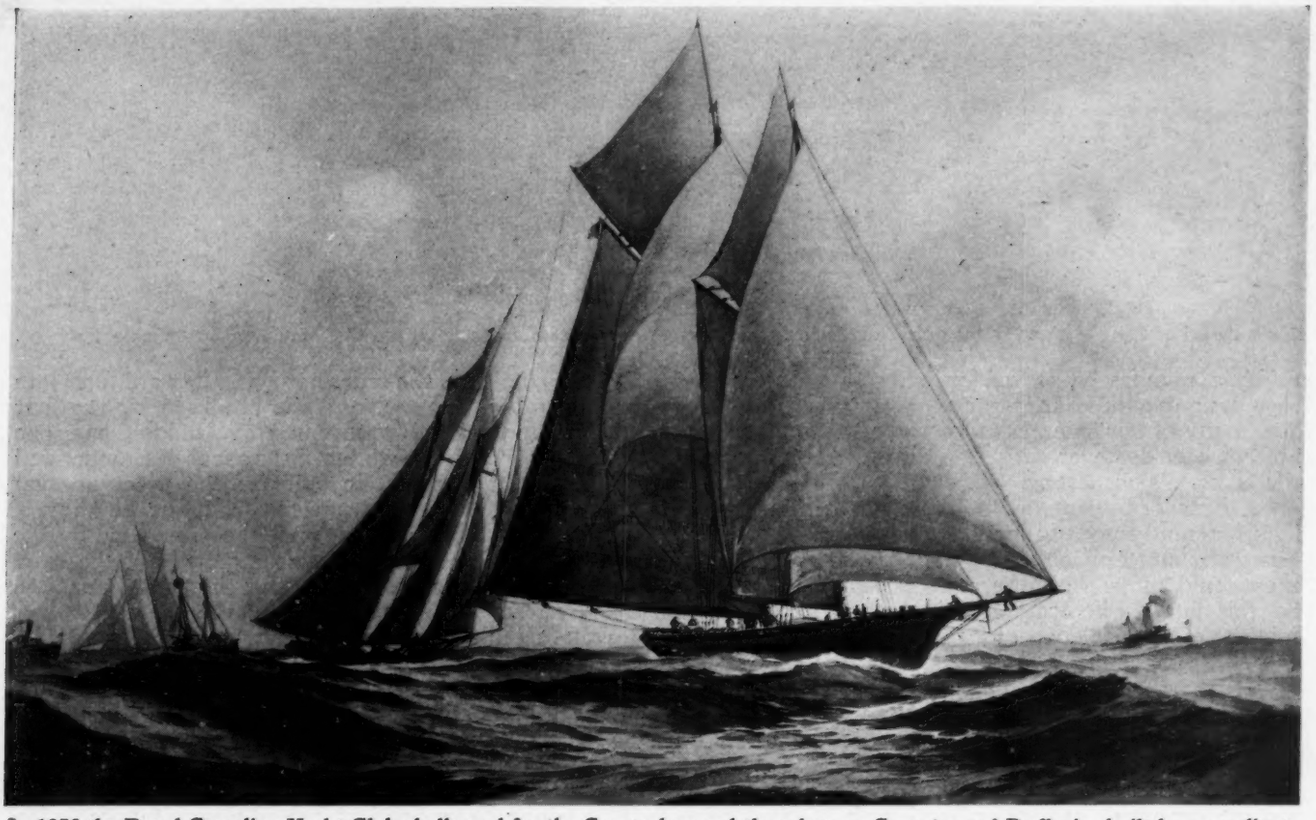
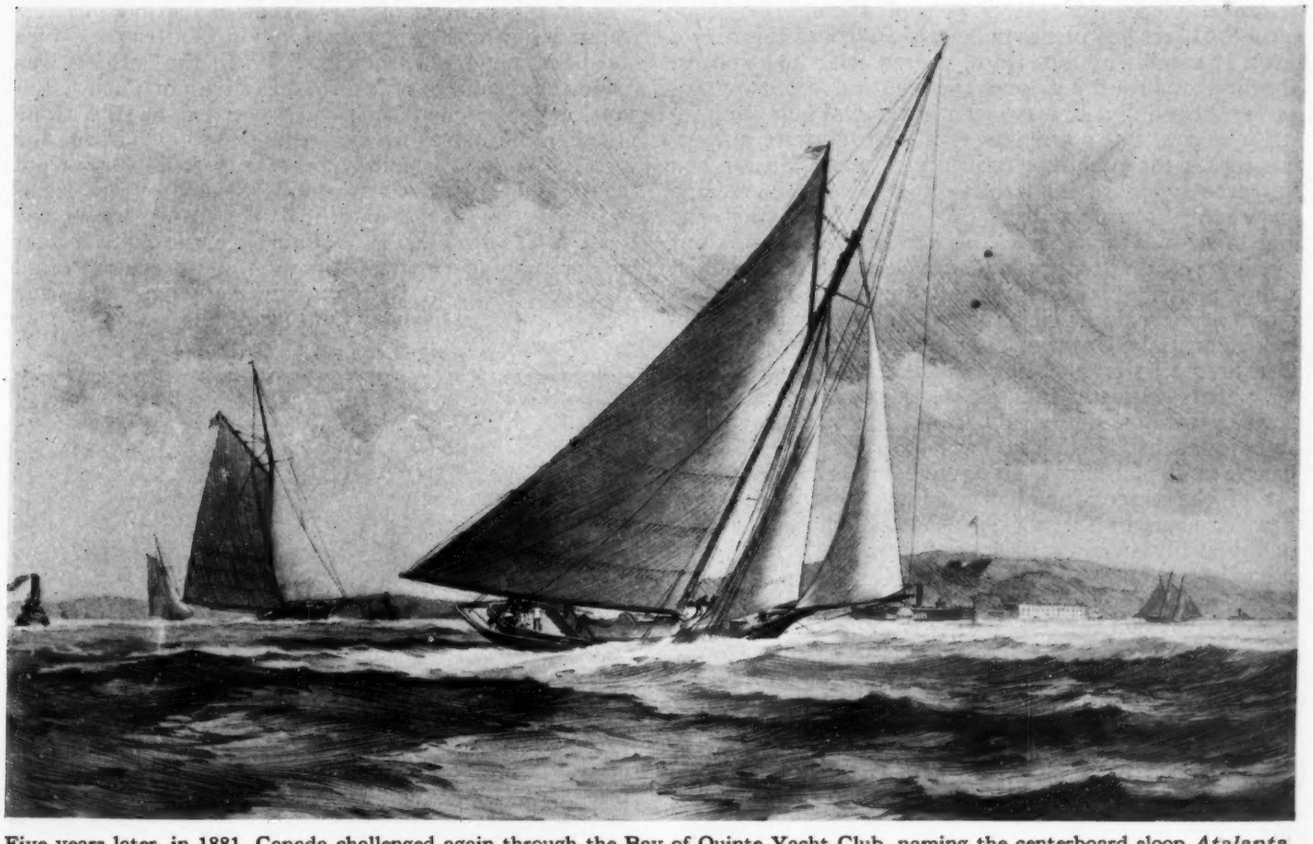
**Bow view of *Norseman*, Roué-designed candidate for the cup.**

# When Canada Challenged for the America's Cup



In 1876 the Royal Canadian Yacht Club challenged for the Cup and named the schooner *Countess of Dufferin,* built by a syndicate headed by Major Charles Gifford. The New York Yacht Club defended with the schooner *Madeleine,* which beat the challenger badly in two straight races, sailed August 11th and 12th. The artist, L. A. Shafer, shows the *Madeleine* running home, while the challenger is beating up for Sandy Hook Lightvessel, the turning mark. Both schooners were centerboarders.



Five years later, in 1881, Canada challenged again through the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, naming the centerboard sloop *Atalanta,* designed and sailed by Alexander Cuthbert. The defender chosen was the iron sloop *Mischief,* designed by A. Cary Smith. She had no difficulty defeating the challenger, but was outsailed in the first of the two races by the sloop *Gracie,* which was timed by the committee though not actually in the race.

*Photos by M. Rosenfeld*

**Start of the Unlimited 151 Class Hydroplanes at Miami. As usual, this class furnished many of the thrills of the regatta. The camera caught *Miss Daytona* clear of the water.**

# Two Days of Speed Boat Racing at Miami

## *Annual Regatta Run in Fine Style*

*By* CHARLES E. MAAS

THE 17th Annual Biscayne Bay Regatta held on March 26th and 27th under the auspices of the Miami Beach Yacht Club, was a colorful affair that attracted a fairly large list of entrants and although no speed records were broken, the large crowd of spectators, both ashore and afloat, seemed well pleased with the spectacle.

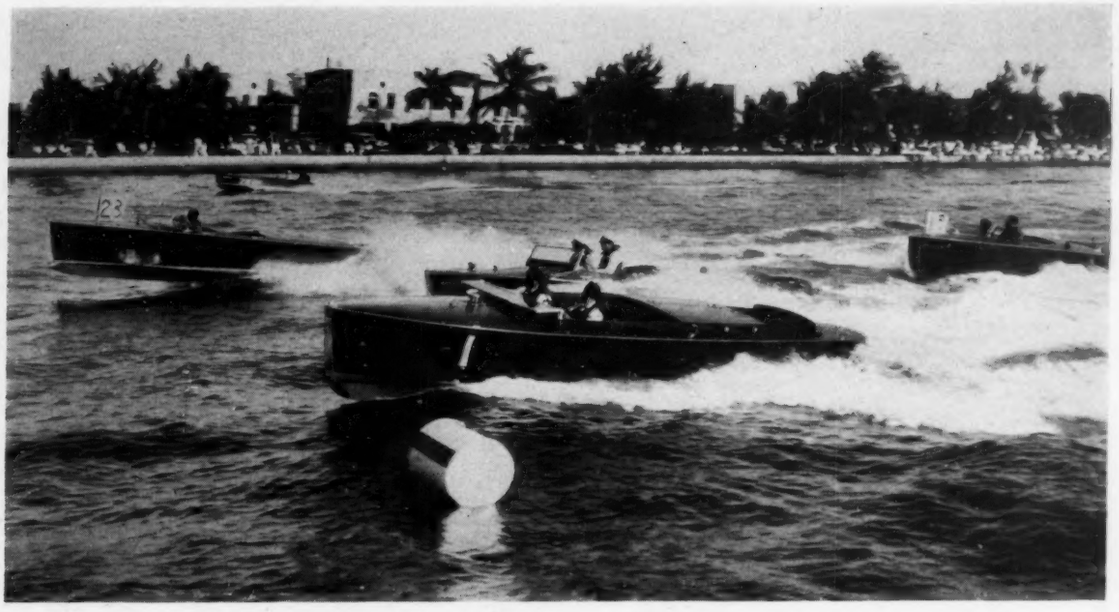
The regatta was scheduled to start on the 25th, but a continued downpour lasting most all of the day caused a postponement. The 26th dawned bright and clear and a moderate northerly wind made the course a bit choppy. The second day was clear and cool and a diminishing easterly breeze flattened out the water.

The first event was for Class B Outboards and Divisions II and III were run together. Eleven boats started and finished the first heat. Nine of these little boats survived the second heat and *Full Quart*, a Division II driver, and a Johnson-powered Ramsey boat, romped in ahead of the field in both heats. The Division III winner was *Mercury II*, a Ludington-built craft with a Johnson motor. She won both heats with a maximum speed of a bit more than 30.5 m.p.h.

The good old 151 Class Hydroplanes performed "as per routine." There is no use in attempting to deny that these little craft furnished (as they usually do) the high lights of the regatta. They do not seem to mind rough water and the thoroughness and good sportsmanship of their drivers in attacking their job and carrying it through is amazing. Five boats started in the first heat, five in the second, and three in the final heat. Chris Ripp's *Meadowmere II* won on points, while the same owner's *Bayhead II* made a speed of 42.35 m.p.h. in the first heat, the fastest time made for any lap in this race.

Two boats started in Class C, Division II, Outboards, and eight in Division III. An Evinrude motor carried *Vampire* to victory in Division II, while the well-known *Palm Beach Baby* owned by G. T. Millikin, built by Mullins and also powered by an Evinrude, annexed Division III honors.

The race for the much discussed Colonel Green Trophy had been depended upon to furnish all sorts of competition and it was regretted that but twelve boats started in the first heat and but six in the second heat, on the next day. H. Ross Maddocks, who drove his Ludington boat with its Johnson motor, won this race in his usual neat style and the fastest time of the race was made by this driver in the second heat, when he covered the course at the rate of 36.15 m.p.h.



Start of the runabouts, 200 h.p., with the boats hitting the line with the gun. Won by John Rutherford's *Sea Lyon*, Kermath powered. She is the leading boat in the group at right.

The next scheduled event was to have been an exhibition run by *Miss America VIII* and the spectators were greatly disappointed when Gar Wood announced that this superb craft had sustained some damage while being lowered into the water, and he did not consider it safe to do any more than chase around the course a couple of times at a pace that did not give even a hint of the possibilities of the boat. The next day the same condition existed and this was further amplified by motor trouble, which again prevented Mr. Wood from giving his exhibition.

The small runabout classes (55 h.p. and 75 h.p. motors), did not seem to thrill anybody and it was not until the 200 h.p. runabouts came along to run two heats that much interest was displayed in this class. Here the honors went to two famous rivals, a Sea Lyon and a Chris-Craft, and final results proved that Mr. Jack Rutherford's 28-foot Sea Lyon had nosed in a shadow ahead of the Chris-Craft.

Five sleek but husky runabouts of the 250 h.p. class put on a fine show and stirred up the placid waters of Biscayne Bay in great style. Five boats finished the race, the winner was protested and the officials declared "no race." The next day the race was run again and the winner, a Chris-Craft owned by H. A. Mendelson, was protested. The judges did not consider the protest and the race stands.

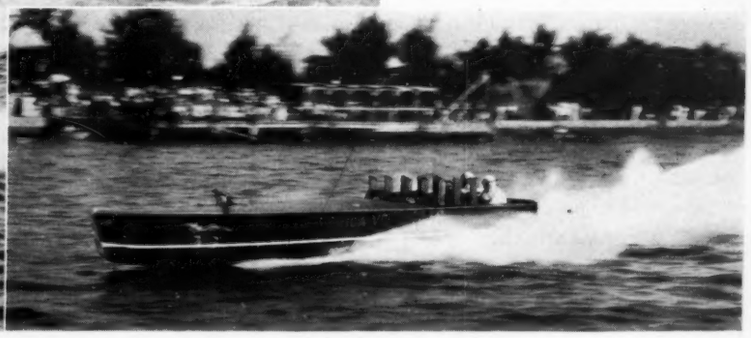
The Express Cruiser Free-For-All Race was a sight worth going miles to see, — seven boats flashed around a six-mile course and Gar Wood, in his beautiful *Gar Senior II*, came in ahead of the others. The time made in this race determined the handicaps for the Express Cruiser Handicap which Gar Wood won again, while three other fine craft finished within less than 17 seconds of each other over a six-mile course of four 1½-mile laps.

The racing calendar included a Grand Free-for-All Race which *Buckeye II*, a 151 Class Hydroplane won with seconds to spare, while two Chris-Craft runabouts secured second and third places.

As a fitting climax, a Chance Race, open to all comers, closed the program. Five boats tore around the course, a Baby Gar annexing the prize.

The prizes, numbering two score or more, were awarded at an informal dance held on the last night of the regatta at the Miami Beach Municipal Golf House.

The Colonel Green Trophy brought out the largest fleet of outboards. It was won this year by H. Ross Maddocks in his Ludington *Flash* (B 13, at left).



Gar Wood's *Miss America VIII* was on the course but the veteran driver did not put her through her paces at Miami, owing to some slight damage to the hull.

They're off! The start of the first ocean yacht race from St. Petersburg, Fla., to Havana, Cuba, with most of the populace of the former city on the recreation pier to see the fleet off. The large yacht in the foreground is the *Starland,* of New Orleans. The little yawl is *Marelen II* which took third place in Class B.

# *Windjammer* and *Haligonian* Win St. Petersburg-Havana Race

## *Eleven Yachts Sail 284-Mile Course in Fresh Breeze*

*By* GIDGE GANDY

LAD in pajamas, the yachting costume of the tropics, with lean legs spread across a salt encrusted deck, your worthless correspondent concentrates one-half of his divided attention upon the digits of his right hand, which apply some sort of touch system to this rusty but trusty old L. C. Smith in an effort to record the halcyon history of the first annual St. Petersburg-Havana Race, which has just been run and won and — lost.

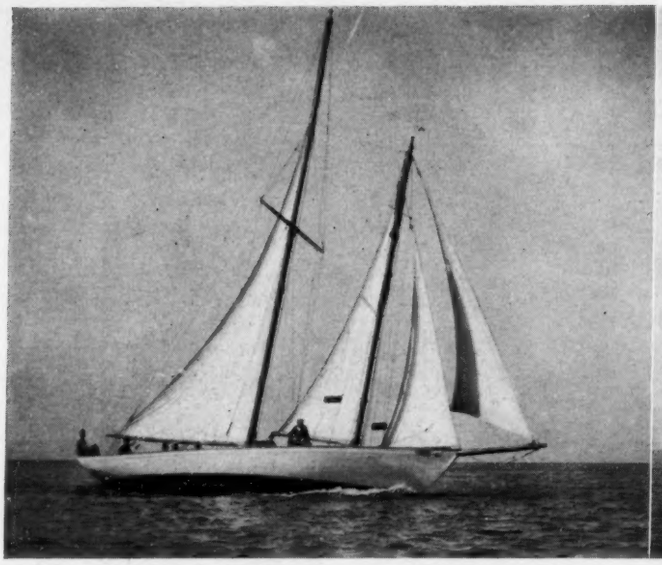
As the ever-present trade wind blows in my face the smoke of a powerful all-Havana-filler, the other half of my attention is concentrated upon the digits of the left hand, which casually encircle the neck of a slim brown bottle, upon which a famous label describes itself and not the contents of the bottle, with the words "Carto de Oro." Said contents being the unrecognizable juice of Cuban sugar cane, distilled and re-distilled to the potency of liquid dynamite — accomplishment of a science perfected at Santiago. From a harbor bumboat, this influential fluid was just purchased for the sum of one buck, four bits, *Americano.*

Dead to windward and riding over *Cyno's* anchor, is Garner H. Tullis' black schooner *Windjammer,* ex-flagship of the Cruising Club of America, now hailing from New Orleans and winner of the *Trofeo General Gerardo Machado,* first prize for the Class A craft.

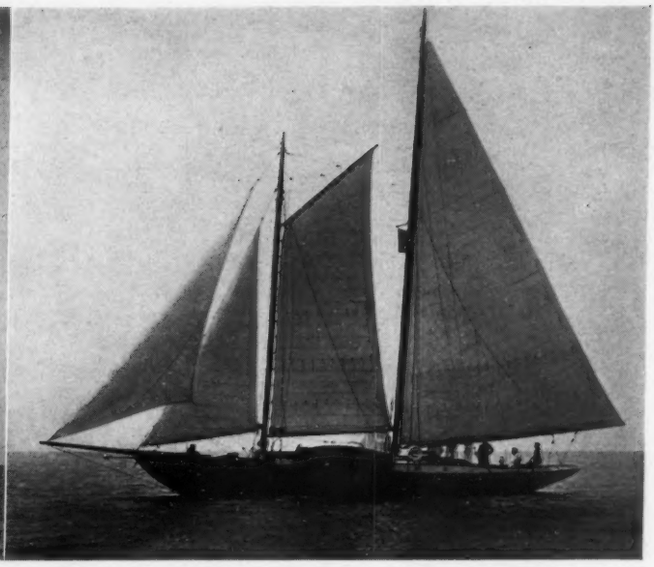
A cable length or so to starboard, lies H. S. Dennis-ton's husky schooner *Sunshine,* winner of second prize for Class A. Astern of her rides Charles S. Gerth's big white *Starland,* largest entry in the race. Off our port bow lies Commodore Houston Wall's slim schooner *Haligonian,* a Roué design which took the Royal Palm Trophy, first prize for Class B, and the Barcardi Trophy for the first craft to cross the finish line, beating the big *Starland* by just ten minutes, boat for boat, despite the fact that she is but 44 feet over all. Nearby ride G. F. Wagner's yawl *Pieces of Eight* and Commodore L. L. McMaster's yawl *Marelen II,* which placed second and third, respectively, in Class B.

The race fleet totals 11 boats of various rigs, and several other American yachts are in the anchorage. The ensigns of two nations and the burgees of eight yacht clubs flash their colors in the bright sunlight. Just beyond the yachts ride more than 60 white Cuban fishing smacks. The harbor is a forest of masts and rigging.

The race itself was a matter of 284 miles with lifted sheets, a fresh breeze blowing from north and northeast,



The 44-foot schooner *Haligonian*, owned by Houston Wall, not only won first prize in Class B, but led the entire fleet in past the Morro.



Our old friend the *Windjammer*, ex-flagship of the Cruising Club, and now owned by G. H. Tullis, won in Class A by a wide margin.

which kept all hands busy, day and night, setting and resetting light sails. *Haligonian* sailed the course in 41 hours, 42 minutes, and the last craft to cross the line made the run in 55 hours, 40 minutes.

The start at St. Petersburg was the finest sight ever seen on Tampa Bay, both classes starting to a single gun, accompanied by a fleet of windjammers and power craft and witnessed by a crowd of many thousands who thronged the recreation pier.

Bunched closely for five miles, the fleet sailed down the bay to Point Pinellas, where the larger craft gradually worked into the lead. As there were no restrictions placed upon sails, light canvas of all descriptions was in evidence. Spinnakers, balloon jibs, balloon staysails, fisherman staysails, and club topsails were set. One of the Cuban entries, the *Quo Vadis*, carried two Star boat mainsails. *Cynosure* boasted a raffee; *Mallard*, a squaresail.

Ten miles down the course, we aboard *Cynosure* discovered that the skipper had left her numerous and countless clearance papers on the desk at the yacht club. Ten miles to leeward of the starting line and no papers with which to enter Havana! Hailing a passing auxiliary, we were about to request her to make a run for St. Petersburg to arrange that the papers be delivered to us by a fast motor craft, when a sea plane flew down close overhead and her pilot shouted that he had just delivered our papers to the U. S. Coast Guard vessel *Galatin*, which was convoying the fleet. Shortly after, the *Galatin* came back along the line and informed us that a small boat she had just launched in our path would hand us the papers. A stiff northwest breeze came on just then, and, as we heeled to it, one of my shipmates snatched the envelope from the hands of a Coast Guardsman in the dory. Thank goo'ness!

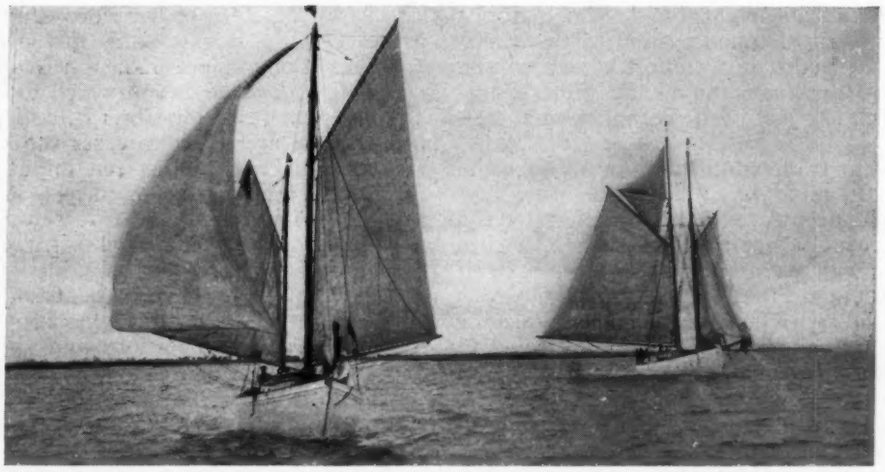
At the turning point in the course, the sea buoy at the mouth of Southwest Pass, Tampa Bay entrance, the racers headed down the Gulf of Mexico in the following order: *Starland*, *Windjammer*, *Haligonian*, *Mallard*, *Sunshine*, *Pieces of Eight*, *Cynosure*, *Marelen II*, *Game Cock*, *Quo Vadis*, and *Chunga*.

We steered a course of south half east for Rebecca Light, 180 miles distant and noticed that *Starland* and *Pieces of Eight* were on our course ahead, while *Marelen II* was on our stern, the other craft of the fleet working more offshore. For a while after sundown we managed to keep track of several of the contestants by use of prearranged identification signals. By evening, however, we no longer received a reply from any vessel but the Coast Guardsman.

The breeze picked up during the night and we doused light sails. The main gaff chafed on the shrouds and we had a job bending on new lashings, with a short following sea rolling the ship about.

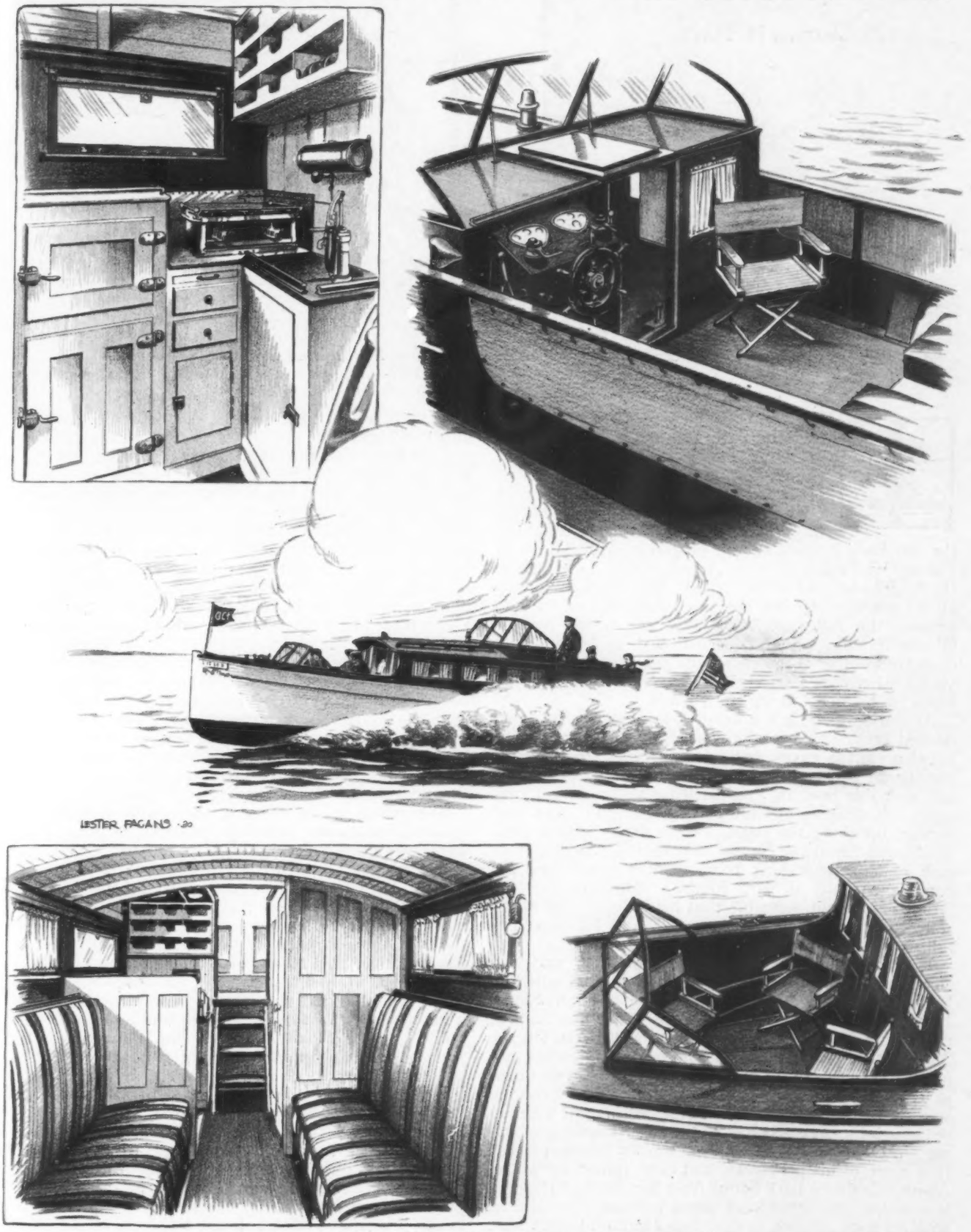
Daylight showed no contestant in sight but *Pieces of Eight*, an Alden design which was then hull down ahead.

(*Continued on page 132*)



Gidge Gandy's *Cynosure* cracking on sail at the start, and H. S. Denniston's *Sunshine* making the most of the northerly wind.

# A Handsome 38-Foot Twin Screw Express Cruiser

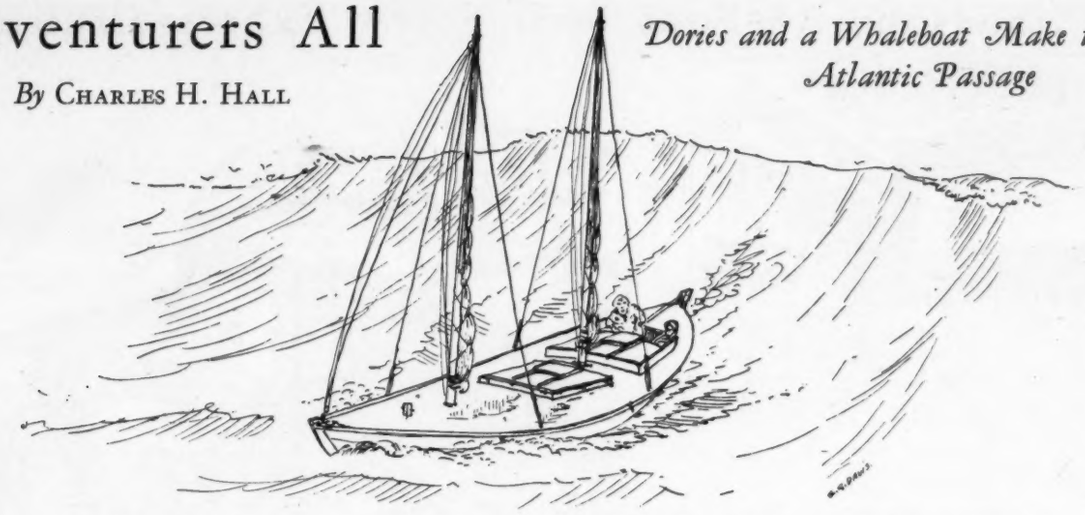



Speed upon the water is now in as much demand as it is upon land. Here is the new A. C. F. 38-foot twin screw express cruiser or commuter that steps out at 26 or 31 miles per hour, depending on the power, a pair of Gray or Scripps motors being optional equipment. The drawings show the attractive and comfortable cabin, a corner of the galley and the bridge deck and forward cockpit.

# Adventurers All

*Dories and a Whaleboat Make the Long Atlantic Passage*

*By* CHARLES H. HALL



Captain Crapo coasting down the back of a sea in his whaleboat *New Bedford* in which he and his wife crossed the Atlantic in 1877.

IN 1876 the United States was celebrating its hundredth anniversary and all eyes were turned toward Philadelphia, where the centennial was in progress with its great array of exhibits from all over the civilized world. The magazines of the day are filled with glowing accounts of the wonders housed in the gingerbread buildings in Fairmount Park and every American felt a swelling of the head as he read of the display. But it lacked, among all its marvels on view there, a small boat which had crossed the Atlantic. This lack was noted by the Gloucestermen, who are accustomed to life in their dories in weather of the vilest, and one Alfred Johnson, a young fisherman, after many arguments with his mates, made up his mind to try the voyage.

Accordingly, he got a dory about twenty feet long, decked her over except for a small cockpit to which he fitted a canvas cover, ballasted her with iron and set out for the other side. The *Centennial*, as he called her, had a double head rig and carried a squaresail for running. She sailed from Gloucester on June 15, 1876, and headed up along the coast. People ashore shook their heads, and *Forest and Stream* commented: "In desperate case of shipwreck long boat voyages have been accomplished, but if Mr. Johnson safely crosses the Atlantic it is not probable that his crossing will materially affect the travel by steamer." And Johnson himself would have been the first to admit that fact.

For the first week he had good weather and had stretched along up to the Nova Scotian coast when he began to distrust his compass. So he put into Shake Harbor on the 22nd. Here he restowed his iron ballast, checked up his compass and took a needed rest. On the 25th he sailed on the last leg and had fine weather and fair winds until the 7th of July. The *Centennial* was then in 41:50 N. and 54 W. A heavy gale came on from the southwest. She made good weather of it until a heavy sea struck the dory and started the hatch coaming, allowing water to get below. After the blow Johnson found that some of his provisions had been ruined by water. About this time a bark bound from Mexico for Liverpool was spoken and her skipper urged Johnson to go aboard with his boat, offering to drop him again off Cape Clear. He promised to say nothing about this lift, but the lone navigator was game and refused the offer. The gale blew itself out in time and the dory made a good run until the 16th, when another strong sou'wester struck in and the fresh wind boomed her along to within 300 miles of Cape Clear, this position being reached on August 2nd. Then the wind began to increase in strength and the brig *Maggie Gander* — yes, that is the name in the story — was spoken. The brig shortened sail and the two ran along in company for a couple of hours, until Johnson had to snug down and heave to. It was now blowing hard, so he finally unshipped the mast and sat down to endure the beating that threatened. Suddenly, about three in the afternoon, a tremendous sea capsized the dory and the skipper climbed up on her bottom. After twenty minutes or so in this perilous case, he managed to right her again and bail her out. The gale lasted until the next day and, to put the cap on his feelings, a large shark appeared alongside. He put up with this unwelcome neighbor as long as he could, having all the sailorman's detestation of the whole shark species, and then lashed a knife to an oar and jabbed at the creature, finally persuading it to leave.

Everything below was now thoroughly wet and the squaresail was gone, as well as the kerosene stove. Fresh water and grub were spoiled and he spent a miserable four days, as it was wet and foggy and he could dry neither himself nor his gear. But he continued to head his course and, on August 7th, when about 100 miles from Cape Clear, got some bread and water from the brig *Alfredon*, outward bound from Liverpool. Two days later the ship *Prince Lombardo* gave him the bearing of Wexford Head as E. x N., 53 miles.

On the 10th land was sighted near Milford, but the wind came out ahead and the *Centennial* put into Abercastle, Pembrokeshire, Wales. But the indomitable Johnson was not satisfied merely to make the Welsh coast; he had sailed for Liverpool and to Liverpool he would go. So, after a couple of days of rest, out he went and headed up St. George's Channel, reaching Holyhead on August 16th and Liverpool the following day. When asked if he would care to repeat his voyage, he replied that he thought he had had about enough of it!

The *Centennial* was kept fairly in the track of shipping and was reported by the steamers *Amerique*, *St. Louis*, *Greece*, and *Mosel*, as well as by the ship *Defiant*, all in widely separated parts of the Western Ocean, and also by several vessels whose names are not given.

Johnson must have been a man of iron for he retained his health and endurance to the last. He was too late to get his little boat shipped back to exhibit at the Centennial but he had proved that a single determined sailorman can take a dory across the Atlantic by dead reckoning, getting his position, particularly his longitude, from other vessels.

Thomas Crapo, according to his own account, ran away to sea at the age of fourteen and made his first voyage on the whaler *Marcia* receiving the 215th "lay." He rose through the various grades to master, with one enlistment in the war-time navy and another in the army. He was married to a Scotch girl at Marseilles in '72, while mate of the Maine brig *Myronus*, and most of the time thereafter Mrs. Crapo sailed with him. She had nerve, for, when the brig *Kaluma* was pooped and the cabin flooded and the binnacle lamp washed out, she stood nearly waist deep in water and held the cabin lamp up to the compass. At last he "swallowed the anchor" and set up as a fish dealer in New Bedford. Failing in this, he tried the junk business and, while working over the odds and ends that fill the junkie's day, he "perfected the plans of a boat to cross the Atlantic. She was partially after the model of a whaleboat." She was built by Samuel Mitchell on Fish Island in the Acushnet River and was completed about May 1, 1877. She was 19 feet 7 inches long, 6 feet 2 inches beam, 30 inches deep and drew about 13 inches when loaded. Crapo calls her "a dory boat," but the photographs of her look like a whaleboat. At any rate, she was a double-ender with a jib-headed schooner rig and no bowsprit. As her foremast was 21 feet 6 inches long and her main a foot shorter, possibly she should be called a ketch though her skipper speaks of her as a schooner. Let the purists wrangle about it. Shortly before the *New Bedford* (as he named her) was finished, Mrs. Crapo announced that she was going, too. As she had spent much time at sea, she should have known better, the newspapers

**The *Nautilus* riding to a drogue.**

thought, and *The New York Times* commented thus: "Married people living ashore can always escape from each other's society on certain occasions when escape seems desirable, but in a small boat this is out of the question. When, goaded by the refusal of the galley fire to burn, she begins an exhaustive analysis of the captain's character and gradually shows that he is a brutal and loathsome tyrant, he will be compelled to listen. There is not a nook or corner of the boat to which the clear tones of an earnest woman will not penetrate. When, in his turn, he finds the coffee somewhat cold, and thereupon expresses, with all the resources of forcible language at the command of an experienced sailor, the conviction that there is no crime, from murder up to frying beefsteak, of which she is not capable, she must listen or jump overboard."

**Alfred Johnson, of Gloucester, had an adventurous voyage to Liverpool in the *Centennial*, in 1876.**

Crapo realized that there was no use arguing with his wife once she had made up her mind and so the couple had their photographs taken with the boat and made their preparations for departure. They had no chronometer, so planned to get their longitude from passing ships. They stocked up with 90 pounds of biscuit, 75 pounds of canned meat and 100 gallons of water carried in five breakers. Coffee, tea, sugar, "and other light articles" were also taken. For cooking, they had a tiny kerosene "lamp stove" and so afraid were they of fire that they never put more than a gill of oil into this. As most of their meat was already cooked, it needed only to be warmed up, while coffee or tea could be made rather easily. The only reading matter on the boat was a Bible and a few tracts.

Crapo gave up his job in the junk yard, announced that he was going to sea again and set the sailing day for May 28th. As the *New Bedford* was so small, he got a letter from the Collector of Customs in place of the usual documents.

On the date set, the Crapos sold the visiting crowd a lot of photographs and then shoved off, heading for Vineyard Haven. The boat leaked so badly that there was a foot of water in her when she reached the Haven and made fast to a wharf. They dried their bedding, sold some more photographs, had a tin pump made, and then ran for Chatham before a fresh southwester and bumped their way in over the bar. Here a carpenter raised the coamings of her two hatches and fitted them with slides, and an additional 200 pounds of iron ballast was taken aboard. The boat was also given "a good thick coat of paint to make her watertight."

Repairs and painting were completed on June 1st and the *New Bedford* was towed out of Chatham by a dory and the long voyage was really begun.

They stood out to sea and Crapo stayed at the helm until daylight on the third, when he hove her to under the mainsail and turned in for a nap. And, according to his account, which he avers to be the whole truth, he averaged only some four hours sleep out of every 24 thereafter! This seems hard to believe. A man can go on that schedule for a while, but hardly for 45 days on end.

It was a tough voyage. Starting with a fair wind from the S.W., they had a succession of gales and a lot of fog and rain. Crapo says: "I don't remember in all of my going to sea (he had had 21 years of it) and crossing the Atlantic Ocean so many times, of seeing a period of time that we had been on our passage with so many gales

and so much fog and rain; and I have thought a great many times since that if I had taken a more northerly course I probably would have had a better passage. The Atlantic Ocean is a very rough place in the winter months, but it is generally quite good during the summer. Yet we were having nearly as rough a passage as if it were winter instead of in the summer."

They soon ran through the fleet of fishermen off the Georges and on June 7th, about 200 miles from Liverpool, N.S., spoke the ship *Gustave and Oscar* in 64:22 W. Then the wind petered out and the fog shut in and in a day or so Crapo had worn out the horn! A school of whales gambolled around the boat, much to the alarm of the voyagers. Then there was some more nasty weather, gales, rain, and fog, and Crapo found that his sea anchor was too small to be of much help in a real blow. By good luck he picked up a keg and whittled it into another drogue and used the two. He does not say whether he rode to them in tandem or on two separate lines. (Respectfully referred to the Cruising Club for discussion.)

On June 26th a Swansea brig offered a tow, which was declined, but two days later the Crapo family boarded the Bremen bark *Amphitrite*, at the urgent invitation of her master, and dined with the skipper and his bride. This was the only time they left the *New Bedford* during the voyage. They "accepted" a couple of bottles of wine, some water and a few small articles and found that their compass was two points off. "This," Crapo naïvely remarks, "was no doubt caused by my stepping on it" — which he had done getting forward in a hurry a few days previously.

On the night of July 2nd both the voyagers went to sleep and the boat was nearly run down by a steamer. Next day they got a keg of fresh water from the brig *Ontario* and had fog and thunderstorms. On the seventh the *S. S. Denmark* came alongside and gave them more water and some food already cooked. This high living affected Mrs. Crapo's health and from then on she was pretty sick and miserable. She should have stuck to her canned meat and hard tack, her husband thought, and he was badly worried about her until the end of the voyage.

On the sixteenth the rudder head twisted off, but the skipper was able to rig a spare rudder and on they went, through more bad weather. But the little packet was making good time on her course, for on July 20th the brig *Susan* gave them their position as 49:32 N., 7:30 W., 55 miles from Scilly.

The next day came in with fog which lasted until 10 A.M., when it lifted. Crapo hailed a steamer to ask the bearing of Scilly and the captain pointed. There was the land! But the tide set them five miles to the southward so he bore up for Land's End. When the *New Bedford* passed the light about 4 P.M., the keeper dipped his flag and rang the bell. At eleven that night they made fast to a fishing smack in Newlyn, Penzance, and sat down to make a cup of coffee. They were so worn out that both of them went to sleep before the pot boiled. Crapo says that he had been at the stick for 72 hours. If so, he was entitled to a snooze. His left hand was numb from the long strain.

The Crapos got a great welcome ashore and were visited by more people, it was said, than had turned out for the Prince and Princess of Wales a short time before. Dishes and other small articles were sought as souvenirs and a special service, it being Sunday, was held in the chapel ashore.

As they had been given water by a number of vessels, four of the kegs with which they had started had not been broached and had been bunged up tight for the entire 49 days of the passage. When these were emptied the water in them was found to be as thick as jelly.

The *New Bedford* was hoisted out and shipped to London, where she was on exhibition for six weeks, and was shown in various places in England until the end of the year, when she was shipped back to the United States — free, of course. How do they do it? On reaching New York Crapo hired a store on Broadway and then moved to Gilmore's Garden, later touring the country with a circus. Apparently this put him on his feet again financially, for he bought a 105-ton schooner and entered the coasting trade. He sold her and bought another and ran only in summer, laying her up near New Bedford in cold weather. He bought the brig *Manson* in the spring of '95 and she was lost January 9, 1898. This broke him, for he built a 9-foot boat, named her *Volunteer*, and planned to sail to Cuba in her. He exhibited her at Fall River, Providence, Bristol and Newport, leaving the latter port on May 3rd, 1899. Not long afterwards his body was washed up on the beach near Charleston, S. C.

Experienced sailormen have made the long Atlantic voyage in small craft, and so too have men with little conception of the trials of such a passage. The former have weighed carefully the chances and provided for the happenings of the road; the latter have shoved off blindly and, in some cases, have won through by good luck and with the help of passing mariners. Even the old salts have had tough going and have found that a small boat at sea is a mighty different thing from a big ship. But they had, at any rate, the habit of the sea; they knew what bad weather and high seas meant, even though they looked a lot worse from the cockpit of a tiny boat.

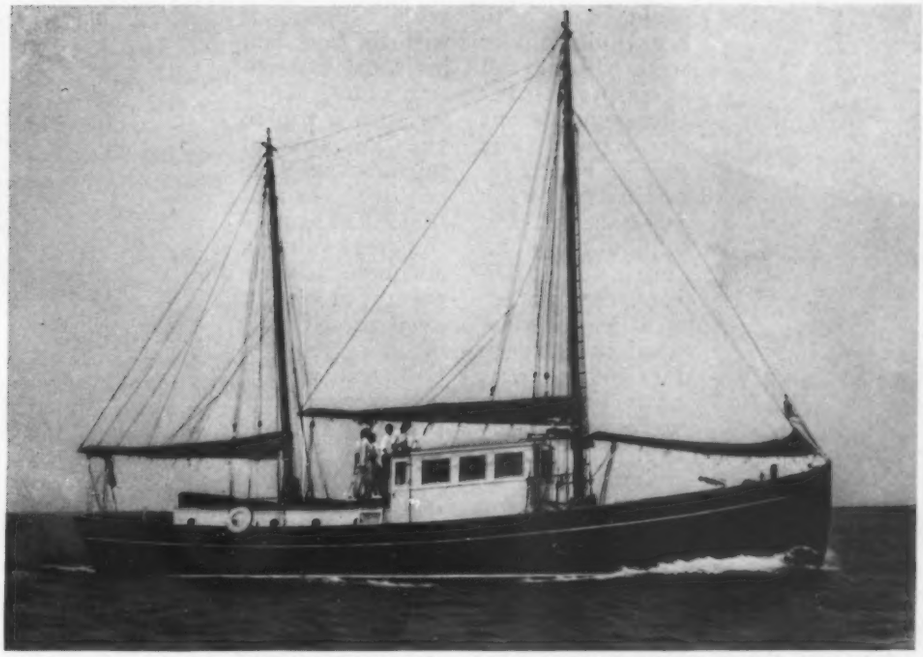
But the Andrews brothers were more or less in the landlubber class. They were good mechanics who worked in the Chickering piano factory. A contemporary says of them: "The men could hardly be called practical sailors. They were artisans with a small degree of nautical knowledge and experience." William A., the elder had served in the army through the four years of the Civil War and had made one summer trip to the Banks for his health. Asa (or Walter, according to another account) had been to the fishing grounds several times, but neither of them had ever taken a sight, nor is it probable that they had had any great amount of experience in navigation. They set out with an old, second-hand chart, an old quadrant which was out of repair, while their chronometer was a poor watch which stopped after they had been at sea a few days. But they did carry a good compass.

Nor did their boat and her outfit show any respect for the dangers of the sea. She had neither air tanks nor cork lining nor even a watertight bulkhead and, says one chronicler, no caulking. This last item, however, may well have been omitted if her planking was only one-half inch thick. She is described as being 15 feet long, 6 feet 7 inches beam and 2 feet 3 inches deep, and 600 pounds in weight.

Shoregoing folks thought them crazy and one magazine referred to them as "two suicidal individuals." But off they went, sailing from Beverly, Mass., on June 12th, 1878. They kept in the track of vessels bound across and were, it is said, spoken 37 times.

As with Crapo and Johnson, old Neptune made the early part of the passage fairly easy, providing fair winds and good weather. But the going was slow, the first third of the voyage taking 26 days, and they made poor progress until they were up past Cape Race. And they

(*Continued on page 106*)



The *Nor'Easter* is a husky 60-foot Diesel-powered cruiser designed for fishing in the Gulf Stream.

# *Nor'Easter's* Wanderings

*By* EDWIN M. CHANCE

DURING the spring of 1926 I decided to build a seagoing motor sailer to use in fishing the Gulf Stream some 150 miles southeast of Barnegat Light, as I had long held a theory that these waters should afford extraordinary game fishing. My thought was to develop a yacht similar in design and construction to the flounder draggers that work winter and summer off the Jersey and Nantucket coasts. To accomplish this I went to Mr. Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, for the design, and during the succeeding months developed *Nor'Easter*, whose arrangement plan and description appeared in YACHTING in the spring of 1927.

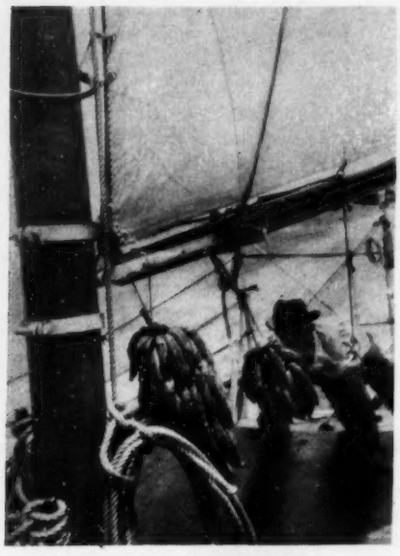
She is 60 feet over all, 55 feet water line, draws 6 feet of water, with a beam of 16 feet, and is ballasted with 11 tons of cement and boiler punchings. For power she has a 60 h.p. Fairbanks-Morse C-O engine. Generous tanks, sufficient for extended cruising, carry 1150 gallons of fuel oil, 100 gallons of lubricating oil, and 480 gallons of water. A Frigidaire refrigeration system was installed and at a later date *Nor'Easter* was equipped with radio transmitter and receiving equipment for the commercial ship bands. Her construction is exceedingly strong, the planking being 1⅞-inch long leaf yellow pine. She is ceiled with 1¾-inch planking of the same material, the deck being of 2-inch white pine. The timbers are 4-inch oak, double, the keel 12- by 18-inch oak, and the keelson 12- by 12-inch laminated long leaf yellow pine. She was built by Charles A. Anderson, of Wareham, Mass., and has proved a most excellent piece of work.

Her accommodations, arranged to suit my special needs, provide a toilet and hanging lockers immediately abaft the chain locker, then two lowers, two transoms with bureaus and space for the radio equipment. Abaft this is a galley the width of the ship, with a Protane stove and a coal Shipmate. A companion from the galley leads directly into the deckhouse, which makes a fine steering station for bad weather and is used as a dining saloon. At the after end of the galley is a tight bulkhead, separating it from the engine room.

The engine room contains the fuel and oil tanks and auxiliary compressor, a 1.8 K.W. generator driven from the flywheel of the main engine, and oversize Iron Clad Exide batteries. There is no gasoline lighting set, as one of the requirements was to keep gasoline out of the ship. The Frigidaire compressor is also installed in the engine room, together with a carbon dioxide fire extinguishing outfit, and pipe berth and toilet for one paid hand. The after end of the engine room is closed by a tight bulkhead, abaft which is a cabin, entered by a companionway from its after end, with two lower berths and two transoms and a toilet.

A small gaff-headed ketch rig, very heavily sparred and stayed, was provided, about 1,000 square feet in area. This rig is supplemented by a complete set of heavy riding sails. *Nor'Easter's* deck equipment includes a nest of two dories, one provided with an outboard motor, and a life raft that will carry five persons. So much for a description of the boat herself.

During the summer of 1927 I took *Nor'Easter* to the Gulf Stream repeatedly and found the marlin fishing there to be beyond my fondest hopes. In making this run many times I encountered all kinds of weather and found the little vessel to be a most extraordinary sea boat. She could be driven into a heavy steep head sea without any indication of pounding and she handled well under sail when it blew sufficiently hard. Besides this, I found that when the going became too heavy she



Leaving Jamaica the *Nor'Easter* was festooned with bunches of bananas.

could be hove-to beautifully under spitfire jib and full mizzen. Under these conditions she would take care of herself indefinitely with wheel lashed and without any attention whatsoever. She worked a little to windward, but made so little headway that her decks were practically dry.

One day in June, 1928, I was taking *Nor'Easter* from Barnegat to Atlantic City when I passed *Malabar VIII* going north to the Bermuda Race rendezvous at New London. The idea occurred to me that it might be a good plan to start for Bermuda on the following Saturday, and be there when the racers arrived. As this suggestion found favor with the family, I spoke to three of my friends about making the trip and as they were equally enthusiastic we arranged to leave the following Saturday. It might be noted here that we shoved off just four days after we had decided to go, and that the only preparation that *Nor'Easter* required was the filling of her water and fuel tanks and the purchase of necessary perishable galley stores.

We left Atlantic City the afternoon of Saturday, June 23rd, and reached St. Georges, Bermuda, the afternoon of Tuesday, a run of 72 hours. The first day's run was 210 sea miles; the second day, 216; the third day, 220; very good going indeed for a 55-foot water line boat, especially when it is remembered that the wind was pretty well ahead throughout the entire trip.

After remaining in Bermuda for three days and watching the arrival of most of the racing fleet, we set out on our return to Atlantic City. This trip was uneventful except that we struck heavy squalls and a westerly gale on the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream and were hove-to from three in the morning until noon on one day, as the wind was dead ahead and the seas were so steep and sharp that the going was exceedingly uncomfortable.

This trip showed us the necessity of one change, which was that when driving into a heavy sea with the boat shut up forward, it was essential to provide mechanical ventilation if there was to be any comfort below in the Tropics. As a result, a motor-driven turbine blower with a capacity of about 600 cubic feet per minute was installed in the engine room to draw the air from the forward cabin and galley. With this in operation we are now quite comfortable under conditions that required the boat to be closed up tight, as fresh air is drawn through the pilot house into the forward cabin and all sense of closeness is eliminated.

During the winter of 1928–29 we planned a cruise that was carried out in the summer of 1929. This contemplated a run direct from Philadelphia to Nassau; from Nassau to Kingston, Jamaica; Kingston to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and thence directly home. Our two years' experience with the boat had indicated her entire competence for such a trip so that no special preparations were required, except that I had learned the great value of adequate radio apparatus at sea. To avail myself fully of this required both transmitting and receiving apparatus that would work the commercial ship bands, and such equipment was installed in the spring of 1929. To use this apparatus, however, it was necessary to have an operator with a commercial license, and to this end my two sons went to radio school during the winter and in the spring qualified for this work.

All hands gather on deck for a view of Watling's Island.

I cannot stress too strongly the comfort and satisfaction that such equipment, with competent operators to attend it, has given. The ability to be able to communicate with friends at home is exceedingly agreeable. Not only are the time signals of great value, but also the usual weather reports at ten o'clock each morning and evening are exceedingly useful. It should be remembered that we were navigating the Caribbean during July, the beginning of the hurricane season, and the welcome news at ten in the morning, and again at night, that "Conditions in the Caribbean are normal" was beyond price.

I am convinced that it is prudent that not less than two members of the crew be on deck at one time and that one man should never be left in charge alone. In conformity with this policy I divided the watches with that in view. We used three two-man watches during the night; one from 8 to 12, one from 12 to 4 and one from 4 to 8. This required six men. During the day, from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. each of these six men stood two one-hour steering watches, as there were always enough people on deck doing nothing to insure safety. On this basis, each person stood one four-hour and two one-hour watches during each 24 hours, or a total of six hours. I have found this to be very easy on the crew and to give ample rest so that the party is always fresh and prepared for any unforeseen contingency. When it is remembered that *Nor'Easter* carries an exceedingly short rig it will be understood that it has never been necessary to rouse out the watch below to handle sails during the night.

On the Jamaica cruise the party comprised myself, Mrs. Chance, Henry M. and Britton Chance, my sons, Thomas S. Horrocks, D. A. Storer, C. L. Downing, Lee Cristiansen and Z. E. Brewer, engineer.

Some brief excerpts from the log written by Mrs. Chance from day to day will perhaps give the best idea of the glorious good time we all had.

Saturday, June 22nd. The party gathered for the West Indies cruise at the Corinthian Yacht Club, Essington, for luncheon, with a number of their "nearest and dearest" to see them off. We left the dock at 2:45,

daylight time, with several friends going down to Newcastle with us. Arriving there we tied up to a tug at the dock and went ashore to buy a mouth organ for Dave. Henry drove down after finishing his last examination. Brit slid down a pile to get aboard the tug — but who ever knew Brit to go too far? Farewells were lightened somewhat by his exhibition and we shoved off. The watches were set as we proceeded down the Delaware. Edwin is admiral and navigator. Ran into fog at midnight but heard Overfalls and kept going. After one o'clock — a marvelous moonlight night.

June 23rd. A beautiful day and quite calm. Much sleeping done on deck by all hands to make up for the watches. All had a swim; also hymns with close harmony. Day's run to noon, 192 miles, for approximately 22 hours.

The next day, Monday, it began breezing up in the morning and by noon the sea was very rough, probably due to a blow offshore. Divided the K.P. (kitchen police) into four watches, E and Henry, Lee and Christy, Edwin and Tom, Dave and Brit. We were very thankful for the racks on the table at noon and at supper time, but had two good meals in spite of difficulties. Caught a dolphin which Zeb prepared but we were unable to cook because of the rough sea. Wind dead ahead, so no sail possible. Tried vainly to get into communication with a Crew-Levick tanker on the radio. Day's run, 183 miles.

June 25th. Quite rough, sea going down a little toward noon, but wind freshening in afternoon and still dead ahead. A very sunburned crew; Christy blistered. Stopped engine for a few minutes to tighten the stuffing box. Squalls all around in the afternoon. Passed latitude of Savannah at noon. All had deck baths. Caught another dolphin which Henry and E cooked, but did not enjoy as much as some fish. Day's run to noon, 180 miles. Head wind and sea holding us back.

June 27th. Morning sights of Venus and moon at 4:30 A.M. to verify position as we were approaching the Bahamas. Land ho! was shouted at 5:30. It was Elbow Cay and we followed it down with a stiff breeze on the beam. A flying fish came aboard and Zeb cleaned and cooked it for Edwin's breakfast. Everyone feeling caught up on sleep and very well. Passed close to Great Abaco all morning, leaving Hole-in-the-Wall at 12:45. A very barren lonely isle! Day's run to noon, 193 miles. Boys' radio constant. No observations needed. A perfect afternoon with a breeze we could use all day. We sighted schooner off Nassau at 4:45, with the lighthouse in sight. Dropped anchor in the harbor at seven, a few hours over five days from Essington, and waited until eight for the doctor to come out. Then all went ashore except Edwin and Dave, took a walk about town and had ale in La Bodega.

All hands scrubbed the boat the next day and aired bedding until 9:30 when we all went ashore to shop and market. Brit and Christy drove to the radio station to ask the operator to speak to us on the way out at six, our voice being very weak. The market was very poor but the natives and their market boats most interesting. We had luncheon at Dirty Dick's with Chateau Yquem and went aboard for our bathing suits and took both dories to Hog Island, one dory being kindly towed. We had a most delicious swim, fragrant with salt water soap and delightful after the blazing sun of the beach. Returned in time to cook Lane Snappers for supper. Up anchor at 7:10 P.M. and off for Jamaica.

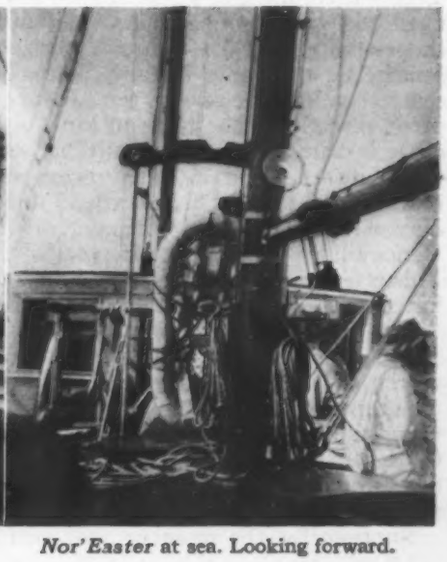
June 29th. A perfect day with gentle head wind. Passed under the Tropic of Cancer, but perfectly comfortable. Chicken king — avocado and Bass's ale served by Edwin and Tom. Lee went to sleep under an umbrella. Out of sight of Eleuthera since morning. We pick up Watlings Island about ten tonight. We could not get a satisfactory noon sight as the sun was directly over head, but we went perfectly by dead reckoning. Tommy is much interested in the navigation and the discussions are frequent on possibilities and theory. Run from Nassau to noon, 136 miles.

June 30th. Very rough with a heavy roll during the night. We waited one-half hour to start breakfast until we reached the shelter of Bird Rock. Sail was set and Henry and I managed creamed fish and hot cakes. Beautifully cool, but deck bathing enjoyable. We reached Castle Rock, or Castle Island light, just after dinner. The boys spoke a steamer and every one sent messages home. It took them from four until six to get all the messages through and checked. The steamer was the United Fruiter *Cadmus* passing us off Castle Rock. At five o'clock we were talking with another steamer when we heard the *Cadmus* asking us to check the telegrams. Edwin sent wire, "All well, off Castle Island," which Lee hopes will not be repeated on Castle Island. Hooked a tuna fish but we were running too fast to bring

(*Continued on page 110*)

Under both power and sail.

Lee and Henry take a sight.



*Nor'Easter* at sea. Looking forward.

# A New Line of Position Plotter for the Deep Water Enthusiast

*By* HARLAN T. STETSON

A DEEP water yachtsman knows the value of being able to determine a ship's position from the sun and stars. The revival of ocean racing has been a big stimulus to the study of navigation, and many a fellow who never thought himself a mathematician has acquired enough of the rudiments of navigation in a few weeks' application to get himself about anywhere in the world from Baffin Land to the Marquesas.

The problem of finding one's way at sea has become so much simplified by modern methods and short cut tables that no one intelligent enough to handle a ship offshore should hesitate to learn navigation. Many a fellow who takes a long stretch down the coast would be surprised at the ease with which a "fix" could be determined if he crossed a "line of position" from the sun or a star with the beam of a known light.

Those who have handled a sextant and worked out an observation or two by old style logarithms, should get a look at the new line of position tables published by the Hydrographic Office and for sale at all nautical dealers under the mystic number of H.O. 203. Here you find your work all done for you.

Probably anyone who has read this far knows that a ship's longitude is the difference between the time at ship and the time at Greenwich. All difference in longitude is a difference in time. The ship's chronometer (checked periodically by radio when the radio works) gives the Greenwich time. The altitude of the sun, or its height above the horizon measured with the sextant, will give the local time at ship. The difference is the ship's longitude. The latitude is the altitude of the sun at noon, plus a constant which depends on the sun's declination taken from the almanac.

If the sun is seen exactly overhead from a ship in a particular position, then there is no other place on the globe where it can be so seen at that same instant. Suppose the sun, however, is ten degrees from the zenith. Then, since it might be ten degrees away in any direction comprising all points of the compass, there must be a variety of positions a ship may be in and have the sun appear 80° from the horizon (10° from the zenith) at the same instant. These positions will be scattered along a circle on the earth centered about the point directly under the sun, and of 10° radius. This circle is called a "circle of position" and any small portion of its arc over a restricted region will look very much like a straight line. This so called "line of position" was discovered by Capt. Sumner, off the Irish coast. Hence a line of position is often called a "Sumner Line." This is a very handy line to know about for you do not have to confine your shots at the sun to 8 A.M. and "noon" to get longitude and latitude independently. Just take a sight of the sun at any time. Corresponding to the altitude you observe there is a line of position which passes through a variety of latitudes and longitudes and somewhere on this line lies your ship. Wait a few hours and get another sight. This gives another line of position, which, when plotted on the chart, will cross the other line somewhere.

Suppose for the moment that you are stuck in the doldrums and your ship has not moved in the interim. Then your vessel must be on both lines of position and hence at their intersection, and both her latitude and longitude are fixed from the chart. If she sailed due south, say for 20 nautical miles in the interim, do not let this worry you. Tow the "line of position" just determined along with you. In other words, move it along south on the chart parallel with itself for the number of nautical miles covered between sights, and there it is all ready to cross with your second line of position.

I mention the H.O. 203 tables as perhaps the simplest and easiest set of figures to understand of any of those with which I am acquainted. Aside from the useful information they contain they make excellent ballast; and unlike that below the floor boards, the book can be shifted from side to side to help trim ship! However, weight for weight, it exceeds "Bowditch" by only 21 ounces. If you have H.O. 203 you can leave Bowditch ashore as we on the *Countess* did inadvertently in the Bermuda Race of 1926.

Now to work a line of position from H.O. 203. Open

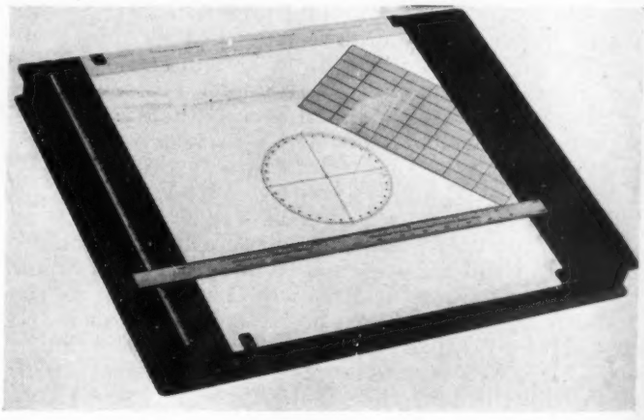


**Figure 1.**
**A new line of position plotter which replaces a whole series of plotting charts.**

the book at the page for your assumed latitude, say 41° (see Fig. 2.) Enter the tables with your observed altitude and the sun's declination for the time (taken from the Nautical Almanac) and there is the sun's hour angle from the Meridian. This referred to midnight is your local apparent time. Your Greenwich chronometer corrected for the equation of time, also for the Nautical Almanac, is the corresponding Greenwich apparent time. The difference in times is longitude from Greenwich corresponding to the assumed latitude, and through this point your line of position runs at right angles to the sun's azimuth, which is also given in H.O. 203 alongside the hour angles.

If, as is usually the case, the actual altitude observed by the sextant is greater or less than the assumed altitude, this line of position is moved toward or away from the sun in the direction of the sun's azimuth by as many nautical miles as there are minutes in the difference between the observed altitude and the assumed altitude. The line is moved toward the sun if the observed altitude is greater than the assumed, or away

**LATITUDE 41°. DECLINATION SAME**

| TRUE ALTITUDE. | 8° | | | | 9° | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Hour angle. | Diff. for 1′ dec. | Azimuth. | Diff. for 1′ dec. | Hour angle. | Diff. for 1′ dec. | Azimuth. | Diff. for 1′ dec. | I a. |
| ° ′ | h. m. s. | s. | ° | ° | h. m. s. | s. | ° | ° | h. |
| 4 00 | 6 08 37 | 3.5 | 82.9 | .022 | 6 10 07 | 3.5 | 81.6 | .022 | 6 |
| 5 00 | 6 01 16 | 3.5 | 83.7 | .022 | 6 04 45 | 3.5 | 82.4 | .022 | 6 |
| 5 30 | 5 58 36 | 3.5 | 84.2 | .022 | 6 02 05 | 3.5 | 82.9 | .022 | 6 |
| 6 00 | 5 55 57 | 3.5 | 84.6 | .022 | 5 59 25 | 3.5 | 83.3 | .022 | 6 |
| 6 20 | 5 54 10 | 3.5 | 84.9 | .022 | 5 57 38 | 3.5 | 83.6 | .022 | 6 |
| 6 30 | 5 53 17 | 3.5 | 85.0 | .022 | 5 56 45 | 3.5 | 83.7 | .022 | 6 |
| 6 40 | 5 52 24 | 3.5 | 85.2 | .022 | 5 55 52 | 3.5 | 83.9 | .022 | 5 |
| 6 50 | 5 51 31 | 3.5 | 85.3 | .022 | 5 54 58 | 3.5 | 84.0 | .022 | 5 |
| 7 00 | 5 50 37 | 3.5 | 85.5 | .022 | 5 54 05 | 3.5 | 84.1 | .022 | 5 |
| 7 10 | 5 49 44 | 3.5 | 85.6 | .022 | 5 53 12 | 3.5 | 84.3 | .022 | 5 |
| 8 00 | 5 45 19 | 3.5 | 86.3 | .022 | 5 48 46 | 3.5 | 85.0 | .022 | 5 |
| 9 00 | 5 40 00 | 3.5 | 87.2 | .022 | 5 43 27 | 3.4 | 85.9 | .022 | 5 |
| 10 00 | 5 34 42 | 3.4 | 88.1 | .022 | 5 38 08 | 3.4 | 86.7 | .022 | 5 |
| 11 00 | 5 29 24 | 3.4 | 88.9 | .022 | 5 32 50 | 3.4 | 87.6 | .022 | 5 |
| 12 00 | 5 24 06 | 3.4 | 89.8 | .022 | 5 27 31 | 3.4 | 88.5 | .023 | 5 |
| 13 00 | 5 18 48 | 3.4 | 90.7 | .022 | 5 22 13 | 3.4 | 89.3 | .022 | 5 |
| 14 00 | 5 13 30 | 3.4 | 91.5 | .023 | 5 16 55 | 3.4 | 90.2 | .023 | 5 |
| 15 00 | 5 08 11 | 3.4 | 92.4 | .023 | 5 11 37 | 3.4 | 91.1 | .023 | 5 |
| 16 00 | 5 02 53 | 3.4 | 93.3 | .023 | 5 06 19 | 3.4 | 91.9 | .023 | 5 |
| 17 00 | 4 57 34 | 3.5 | 94.2 | .023 | 5 01 01 | 3.4 | 92.8 | .023 | 5 |
| 18 00 | 4 52 15 | 3.5 | 95.1 | .023 | 4 55 42 | 3.4 | 93.7 | .023 | 4 |
| 19 00 | 4 46 56 | 3.5 | 96.0 | .023 | 4 50 23 | 3.4 | 94.6 | .023 | 4 |
| 20 00 | 4 41 36 | 3.5 | 96.9 | .023 | 4 45 03 | 3.5 | 95.5 | .023 | 4 |
| 21 00 | 4 36 15 | 3.5 | 97.8 | .024 | 4 39 44 | 3.5 | 96.4 | .024 | 4 |
| 22 00 | 4 30 54 | 3.5 | 98.8 | .024 | 4 34 24 | 3.5 | 97.3 | .024 | 4 |
| 23 00 | 4 25 32 | 3.5 | 99.7 | .024 | 4 29 03 | 3.5 | 98.3 | .024 | 4 |
| 24 00 | 4 20 08 | 3.6 | 100.7 | .024 | 4 23 41 | 3.5 | 99.2 | .024 | 4 |
| 25 00 | 4 14 44 | 3.6 | 101.7 | .025 | 4 18 19 | 3.5 | 100.2 | .024 | 4 |
| 26 00 | 4 09 19 | 3.6 | 102.6 | .025 | 4 12 53 | 3.6 | 101.2 | .025 | 4 |
| 27 00 | 4 03 53 | 3.6 | 103.7 | .025 | 4 07 31 | 3.6 | 102.1 | .025 | 4 |
| 28 00 | 3 58 25 | 3.7 | 104.7 | .026 | 4 02 05 | 3.6 | 103.2 | .025 | 4 |

**Figure 2.**
**A corner of the H.O. 203 tables.**

from the sun if the observed altitude is less than the assumed.

For the purpose of laying out the line of positions and determining a fix, large plotting sheets published by the Hydrographic Office are usually employed. As these measure 32 inches by 42 inches and comprise a set of eight charts to cover the range in latitudes required, they have never been very popular and this has doubtless been responsible for the lack of enthusiasm in line of position work. Every yachtsman knows the difficulties of stowing charts. To get around the cumbersomeness of using these plotting sheets I am going to describe a plotting board recently developed.

The plotting board illustrated herewith (Fig. 1), combines in a compact kit (15 inches by 15 inches by 1¼ inches), a universal chart table with a compartment for the storage of the plotting sheets and the temporary housing of the records until removed to a book or file where they may be permanently preserved with the log. The plotting sheets, which are printed without scales in either latitude or longitude, are attached to the metal drafting surface by means of hinged clips near the four corners of the board, and the sheet preserved in the proper position and orientation by short lugs or dowels nicely fitting perforated holes in the paper.

The longitude scale is etched on a rule constructed similarly to a draftsman's "T" square, the "T" head fitting closely on the left-hand edge of the plotting board. The longitude scale is graduated both in arc and in time. The latter graduation makes possible the plotting of a given longitude in terms of time without the necessity for conversion into the arc equivalent as in the usual procedure.

The necessary latitude scales needed to make the plotting sheets universal are etched on the surface of a rotating cylinder recessed in a compartment at the left side of the board. The various latitude scales with which the rotating cylinder is provided are brought into view successively by a slight turn of a knurled knob conveniently located at the upper left hand corner of the board. Only one latitude scale, covering a range of two or three degrees, is visible at any one time. This is read through a suitable opening adjacent to the left-hand margin of the plotting sheet. A small cog engages a tooth gear which automatically stops the roller at the proper point and holds it firmly until it is again intentionally turned.

For the purpose of laying out quickly and accurately the line of position, there is printed on the plotting sheets a O°–360° protractor. With the plotting board is provided a rectangular device of celluloid, called the line "Locator," on which are ruled two sets of parallel lines spaced at convenient intervals.

The line locator is placed on the plotting sheet in such a way that one of the ruled lines passes through the center of the compass protractor and extends in the direction of the sun's true bearing or azimuth as taken from the tables. The celluloid locator is then slid along this line until the edge of the locator at right angles to the line just described passes through the point in question. A pencil line is then drawn along this edge of the celluloid locator. It is the line of position required, being

*Continued on page 122)*

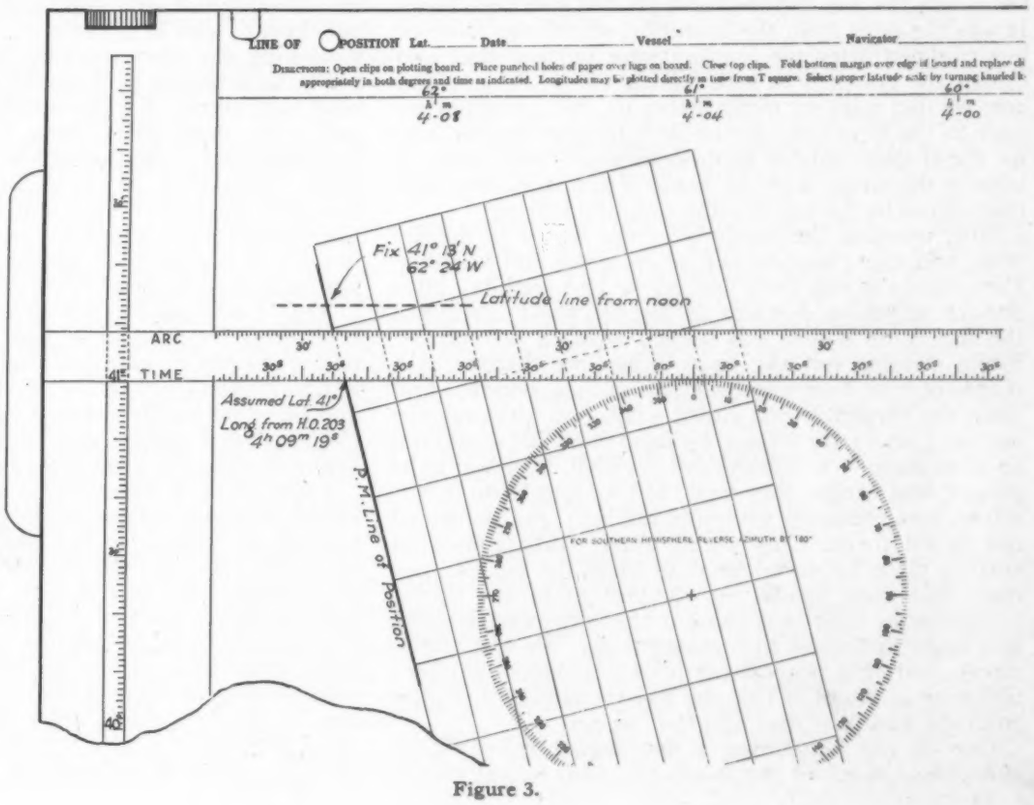



**Figure 3.**

# What I Told My Boys in the Twilight

*Part VI — The Passage to New York, Where I Leave the "Poseidon"*

By Jørgen Fenger

From the Danish by Frederic A. Fenger

At Penang we lay so close in that it was easy to get ashore, and now, by the way, it was not so difficult to obtain shore leave. There was nothing much to see in the town itself, but the surroundings were beautiful, with a marvelously rich vegetation and the mountains nearby.

On board, there was lively work with taking in cargo. One afternoon, among other things, we took on some hundreds of chests of camphor, but shortly before evening we had hastily to batten down the hatches tight, as a heavy thunder squall broke upon us. The uppermost air-boards — loose pieces of plank in the ceiling which in port are taken out so that air can pass up between the frames — had not yet been put in place. And the vent holes in the ceiled bulwarks — the ship's side between the deck and the rail, above which were the nettings — were also open. Out of these, as dark came on, there began to swarm all the vermin which in Singapore, and now here, had come aboard with the cargo. We only became aware of them when we saw them crawl in to us over the forecastle sills, and up on the anchor deck. The cook was the first one to be attacked, as he lay smoking on the anchor deck. Suddenly he gave out a loud yell. Something had run across his bare arm, leaving a stripe as though he had been scalded with boiling water. We lighted some lamps and saw, to our horror, that the deck was alive with cockroaches, scorpions, long centipedes, and other nasty crawlers. As soon as we discovered where they were coming from, we made haste to stopper the holes as quickly as possible, but it was too late and the harm already had been done. It was the odor from the camphor, which was more or less confined after the hatches were put on, that had driven the crawlers to seek fresher air on deck — and now we had a lovely night before us! We could not remain in the forecastle, nor on deck for that matter, and we dared sleep only in hammocks which were hung as high in the air as possible. Some of the men even hied themselves to the tops for their night's lodging.

Next morning the handy-billy was rigged to the fire hose, and there was no end of spraying and washing. Fortunately it was Saturday, so we had washday after noon. Everything, down to the last bit, was taken out of the forecastle which was soaped over in all corners. While clearing out the boot locker, we discovered a couple of rats. Now when we were in Singapore the first time, the carpenter had stolen a cat, and although she was very smart at catching rats and mice, she would not go after these — which puzzled us. Well, they had to be caught, and caught they were, but we had to do it ourselves, and presently we found out why the cat would not tackle them. They were "musk" rats, somewhat smaller than those we used to hunt for our sampan man, and their heads were longish as in the shrew-mouse, while their tails, close to the body, were as thick as a finger and stunk like musk powder. We now understood what that penetrating odor was which had been following us about of late; we had thought that it came from the bumboat men and their wares.

One of our shipmates, a Norwegian called Hans, thought so much of the musk odor that he cut off the tails and dried them in the sun in order to take them home with him. But he should have known better, for his sea-chest and all his clothes became so saturated with the nasty smell that one could not bear to be near him, even long after he had thrown the trash overboard. We, who had caught the animals and killed them, warned him that for several days we could not get the odor out of our hands, and he would not listen to us. But he was cured, at last, of this fancy. Despite our thorough cleansing of the deck and forecastle, it was some time before we got rid of all the vermin which had swarmed up from the hold.

At last the ship was freighted for her return voyage and ready to sail. Now she would be going home again, out upon the great fresh lovely sea, away from mosquitoes and all the vermin which never allowed us an honest night's sleep. We also needed to get off on a decently long voyage in order to make a little money to the good. For out here on the Coast, as it is called, we spent more time in port than at sea, and who could withstand buying milk for himself, and fruit from the bumboat men, as long as one could find the money.

Our fare, surely, was just as good as what was served in most ships, but that was not saying much in those times. Our butter had long since gone south, and we were getting American grease instead. We had a sneaking feeling that it had not even been properly tried out but was just pressed pork and fat. It smelled of hogs and in warm weather was tough as soft dough.

The biscuits, bought in Hong Kong, were made of rice, hard as flint, and impossible to chew. After we had put them to soak in the evening, in order to have a little something the next morning for breakfast, we could bend them double without breaking, as though they were large pieces of India-rubber. Nor had the salt beef and pork, meal, grits, peas, beans and other staple provisions improved during the two years we had been away. Vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins, and parsnips, the fresh meat of draft bullocks, and the scrawny hens which made up our fresh provisions in the long run were far from appetizing, so it really was not pampering to treat one's self to a little change.

Yes, it was good to be off again and I would have been quite happy over it, had not my friend, the carpenter, begun to fail, quite seriously. Even before we left England, now and then he had been spitting blood, and he could hardly manage to work aloft where one's chest, pressed against the yard, often has to take the brunt of what the arms must haul home.

I had tried, as earnestly as any 15-year-old boy can lecture a grown-up person, to persuade him to give up the sea and go home from Cardiff. His defense, however, was of the best. In the timber-yard, the work also was often strenuous, and though his parents were fairly well off, they could not afford to keep him at home were he to become weaker. Besides, there were many brothers and sisters. After all, it was better to remain where he was and keep at it as long as he could; perhaps the warm climate would do him good. And it really seemed as though he were right in this, until now, when toward the last, he had developed such a bad hollow cough that

he became very weak. At any rate, as soon as we were at sea again, he hoped that he would feel better, while I, on the other hand, did not think so, but kept my fears to myself.

Once offshore, the weather was fresh and hearty, and we quickly fetched down toward Cape Hope which we passed much closer than on the voyage out. And though it was winter down there in the southern hemisphere, we escaped the cold and storms of any strength.

All the insects which we had on board disappeared in time, except the ants which multiplied in an uncomfortable way till I, at least, was fairly driven on edge.

It chanced that one Sunday afternoon Ayang presented me with a large piece of pudding from the cabin, and this I laid aside in my sugar tin for my dog watch coffee — a luxury we were afforded by virtue of the beans we had swept up while loading in Singapore and Penang. It was my turn to make the coffee and, when this was done, I carried the pot into the forecastle but did not think it was necessary to light the lamp. We knew well enough where to find our eating gear, and this coffee business must not be carried on too openly, for then the Old Man might be asking leading questions as to where the beans had come from, not to mention the sugar and the rest of it. The coffee was poured in the dark, the sugar tin brought out — now for a real feed, in peace and quiet — and I took a large bite of the pudding. But bless me! Could I believe my senses?

Jørgen Fenger in the Nineties. On the bridge of one of his steamers, the *Constantin*, somewhere in the North Sea.

It must be the pudding that I was trying to eat, but even so, it burned my lips and tongue, my whole mouth, in fact, as though it were the boiling coffee that I had swallowed, instead.

I spat and sneezed, but that made no difference, for the stuff hung to my lips and something was crawling on my face. Ants! The lamp was lighted and there they were in hundreds, if you please. Not only were the pudding and sugar tin alive with them, but so many were floating in my coffee, from the sweetening, that it resembled chervil (sweet fern) soup. For a long time afterwards, my mouth felt as though it were scalded, and I didn't drink my dog watch coffee in the dark again.

Our ants, by the way, had really been our benefactors, as they had freed us of all the other insects. Aside from helping the centipedes, scorpions and large roaches out of the world, the ants, themselves, disappeared as it became colder down beyond the Cape, nor did we see them again. So we had only the mosquitoes left, and they stayed with us. Every time we broached a new cask of water, they swarmed out of the bung hole, in a small cloud. For we had carried the larvae along in the water.

Now that the ship was homeward bound, the atmosphere in the forecastle become more agreeable. We boys were not hounded nearly as much as before, and frequently we were allowed to take part, with due modesty, in the general conversation of the forecastle, and on watch at night. The food for gamming among the older men being nearly exhausted, they condescended to listen to the "small beer" of our experiences.

Below the Cape, the carpenter's health became somewhat better, but as it grew warmer again his strength went down hill very fast, till, long before we came to St. Helena, he was continually in his berth. He became so miserably thin, though he was nursed as ably as possible both by the captain and we others, and everything depended upon showing him friendliness and sympathy. When we sighted the island, there was talk of standing in to port and seeking the aid of a doctor, but this was given up as we now saw that he was beyond help. He still thought he would get better, and it was only toward the very last that he understood how things were going. He was always asking us who sat with him, to read from the psalm book, after he had become too weak to do so himself. The last afternoon he lived, I had to fetch a pen and paper so that he might dictate a letter to his parents. I fear that this task was rather haplessly done; many tears fell on the sheet of paper, but when I read what had been written, he declared that he was satisfied, and rested content. He died at seven in the evening.

That was the first and only death I have seen on shipboard, and it still remains clear in my memory. He had been such an upright and friendly man, and was the only one on board with whom I had any home ties. Our families were known to each other, while his and my oldest brother were classmates at Herlufsholm — a well-known Danish Latin school — and had visited back and forth during their vacations. From the time we had signed on, we had chummed as much as differences in our ages would allow under the circumstances, and usually we went ashore together. But the sailors let both him and me know how contrary to good discipline it was for us to say the familiar "you" to each other — that being highly improper between a carpenter and a boy! Yet he would not have it otherwise. And when the tyranny of the sailors went a bit far, he always had a friendly word for me, though on the sly. For it would not do openly to take the part of a boy — even the mate dared not interfere, as we had seen plainly enough at Singapore, in the case of Gustave.

That was a long night while we took turns keeping watch with him on the after deck. In the morning he was sewn in a hammock with a piece of kentledge at his feet. The flag was half-masted, the sails laid aback, and all the men stood in their Sunday clothes over by the starboard gangway where the corpse was laid on a platform of deals. After a psalm had been sung and the captain had read the prayer written for burials at sea, we prayed, "Our Father . . . ," earth was thrown on, the inner end of the platform was lifted with an, "In

God's Name," and the burial was ended. With misty eyes we followed the white hammock and saw it sink vertically in the clear water, till the last bluish glint of it disappeared. Then we heard, "All hands to the braces," and the ship stood on again, along past Ascension for New York, our destination.

August was convalescing, but very slowly, and he lay constantly with a saltwater dressing on the wound. This we thought was a strange cure, but it was what the doctor had prescribed, and it had the advantage of being cheap and easy.

Under the line we had a restless time, alternating with calms and hard squalls, and we did not slip through the equatorial belt between the trades as easily as on the outward voyage. What with only ten men now in the forecastle instead of the 14 with which we had left England, there was more than enough of sail handling for us. One of the sailors had gone to the cabin to take Marcus' berth of second mate.

One day I was ordered to hand the mizzen royal in a squall — the China-boy being too small to manage that job. While I was aloft, the wind blew so hard that the to'gallant wanted also to be clewed up, lowered and made fast, so I called down to ask if I should do it, and the answer was, "Yes." It was really a two-man job, but the sail was still dry, so I managed it alone, and fairly quickly, at that. When I lay below, the captain called me to him, and said,

"From today, you are an ordinary seaman."

His praising speech was no longer than that, but it was long enough for me! Twelve rix dalers a month and proof that I had served as an ordinary seaman when at last we came home! It was beyond all expectation! So what matter that all my duties as a "boy" still remained with me here on board?

Up under Bermuda, August returned to the deck. He was pale and, compared with the rest of us, his skin was transparent as a girl's. On the other hand, it appeared that during the five months he had been laid up, he had grown decidedly taller. That would be an advantage when he came to ship again, and we could laugh all we pleased because his ankles were well clear of his trousers, of which he did not have over many pairs.

It was toward the end of October when at last we fetched New York and were tied up to one of the wharves in the East River where our cargo was to be discharged. These wharves were large wooden piers, built out at right angles from the shore. Several ships could lie along either side of such a wharf and one could row under it at low water.

Now the war between the Northern and Southern states having just ended, there were many persons at loose ends about the town, most of whom were discharged soldiers, and so we were ordered to keep an extra good watch. That this might well be necessary, soon became evident.

As we discharged our cargo, it was laid on the wharf in large piles so that the parcels could be counted and examined by the consignee before being carted off to the warehouses. The mate was not given his receipt till the goods were checked off, which was done every afternoon toward evening, and in the meantime we were held responsible for their safety. On one occasion, we noticed a large woman stealing coffee from the bags which were ranged abreast of us. Pretending to lean against the bags, she cut a small hole in one that was directly behind and on a level with her stern, and let the coffee beans run down into her skirt, which was double and sewed together at the bottom. When she had enough, she departed quite nonchalantly up the wharf with her booty. Being on watch, I followed after till I found a policeman to whom I explained the affair and pointed to the thief who was only half a hundred paces away. The officer answered, "Take my advice, young man, and keep clear, for like as not you may get six inches of cold steel in your back when you have a mind to go ashore some evening."

Several days later I had the deck in the afternoon watch when I saw a boat with three men in her and a couple of large tubs row close by and ship oars as she passed under the next wharf where a vessel from the West Indies had unloaded some large puncheons of rum. Having carefully placed their boat, the man who was not rowing took up a long auger and bored a hole through the deck of the wharf and into one of the tuns from which they filled their tubs with rum. Then they rowed away, allowing the remainder of the puncheon's contents to run into the river. When they saw me, one of them put his finger to his lips and threatened me with his fist. I understood the pantomime, and kept quiet.

At the same wharf where we were discharging, lay a large full-rigger from St. John's, taking on cotton. One night, the watchman was overpowered by some bandits who then calmly removed a pair of covers from the main hatch and unloaded some bales of cotton into a boat which they had brought alongside. The next morning the affair was brought to the notice of the police, but one might just as well have gone to our China-boy.

Since I have mentioned Ayang, I must relate how he, too, came to learn how unsafe it was in New York. One Sunday afternoon I heard him pitifully calling for help from outside the cabin. As I ran aft, I saw a man, dressed as a sailor, holding Ayang's queue in one hand while with the other he was fumbling for his sheath-knife. In a jiffy I freed Ayang and sent him to call our shipmates. The scoundrel did not await their arrival, however, but sprang ashore swearing that he would surely meet up with me again. It seemed that he had been given six months of hard labor in Shanghai for having cut off the queue of a "damned Chinaman," and he had sworn that he would trim the first Yellow Devil he met in European waters. From his speech I realized that he was a Cockney, and I bade him pack home to the sump where he was born and ask the other riffraff if New York was in Europe. Ayang saved me out a lovely piece of pudding from the cabin that evening, in gratitude for having rescued his queue.

We were a long time in discharging our cargo. When we got down to the gamboge — a resinous stuff which I believe is used for dressing leather — we found that it had run out through the packing around the bales and the entire mass, of over two hundred tons, was in one large lump, so that it had to be broken out in scraps and fragments. It sounds queer, but this work took nearly 14 days longer than we had figured, though we slaved at it from morning till night.

This was a little too much for August who was not sure of getting a single shilling for the work, because he had made the voyage as a captured deserter. One morning when the mate turned us out, August was missing; naturally, none of us in the forecastle knew more than that during the night he had taken his watch when he was called. In a place like New York it was useless to get the police to look for him — the captain could see that, plainly enough — but one afternoon, shortly afterwards, the Old Man came aboard scowling with anger. August had stopped him in the middle of the street, and said, "Now, Captain, I really ought to have a little money for the time I have been with you."

(*Continued on page 126*)

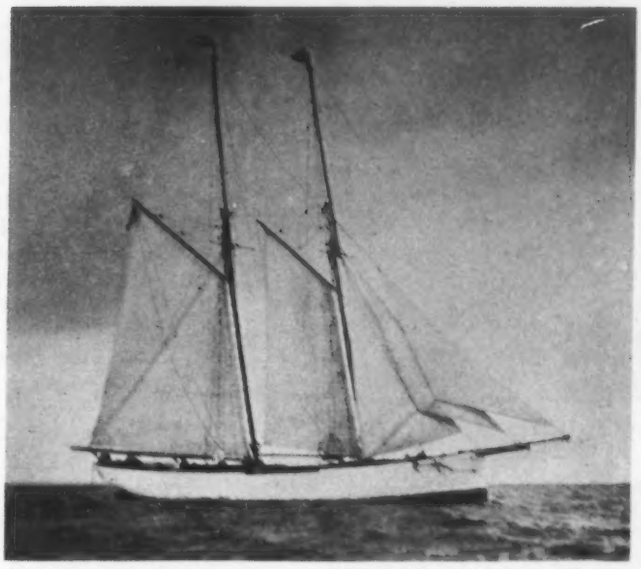
# *Wander Bird* and the Blue Waters

## *Part II — The Cruise in British Waters*

*By* WARWICK TOMPKINS

AT three in the morning, with the early northern dawn already glowing in the east, the yard tug puffed alongside *Wander Bird*, the Elbe River pilot and the compass adjuster came aboard, and in a very few minutes we were slipping down the quiet river, past the spires and warehouses, the sleeping liners and docks of Hamburg.

The compasses were quickly swung, and found to have errors so small that they were not worth considering. We carry two, both made by Plath, a fine seven-inch, underlit steering compass and a six-inch azimuth compass, also underlit, mounted in a box atop the deckhouse. The steering compass is marked in points and quarter-points; the azimuth compass has degrees on its outer rim and points on the inner. It is extremely useful when sailing along a coast, obviating the necessity of bothering the helmsman or uncovering the steering compass every time a bearing is desired. Except when *Wander Bird* is sailing at a high angle of heel or when objects ashore are hidden behind the rigging we can always quickly get the bearing desired. There are few places on any sail boat where an all-around view can be guaranteed under any circumstances.



***Wander Bird*** **beating down the English Channel. The topmasts were subsequently shortened.**

In the face of a growing westerly our weak tug made slower and slower progress down the broad Elbe, as uninteresting a river as I have ever seen, flowing through country as flat as Florida. When the tide turned our progress was almost *nil*. About this time the tug captain started animated discussions with the pilot in German too fast for me to get.

"You'll have to get some sail on her," the pilot informed me. "The tug is running out of coal and will have to drop us at Brunsbüttel." Protest was useless. If the tug, which was supposed to take us to the outer lightship, had no coal no amount of talking would fuel her, so, with as much alarm as anger in my heart, we made sail.

The trickiest part of the Elbe lay ahead of us with a flood tide, speeded by wind, roaring through the channels. *Wander Bird* is twice as big as any boat I had ever sailed up to that time. Still worse, she was a totally new type to me. I did not know how she would handle or anything else about her. Momentarily, she bulked huge in my eyes. I was in a pretty funk. The tug shoved off.

There were 15 men on board, half of them experienced in the sailing of small boats, the rest just friends making the trip from Hamburg to Havre. The pilot made 16. To the accompaniment of much confusion, the jibs were set and sheeted home. How they pulled! It seemed to take about six men to sheet them an inch. The foresail went up easily. We were sailing.

At once we realized that the *Wander Bird* was not ballasted deeply enough. The breeze was fresh, but no pilot boat should have put her rail down close to the water in such a blow. Then we tried to come about, and went in irons. On the second attempt we got around, it having occurred to us to let the forestaysail remain aback until well around.

Mile after mile, laboriously, fearfully, we beat down the channel. The pilot saw us miss stays time after time, and despite that, opposite Cuxhaven, ran us deep into a narrow bight. We missed stays. Missed them again. I tried to wear ship, and in the middle of the effort felt her take the ground. It lacked an hour of high water. Down came the sails.

The heartbreak of that night will not go into print. Can you picture a couple of salvage wolves rushing up, one of them asking $2,500 to give us a pull off, the other unwilling to name a price and insisting on salvage? Insurance? I had it: produced the papers and signed a salvage contract. What's this? The underwriters had made a mistake. Instead of insuring me for the entire summer they had covered my ship for a cruise "in British waters."

From the hands of the startled mate of the *Wotan* — 3,500 horsepower, second largest tug in the world — I tore the contract. Before he could expostulate it was in ribbons and overboard. "We'll have to get her off ourselves, gang!"

In rising wind and rain we carried out our smallest hook, a 450-pounder. The tide drove us upstream. At slack water we tried again, this time planting the buoyed anchor advantageously.

The tide was falling now, the ship was pounding on the sand. The *Wotan* became a blur of lights a scant ship's length to port. The sight of her, hopefully waiting for our expected failure, was a tonic.

Somewhere near midnight we got off. "A hundred marks for a tow into Cuxhaven!" I screamed at the *Wotan*. A moment's silence and an acceptance, in English, beat back against wind and rain. Then the anchor cable fouled on the winch. We slipped the hook after an hour's vain effort to clear it, and at three in the morning were shunted into a Cuxhaven berth, the tiredest bunch on earth.

Strangely enough that chit, Fortune, was with us. Next morning a half-dozen stray bolts on deck turned out to be nothing less than pins meant to hold the main

*Wander Bird's* cabin, with its double row of bunks on each side, is very roomy and attractive.

and fore shrouds to the rigging screws. The Hamburg riggers had secured them with cotter pins but had neglected to spread the ends. The vibration the previous day had thrown them out. Had we not gone aground we would have gone to sea with masts unsupported.

Two days later, with rigging again set up, our confidence restored, the lost anchor recovered and again on deck, we sailed from Cuxhaven, a local fisherman acting as pilot. We were through with pilots from steamers! Our new guide was a real sailorman and he knew the river without reference to charts or beacons. That evening saw *Wander Bird* on her old beat by the lightships, but this time she was bound for far ports.

The hot, placid summer weather which made that season last year a halcyon one for Europe enveloped us at once. With the most baffling light winds imaginable we worked our way along the northern coast of Holland, passing the famous lightships of the Weser, Borkum Reef and Terschelling, yet catching scarcely a glimpse of the pancake plains behind them. We averaged a miserable 60 miles a day and were four days in getting to Ymuiden, the uninteresting port for Amsterdam, which lies 15 miles away on a canal.

Throughout our passage down the North Sea, through to Dover and still later when we were running down to Land's End, northerly breezes prevailed. Two years earlier, when bound home *via* Iceland in *Primrose IV*, we encountered winds from the same quarter although they had blown hard that July and had brought constant rain. Still the pilot books advise that southwesterlies prevail.

The weather remained soft, and there is nothing like soft weather to soften sailors. It took us more than two full days to cross from Havre to Cowes, almost three days to run down to Falmouth. We thought we were coming to know our ship. Disillusionment was in store.

Falmouth, one of the world's finest harbors, deserves a visit on its own account, but surely no sailor would miss it knowing that there lies the old *Cutty Sark*, yards squared, with her lovely figurehead reaching a golden arm out across the clear green water of the harbor. We visited her several times, marveling at the miracle of the tall ship and the intricacy of her gear. Nowadays she is a cadet school maintained by a retired sea captain. Her lads and an old sailmaker are painstakingly making a suit of sails for her. They proudly inform you that "we give the pumps a go once a week, but we get nothing. The ship's tight as a drum!"

Dr. Claud Worth invited us to visit him at Helford River, seven miles away, and, as he declared, it is an easy place to get to *if you have a fair wind*. The condition was not mentioned when he gave the invitation and we had to beat *Wander Bird* through a hundred-foot, rock-ribbed channel against a faltering zephyr. Fortunately, we had the worthy Doctor's sailor for pilot and he pinched us through safely. A visit with the Worths is worth any amount of trouble.

We left Helford River one dark night, though the glass was dropping, and ran straight out into a full gale that came roaring up Channel. There is no worse place to encounter wind than off the Lizard Light, and it was there that our ship load of calm-weather sailors got their initiation into the tricks of King Storm.

Our big pulling boat, a heavy oak craft, started the fun by breaking adrift, the eye-bolts to which the gripes were fastened breaking off flush with the deck. The boat charged to leeward pinioning Steel between its gunwale and the small mahogany dinghy. He screamed, and I, at the wheel, thought him half dead until I realized that they were lusty yells, long prolonged, and that they probably arose more from fright than hurt. In the pitch black I could see nothing. From the waist came confused cries — "Luff up! Haul this way! Shove to me! Lift, can't you?"

Then the flying jib pendant parted, thunder boomed in the black ahead as the sail thrashed wildly, shaking the ship. Steel was carried below. "Nothing serious; pinched his knees," someone shouted as Al and I ran forward to get the jib.

The jib came down quickly, thanks to the downhaul. In a moment I was on the jibboom, smothering the canvas. A whispered yell of alarm from Al, and I glanced back to see the shining decks falling below me, the running lights balefully flashing at the lowering sky. There came a swooping rush and for the first time in my life I was almost washed off a bowsprit. The water was warm, but it gripped at me with incredible ferocity, carrying away, as in fun, my suspenders and jeopardizing my prized Dutch fisherman's clothing. Dripping, clinging with all my strength, I was tossed skyward only again to be flailed into that darkness of night waters shot with phosphorescent stars. I thanked fortune for the strong netting we'd rigged under the sprit.

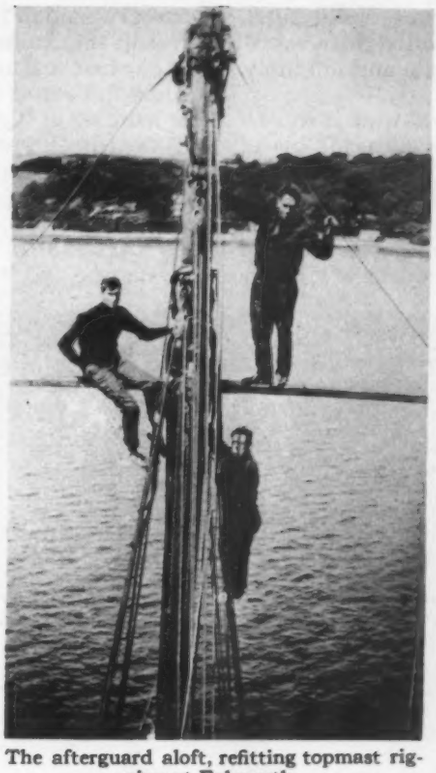
"All right, Al!" I spluttered, "still here!" The jib was saved.

Somehow we got the boat lashed. The doctor examined Steel, finding him bruised and a bit shocked but rebellious at being told he must keep his bunk.

As I have said, this was our first touch of real weather, and its sudden viciousness flung us into a mental fog that we now find hard to explain. We were conscious that it was blowing a bit but we all tended to underestimate the velocity of the wind and as a result we did not shorten sail. "It would be an ugly sea and much

wind for a small boat," we agreed, "but *Wander Bird* ought to carry through it all right." But the schooner made heavy weather of it under full mainsail, foresail, jumbo and inner jib, and there was no comfort in her.

As day broke we got a glimpse of several new horrors — the weaving topmasts. As the ship plunged into the deep, short troughs both topmasts whipped forward like fishing rods, fetching up against the backstays with a violence that threatened to jerk the eyebolts out of the quarter-timber. A few moments later we could see that the lower masts were also switching under the impetus from aloft. We found that the rigging, which had been stretching steadily all the way from Hamburg, was again hanging slack and that we could get no more on the turnbuckles. There was nothing to do but turn back, and that in itself was not a pleasant prospect. The weather was thick with rain and spume. The Lizard had disappeared hours ago and our position was known but approximately due to the gyrations we had accomplished while securing the boat and the jib and the terrific tidal current.



The afterguard aloft, refitting topmast rigging at Falmouth.

But back we turned, roaring off for Falmouth with the wind on the quarter. The motion was less violent and the masts ceased much of their perilous thrashing about. I have never known many more anxious moments than those I spent with Pickering in the eyes of the ship waiting to get the loom of the land or the calmer water that would tell us we were in the lee of Lizard Head.

When a break did come in the weather it showed us on a perfect course for Falmouth with the Lizard abaft the beam and the Manacle Rocks nicely clear to port. No harbor ever seemed so snug or welcome as did Falmouth an hour later. We let go both anchors just astern of the *Cutty Sark*, snugged down and turned in for a sleep. It was blowing too hard to hope to get ashore. For three days we kept anchor watches while hourly more vessels ran in for shelter, even the Brixham trawlers finding the seas without too much for them and scampering in with everything reefed. Lizard Head reported a wind of 55 miles an hour the night we were out there.

It took us ten days to conclude the refit that this shake-down had necessitated. When we could get ashore we found nobody who would house our topmasts, so we did it ourselves, all hands turning to and getting the big sticks down and overboard in quite respectable time. We saw them off to a decrepit yacht yard where they were both to lose eleven feet of length.

An ex-skipper of a yacht and an anemic boy came off to set up our rigging. That meant opening all the lower seizings on the rigging, stretching the wire tight and reseizing the ends. The spinnaker and topsails went into a sail loft to be cut down to fit the shortened masts. This reduction cost the spinnaker almost four hundred square feet of material, a sad loss to that sail, but it actully improved the topsails, both of which had been much too high and narrow to set properly.

When the sails came back we stowed the foretopsail and unrove its running rigging, opining that it was much more trouble than it was worth, what with having to shift it over the triatic and maintopmast forestay every time we tacked. Then we rigged leaders, according to E. G. Martin's practice, for the maintop, having had both sails hitherto permanently aloft, seized to hoops on the masts.

The leaders were not satisfactory subsequently. To begin with, they needed, if the sail was to set at all, two extra lines aloft — to catch and jam and chafe. They also offered a difficult problem when it came to lowering the sail if the ship had been tacked since topsails were set, it being then necessary to bring the sails down to windward, a difficult job. My experience with both modes of rigging topsails leads me to the belief that, for cruising, one is best off without them, bu tthat, if they are carried, it is best to tan them and then keep them aloft. Furling them in the air is not a very difficult or hazardous job

Looking forward, showing new teak deckhouse over companionway.

The crew on the cruise in British waters. The author is third from the right.

after all. Next season I may use the maintopsail but I shall certainly have what we needed badly this year, a fisherman staysail, a sail easier to handle and infinitely more efficient than any gaff topsail.

When we left Falmouth for the second time it was to run into a thick fog off the Lizard. A pleasant place, Lizard Head! With steamers blowing all around us we picked a fearsome way, burning flare after flare to shoo away the traffic. The next day we ran into fair weather and a light southwester which contested our way around the Longships but then settled down and blew steadily while we scampered for Kingstown, the real port of Dublin.

Once past the Tuskar we again hit heavy rain and considerable wind, but we held on to all sail, nevertheless, including the spinnaker, while the ship tore on for the calmer water behind the long sand banks that lie off this bit of picturesque coast. Toward mid-afternoon the dripping sky broke up a bit and we caught glimpses of green fields, ruined castles on rocky crags, little villages and an occasional streaking train whose white plume of steam wound snake-like along the coast.

Looking down from the foremast head.

We sailed through the Kingstown breakwater after midnight, anchored in the eastern end, as instructed by the sailing directions, and prepared for an invasion of Ireland. By six A.M. we had been invited to make ourselves at home in both the Royal Irish and the St. George Yacht Clubs. We utilized both invitations to the limit, and the unfailing helpfulness and natural, easy hospitality of our Irish friends made our stay in Kingstown a very happy one.

It was in Kingstown we started anchoring with a single hook, relying on the weight of the chain more than that of the anchor. It was a practice to which we were to cling. Since then we've come to an anchor 17 times, always lying to a 200-pound, old-fashioned Navy anchor, and yet we have never dragged. The chain, meant to hold the ship in a seaway anchorage off the mouth of the Elbe, is one-inch stud-link stuff, tested. It is enormously strong. Ordinarily we lie to the chain, seldom putting a strain on the anchor. In Nassau, where we could see both anchor and chain perfectly, it was amusing to watch the ship swing around a bight of cable, and she only straightened it out when, one day, a strong northeaster caught us and blew us down with the rather strong tide which runs in that pleasant harbor. The heavy chain is as nothing on the powerful winch we have, and it is much easier to heave in a few fathoms of it than to manhandle, with light chain, a heavy anchor.

We went to Kingstown to see Dublin, a curious city. We left with mixed memories of a Yeat's ballet, strangely luminous eyes set in dirty faces, children with running sores, dirt, smells, saloons, and some good buildings.

With this strange medley of thoughts we sailed for Gourock, Scotland, one day when it seemed wise to put a reef in the mainsail before getting up the hook. That was our first reef and in putting it in we used a lace-line. I could not stand the sight of a permanently rove lace-line hanging in bights on the mainsail and so, after this one experiment, which proved that the lacing was a tedious and slow job, we put in permanent reef points, a job for which we have since had adequate cause to give thanks.

What would have constituted a record run for the summer was spoiled by a calm that overtook us when we were in the Firth of Clyde, just opposite the bulk of Arran Island. Rather than buck an adverse tide all night we slipped into Holy Island anchorage for the night, getting out again at noon the next day with a head wind which conveniently hauled once we were in the narrow part of the Firth. With sheets just free, we enjoyed to the limit a perfect summer day in the Clyde, tasted the novelty of sailing within a stone's throw of beaches where Sunday throngs picnicked, and saw at its best one of the beauty spots of the world. Almost we wished we were Scots, and Steel, a true "Glasgie" lad, was in his element. If one could count on even a few days a week of such weather Scotland would be the grandest place in the world to cruise, but from what I am told the rain which started that night is a far more common visitant than sunshine and blue skies, and it would be no fun sailing in such solid wetness. The rain held for three days, let up for three hours while we were leaving and came on again heavily to last until we were well away from Scotland.

We reefed at sea for the first time in the Firth of Clyde again opposite Arran Island, and we were amazed at the ease with which a hitherto dreaded task was achieved. At that time we did not have the permanent boom-crutch and we had to use reefing tackles. Many were the forebodings caused by the 41-foot boom, but they came to naught, so gentle was the ship's motion when we threw her up and got the mainsail on deck. That big sail, 1,800 square feet of canvas, came in sweetly, thanks to our large, roller bearing blocks and the invaluable vangs and a throat downhaul. We put in two reefs and let the ship jog along through a dirty night, holding our own against the tide but not making good more than five miles between ten o'clock and dawn.

Shortly after reefing we wore ship, and an inexperienced hand on the mainsheet forgot to take a turn when the boom crashed over. The sheet whipped out of the quarter block and the knot in its end fetched up against the three-sheave block on the boom. Although I could hardly believe my eyes I watched that figure-eight knot squeezed through the block and UNTIED! The end of that sheet came out completely unraveled, like a mare's tail! The spectacle of the boom, uncontrolled, broad-off, in a Firth sea was as unpleasant a

(*Continued on page 128*)

# The *Constitution*

## *The Famous Frigate which the Government is Repairing and Restoring to Her Once Proud Estate*

*Photos by Edwin Hale Lincoln*

**The old frigate as she appeared in the eighties of the last century at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, before decay had made the inroads that lately have made it necessary to rebuild her. She has recently been launched and the work of rigging her is now in progress, the funds being raised by public subscription, largely from the school children of the United States. Parts of the old hull were in bad condition so that great care had to be taken in docking her.**

**The main deck of "Old Ironsides" (at left) looking forward. This deck, once the scene of many stirring actions, was in such bad shape that it had to be entirely renewed. Below, the full bow, with its graceful scroll billet head, projecting cathead, and anchor with its hemp cable bent to the ring.**

# Sailing A 14-Foot International Dinghy

*By* Wm. Maxwell Blake

THE 14-foot international dinghies now raced in such numbers in English waters I consider the most intriguing boats to sail in that float the sea. Arriving in England in May, 1929, from a long sojourn in the Far East, I had the great good fortune to find in my boyhood town two of these small craft belonging to Mr. M. T. Tudsbery. Both were designed by Mr. Thomas Davies and built by Robertson, of Woodbridge, and the latest, the *Zeta*, was just being completed. I saw her officially weighed and measured for the coming season.

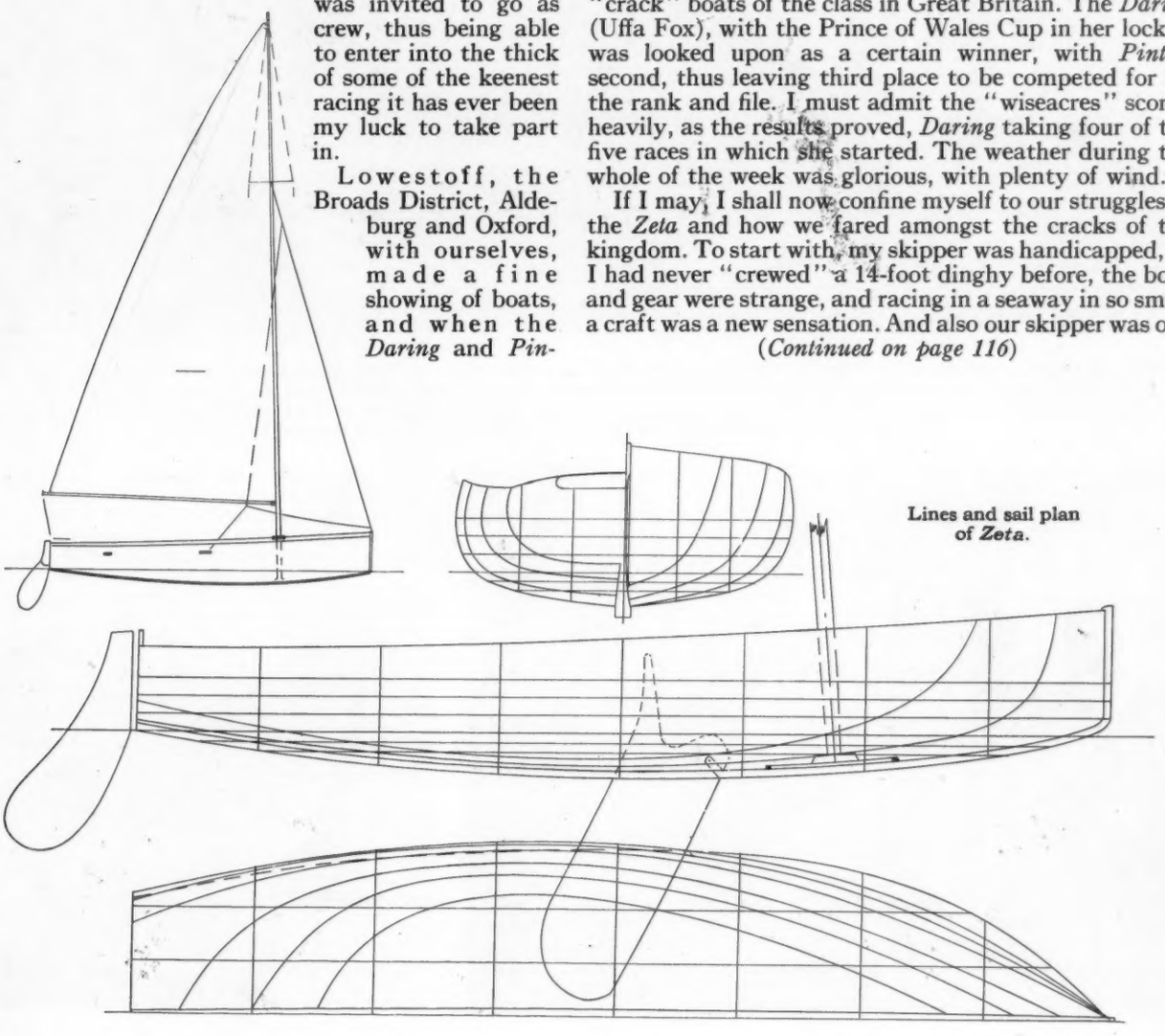
Mr. Tudsbery kindly put at my disposal the *Eos*, his last season's boat, and in her I competed in the local sailing matches, thus getting the hang of the class. The *Eos* made a splendid trial horse for the *Zeta*, and after several races the latter proved the faster by about three minutes over an eight-mile course. In August the *Zeta* was put on a trailer and run down to Lowestoff for the week's racing under the burgee of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club. I was invited to go as crew, thus being able to enter into the thick of some of the keenest racing it has ever been my luck to take part in.

*Zeta*, a 14-foot International Dinghy, designed by Thomas Davies.

Lowestoff, the Broads District, Aldeburg and Oxford, with ourselves, made a fine showing of boats, and when the *Daring* and *Pintail* arrived fresh from the Prince of Wales Cup races at Plymouth, the list of starters included practically all the "crack" boats of the class in Great Britain. The *Daring* (Uffa Fox), with the Prince of Wales Cup in her locker, was looked upon as a certain winner, with *Pintail* second, thus leaving third place to be competed for by the rank and file. I must admit the "wiseacres" scored heavily, as the results proved, *Daring* taking four of the five races in which she started. The weather during the whole of the week was glorious, with plenty of wind.

If I may, I shall now confine myself to our struggles in the *Zeta* and how we fared amongst the cracks of the kingdom. To start with, my skipper was handicapped, as I had never "crewed" a 14-foot dinghy before, the boat and gear were strange, and racing in a seaway in so small a craft was a new sensation. And also our skipper was out

(*Continued on page 116*)



Lines and sail plan of *Zeta*.

# The Deuce of Sports

*By* WALTER RICHARDS

"WHAT class next, Cap?"

"Da Ten-Meeters."

"Then we go."

The trim sloop *Gargle*, racing in the Corinthian Mud Flat One-Design Class, waited for the starting gun.

"How much time have they to go?" inquires Mr. Owner. The Dope looks at the stop watch and suddenly wakes up to the fact that it is not running. Frantic jerks on the stem, quick winding, bangs it on the cabin top and he announces that everything is jake. The gun signals their class. The Dope reads the watch wrong six times and ends by calling the start fifteen seconds too slow. But as Mr. Owner forgot to figure the tide, they manage to get off to a good start in second position.

**"The Captain, standing by the shrouds, glares aft and announces that with three men in the cockpit none have the brains to trim the jib. The Dope trims it — and how!"**

"Eass dot main, kvik!" The Crew sits aft with both elbows resting on his knees, one hand holding the main sheet and the other his pipe. From the blissful expression on his face he certainly must be thinking of the brown-dimpled knees of the beautiful dancing girls of Tahiti.

"Eass dot main!" The Captain yells louder. What the dancing girl was about to do is nobody's business, but suddenly the Crew shows signs of life.

"Eass dot main, dot main, dot main!" The Captain almost screams.

"The main sheet, ease the main sheet!" Mr. Owner yells.

"Hey! Olaf! The main sheet!" The Dope contributes.

The main sheet is quickly run out, the spinnaker is set and the good ship *Gargle* slides along in great style — third. Mr. Owner peevishly remarks, "What's the matter, Olaf? We threw the race away. We just threw it away. They get all the breaks."

"Hol dot coorse, Mr. Owner."

"Where's the mark, Cap?"

"Nefer min da mark, hol dot coorse."

"But I can't see under the spinnaker."

The Captain registers utter disgust and spits a tidal wave of tobacco juice to relieve his feelings. Oh yes, he curves it into the wind. Mr. Owner sails the boat hard. His mind is absolutely concentrated on his craft, but he also includes the six other craft in the race, the courses they are sailing, the courses they may sail, why, how, maybe and if.

"Cap, the *Squirt Clam* is heading out." No answer.

"Cap, what do you say?"

"Huh?"

"I say the *Squirt Clam* is heading out into the Sound. Shall we head out?"

"Vhat yo vant to goo ouht fo; da pouffs is ouf da shor. Hol dot coorse. Hol dot coorse!"

Everything goes along quietly for some time. Mr. Owner looks aft, wondering why Mr. Balzoff of the American Motors Corporation is heading inshore. He looks behind some more, wondering why the *Squirt Clam* is heading offshore. He wonders why Mr. Oppie Dilboy, the famous racing skipper of Short Neck, Long Island, is steadily creeping up and blanketing him. He begins to wonder about the tide, the wind, the lunch he missed, the busy morning, the closing price of Steel, the morning's mail, his secretary being late, the party last night, the swell movie queen that blew in, the last bottle of —

"Vare yo sail, Mr. Owner? Kent yo hol dot coorse?"

"Sure, I am on the course, Captain," Mr. Owner replies as he swings the boat back three points. Mr. Dilboy is no longer blanketing the *Gargle*. He is ahead.

The Captain realizes that something must be done quickly. "Schkvare dot shpinnika!" The Crew is quietly smoking his pipe and dreaming of the pretty geisha girls of old Salami. The Dope, glad to be of service, jumps for the backstays. "Da shpinnika!" the Captain yells. The Dope, of course, sees his mistake, so he grabs the jib sheet and starts pulling. "Da shpinnika!" the Captain screams. As the Dope starts to reach for the jib sheet jig, the Crew wakes up and the spinnaker is squared in a jiffy. The Captain sits on the deck forward and it is impossible to hear his remarks, so of course they cannot be published. All this time Mr. Owner has also been talking, but in the excitement we forgot to record his speech. We just hear the last, something about, "— breaks; we threw it away."

Carried along on a hard puff, the *Gargle* nears the mark. The Dope stands by the spinnaker after guy, the Captain signals "ready," and the Dope casts the line off entirely. The pole shoots forward, the light sail flops and flies and wraps itself around the headstay. The Captain, trying to gather it in, is as sore as a hornet. He wants to yell at the Dope but his mouth is too full

of tobacco juice. The Dope runs forward and stands by the spinnaker halliard. The Captain signals "ready," gives a tug, and the Dope lets it run. The whole halliard runs right up the mast in a bunch. The Dope looks aloft at the tangled mess flying like a night pennant, and wonders what to do next.

"In with the main, quick; in with the main."

The *Gargle* shoots up to the mark and Mr. Owner proceeds to shoot her around so quickly that she comes up into the wind with everything flopping. "Oh, hell, get that main in quick," yells Mr. Owner. The Dope dashes aft to help the Crew, who is frantically hauling away on the main sheet. The wind hits with a puff and the Dope loses his balance. He falls on the Crew and knocks him over. But they keep on pulling hard and the *Gargle* gets going in great shape.

"Gee, I don't know what is the matter with you fellows. Fifth position. We threw this race away. We had a fine start but we never get the breaks."

The Captain, standing by the shrouds, glares aft and announces that with three men in the cockpit none have the brains to trim the jib. The Dope trims it — and how! The Captain takes one look and hurries aft. He breaks a finger nail trying to undo the jib sheet. The Dope has in some way spliced it into the cleat. The Captain grows pink and then red around the ears, and is quite evidently angry.

The *Gargle* is reaching fast for the next mark and the humor of everyone improves. She is not last, for the *Artichoke*, sailed by the society man, Mr. Terra Nove, is just rounding the mark.

"Vots da coorse?"

The Dope fumbles for the race circular. He searches around below and after a prolonged pause his head finally pops out of the cabin.

"South west ¼ west." He is greeted with a grunt and the Captain snatches the chart away, announcing, "So' b'wes ¼ wes."

"Well, what did *I* say?" replies the Dope, feeling real offended.

"Vatch yo coorse, Mr. Owner."

"I'm on the course, Cap. Where is the mark?"

"Nefer mine da marck, folla da fife boorts ahet."

"Look at the main, Cap, it is too flat. Ease it off." The Captain glances at the main and shakes his head.

"Trim in dot main." The Crew is again smoking his trusty pipe and his dreams are carrying him far away to the dark-eyed tango girls of sunny Spain. And he is not thinking of their castanets either. The Captain turns around and loudly remarks, "Vell, vy dunt yo trim dot sheet?"

Reaching the second mark off Matinicock Point, the *Gargle* is still ahead of the *Artichoke*. The other boats are having a good race and Mr. Owner looks after them with longing eyes.

"They had all the breaks. We just threw this race away."

The *Gargle* rounds the mark in great shape. The Dope loses his balance three or four times and nearly knocks the Crew over. The *Gargle* comes up on the wind and starts to heel way over. The Dope, standing on his head trying to reach the winch handle in the lazarette, loses his balance, knocks the Crew's legs from under him, and they both fall in a heap in the cockpit. There are no remarks for this performance; it is old stuff on this packet. Fortunately, the winch handle is safe.

Mr. Owner is sailing in his element now, on the wind. But as we already know, it is too late; he has thrown the race away. The *Gargle* is on the port tack headed for Scotch Caps. The remainder of the fleet are standing to the south to catch the strong southerly first.

"What do you say, Cap, should we go about now?"

"Vel, I dunno. Kape her shtetty."

Thirty minutes pass during which the Captain constantly admonishes Mr. Owner to keep her steady. First it is too high into the wind and then too far off. The *Gargle*, by the way, is still beating along on the port tack.

"Shall we go about?"

"Dots oup to you."

"Well, what do you think?"

"Vatch yo boort, oup un down, oup on down, yo keel dot boort."

"Well, what do you say, Cap, shall we go about?"

"Hol dot boort shtetty, vatch dot yib."

During the next thirty minutes, the Sound indulges in one of its usual Saturday afternoon fits and the wind drops flat. The boats off Sands Point are standing straight up and the wind is blah. Mr. Owner begins to get nervous and worries about his dinner date.

"What's the use, we threw this race away. We never get a break."

A passing tow kills what little headway the *Gargle* has left and the tide swings her around, pointing back to Matinicock Point. She is still supposed to be on the port tack, but everything is flip-flop. Mr. Owner fidgets and frets, and when he finds that there is no cold water on board he becomes thoroughly disgusted. The Captain is not any too well pleased himself, for he promised to take his wife and seven children to the movies that night, to see the "Birth of a Nation." The Crew is quietly smoking, and his mind runs back to the strong hearty hugs of the powerful Katinka back in old Helsingfors. The Dope suddenly remarks that the boats on the north shore are using their power. The Captain takes a look. He lets out a yelp. Wind is coming from the north with a whoop and boats there are boiling along with their lee rails awash. This places the good ship *Gargle* to windward of the entire fleet of Corinthian Mud Flat sloops. Hot ziggottey!

A few catspaws come skipping over the water, then a hard puff, and the good ship *Gargle* starts to move. In a few minutes she is leaning right over and going rickety split for the finish line with a beautiful beam wind.

The Dope is lying on deck to windward, trying to duck the spray and wondering about the liverwurst sandwiches down in the cabin.

"Oferhaul dot lee backshtay!" The Dope snaps into it real sailorlike, the only difference being that he is wondering which is the backstay, which is the lee side, and whether overhaul is to slack off or take in. He is running around like a chicken with its head cut off. The pitiful expression on his face resembles that of a dog who has misbehaved on the parlor rug and is about to have his nose rubbed in it. But he is let off lightly, for the *Gargle* could not lose. If they furled her canvas and used the Captain's bathing trunks for a sail they still would win.

"I had a hunch that this would happen. I just took a chance and speculated," announces Mr. Owner, his chest having swelled considerably. He is crouched over the tiller, assuming his best racing pose.

"U vanted to goo abaout. Dis vass to ting to too." The Captain is smiling happily and is not disposed to argue the point. He is convinced that he is right, so why worry? The Crew is musing, and his mind is far off in the Orient dreaming of the voluptuous beauty of the veiled senorita of Tangiers.

(*Continued on page 114*)

Start of final race between American and Bermudian "Sixes." Left to right: *Achilles, Viking, Emerald, Thalia, Clytie, Sea Venture.*

# American Yachts Win At Bermuda

## *"Sixes" and Interclubs are Both Successful in Interesting Series*

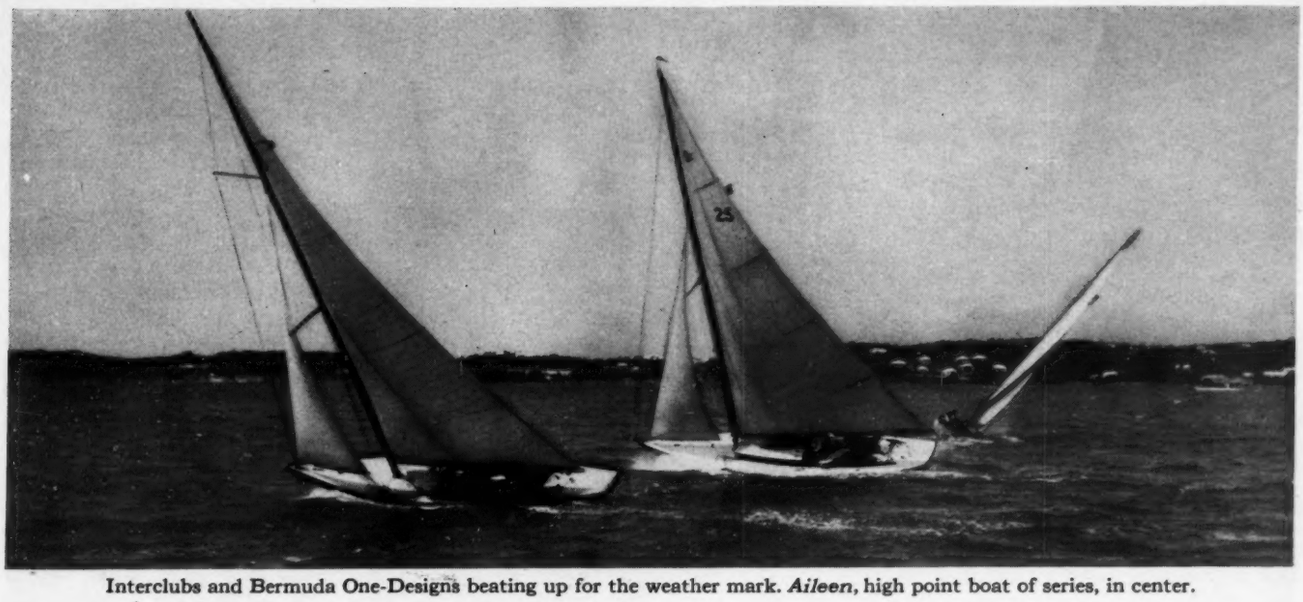
*By* WILLIAM W. SWAN

BERMUDA'S longest race meet and Bermuda's largest racing fleet are now a matter of history, but no invasion of foreign soil, attended as this was by interesting developments, should die with the short, concise cabled news which appeared in the newspapers. The party of yachtsmen who make this trip each year to sail against the Bermuda boats has been gradually growing since the series was first inaugurated in 1927. In that year four boats of the Long Island Sound Interclub Class and 30 people went to Bermuda by steamships to race against four boats chosen from a one-design class of about the same size, although totally different design. This year there were seven boats, representing the Long Island Sound Interclub and the Six-Metre Classes, and over a hundred people accompanying them.

In spite of the fact that by this time everyone knows the ability of the Interclubs to stay out in a real breeze and the ability of the Bermudian one-design boats to ghost along in light air, making the winning of the series of four races on total points a matter for the weather to decide, interest still remains keen in any meeting of these classes. This year the main invading party left New York on March 22nd to join those who had already left a week earlier. The first series sailed was that between the Interclubs and the 'Mudian one-designs. The Interclub team consisted of *Aileen*, owned and sailed by Cornelius Shields; *Daphne*, owned and sailed by G. Raymond; *Ermar*, owned by Donald Cowl and sailed by E. P. Alker, and *Jester*, owned and sailed by Egbert Moxham. Of these four the first three were known to be good, as they had finished at the top of the Interclub Class in the Sound championships of 1929. *Jester's* ability was not known, although her owner is a good sailorman and has raced for some years.

Crew of *Viking*, setting her boomless spinnaker.

The Bermudians were again led by *Cyric II*, ex-*Atlantis*, owned by Eldon and Kenneth Trimingham, but sailed by the one and only Eldon; the *Princess*, owned and sailed by Cap-



Interclubs and Bermuda One-Designs beating up for the weather mark. *Aileen*, high point boat of series, in center.

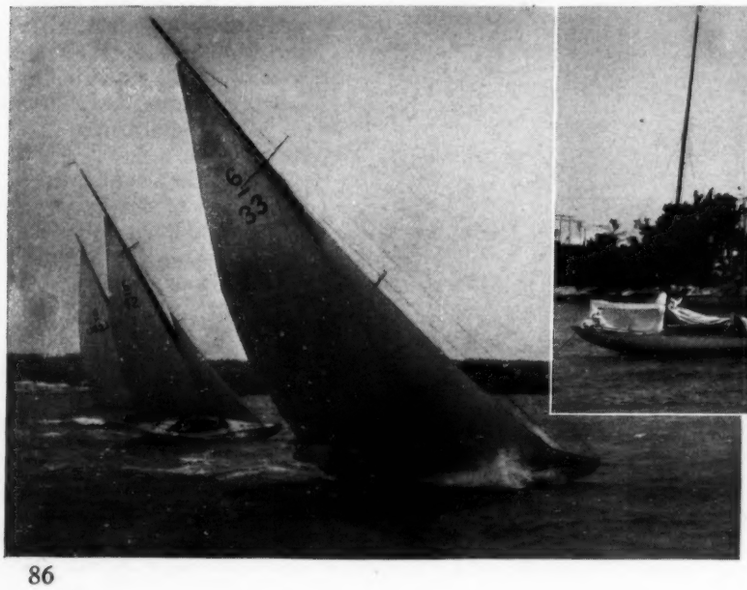
tain R. V. Holt, R. N.; the *Starling*, owned and sailed by J. E. Pearman, and the *Long Tail*, owned and sailed by E. C. (Ted) Gosling. This team was well balanced, all of the skippers having raced against their Interclub rivals before. Since the last series the Bermudians have improved the weatherly qualities of their boats by adding 300 pounds of lead to their keels. This made them better in a breeze and did not slow them up in light airs.

The first race, on March 27th, was hectic as well as tragic. It was sailed in about a 20-mile breeze from W.S.W., which, of course, favored our boats. The course was laid in Great Sound with the windward mark close under the hilly Somerset shore, and was two miles to windward and return, twice around. The less said about this race the better. We thought at the start it was "in the bag," because of the strong breeze. There was no teamwork in evidence. Neither *Daphne* nor *Jester* were going well, and to crown a rather sad day *Daphne*, while being sailed by the writer, touched a mark and disqualified herself, thus losing the few points she had acquired by finishing fifth. *Aileen* won. In fact, "Corny" won all three races that were sailed in this series, scoring 24¾ points for his team out of a total of 63¾. Rather good.

On the 28th, two races were sailed. The *Jester's* trouble with her rig had been ironed out and she was going better. The second race, started in the morning was triangular, with reaching start. *Daphne* got away to a perfect start and led the entire first round and most of the second, but owing to the necessity of covering two rivals Gordon Raymond stood to the westward on the last windward leg, thus letting *Aileen* through from fifth position to win. The score in this race, 24¼ to 11, was made lopsided because Captain Holt inadvertently touched *Jester*. He withdrew, thus losing four points for his team and balancing *Daphne's* error of the previous day.

The whole fleet came in to Captain Holt's tiny harbor at the naval station on Ireland Island for lunch. No series would be complete without a visit to this oasis. The hospitality shown the visiting yachtsmen in this typically British home has been a feature of the last two

(*Continued on page 146*)



Interclubs and 'Mudian One-Designs picking up moorings in Pitts Bay after a race.

The American team of "Sixes" in a reefing breeze. Right to left: *Clytie, Thalia, Emerald.*

# Piloting For The Beginner

## *Part II — Position by Bearings, Tides and Currents, "D. R."*

*By* JOHN T. ROWLAND

In the previous paper we discussed some of the fundamentals of chart and compass, and their use. We learned how to plot a course from one point to another on the chart, which course, when steered by compass, would actually carry the boat from one of those points to the other on the earth's surface. We discussed the meaning of the various navigational marks, such as buoys and lights, and told how to ascertain whether the boat's compass is correct. In the present paper we shall carry the argument forward from these beginnings.

WHEN the beginner has learned how to go "from here to there" in a straight line the next important thing for him to understand is how to tell at any given time just where he is; in nautical terms, how to fix his position. The need for this is fairly obvious, but it may be as well to make it more clear. In the first place, it is not always possible to reach the objective on a single, straight course. There may be a point of land or an island, or an invisible obstruction, such as a reef or shoal, in the way; in which case it becomes necessary to proceed for a certain distance on one course and then change to another, and one must know when the turning point is reached. To be sure, there is frequently a buoy at the turning point, so that one has only to run up to it and shape the new course; but that is not always the case. The man who depends upon buoys for his departure is sadly "out of luck" when the time comes that he ought to alter course and there is nothing to tell him where he is. In order to plot any course, the starting point must be known as well as the objective; and this means that one needs to have at his disposal some means of determining accurately his position on the chart at any and all stages of the journey. The importance of this cannot be overemphasized, since the failure to keep track of one's position is to blame for a large proportion of the "scrapes" that beginners get into. One should always be able to tell where he is, and the means of doing this will be our next topic for discussion.

The simplest, surest and, once one gets the hang of it, the easiest way to fix one's position, is by compass bearings of visible landmarks which are shown on the chart. Suppose, for example, that a certain known lighthouse bears directly north from you by compass and another one directly east. Obviously, you will be somewhere on a line, which you may plot upon the chart, running directly south from the first lighthouse, and at the same time on a line drawn directly west from the second. And since you are on *both* those lines your position must be at the point where they cross one another. That is to say, you are at the intersection of the two bearings. This is termed a "cross bearing," and there is nothing mysterious about it, as you can see.

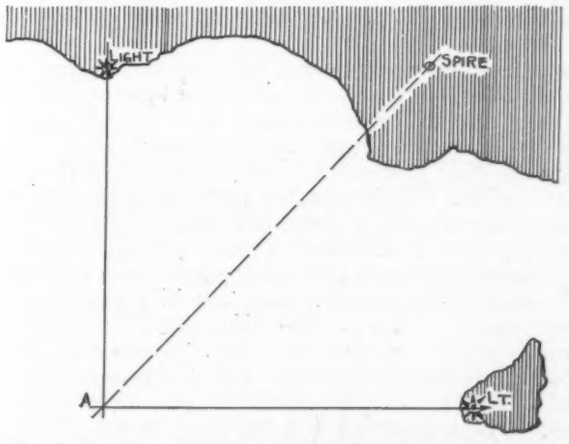



**Fig. 1. Cross bearings fix position. Two are enough but a third gives a good check.**

In principle, the thing is simplicity itself, but in its application there are several errors to which the beginner is prone. First of all, everything depends upon taking the bearings accurately. It is not enough to glance from your compass to the distant object and say: "I guess that's about northeast." At first I recommend that the beginner slow his boat down and turn her so that she heads directly for the object whose bearing he wishes to take. Hold her on it long enough to be sure the compass has come to rest, because in some small and lively boats the compass will be disturbed by turning, and then read the bearing of the object, which will, of course, be the same as the ship's head. Next, in plotting this upon the chart you must remember that it will be the *opposite* of the bearing you have read on your compass. That is to say, if the lighthouse bears *North* from you the line you must draw on the chart is one running *South* from the lighthouse. It may seem like insulting your intelligence to mention so obvious a fact, but experience has shown that such points are the very ones which make trouble. This is especially true in cases where the bearing is not as simple as North and South; for example, where it is N. by W. ¾ W. The opposite of that is S. by E. ¾ E. It is not difficult, but you will need to keep your wits about you and check every step you take. Another caution is that you use the *magnetic* compass rose, which is the inner of the two concentric circles printed upon the chart, and which, of course, is the one that agrees with your compass.

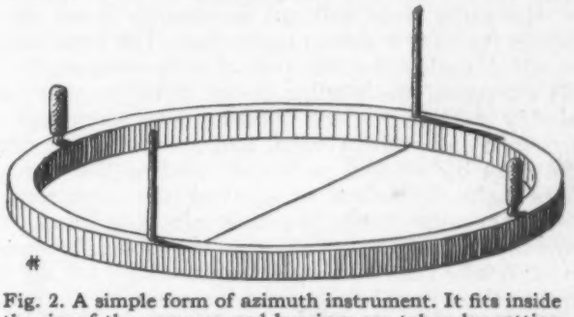


**Fig. 2. A simple form of azimuth instrument. It fits inside the rim of the compass and bearings are taken by getting the two slim pins in line with the distant object.**

Here there comes in a further source of possible error, and a very troublesome one it is. If the compass itself is a little "out," due to the presence of iron or steel upon the boat, that discrepancy must be allowed for in plotting the bearing upon the chart. We discussed this compass error briefly in the previous paper, but since it plays such an important part in taking bearings it will be as well to refer to it here again. The mariner's compass is nothing but a number of magnetized steel rods,

arranged exactly parallel to one another, and having the "card" rigidly attached above. Any magnetic metal on the boat, such as the iron in the engine and tanks, will upset it to a greater or lesser extent. This error can be largely compensated for by magnets, appropriately placed; but that is no job for the beginner. Moreover, even when the compass has been corrected by an expert there is usually some slight residual error, which is sufficient to make your bearings come out wrong. Presumably, you have a "deviation card" which tells the degree of this error on various headings. It is immaterial whether you have gotten this card with the boat or have worked it out for yourself by steering the boat over known courses, as long as you know it is correct. The point we wish to make here is that this deviation must be taken into account every time you take a bearing.

There are various rules of thumb for "applying the deviation," but personally I have never found them anything but confusing. A little intelligence beats them all. If you know, let us say, that your compass reads N. ½ W. when it ought to read N., it will not tax your mental powers to tell how a lighthouse or buoy really bears which the compass tells you bears N. by W. Just be sure you apply the correction the right way.

Before leaving this matter of deviation there is one thing we must make sure the reader understands. This is that the same error will not necessarily occur on all headings; in fact, it almost never does. The local attraction which pulls the north pole of your compass to the right when you are heading in one direction may (and probably will) pull it the opposite way when you are steering the opposite course, and somewhere between there may be a node, on which heading the compass will be right. Therefore, in applying the correction for these bothersome errors, you must select one for a course near that which you are steering *while taking the bearing*. We say "*near* that which you are steering" for the reason that there may be no correction noted for that exact course. If the question be asked: how near does it have to be in order to be approximately correct? the answer is that this depends upon the amount of the error and how rapidly it is changing. Suppose, for example, that the deviation card shows your compass to be pulled half a point to the right on an East heading and a quarter point to the right when you are steering S.E.; it will be safe to interpolate values for the headings between, since the error at most cannot exceed a quarter-point. But if the differential is as much as a whole point you will need

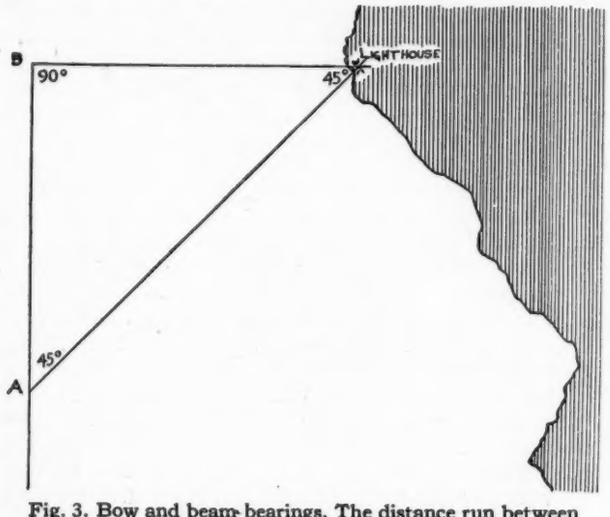



Fig. 3. Bow and beam bearings. The distance run between A and B is the distance offshore at B.

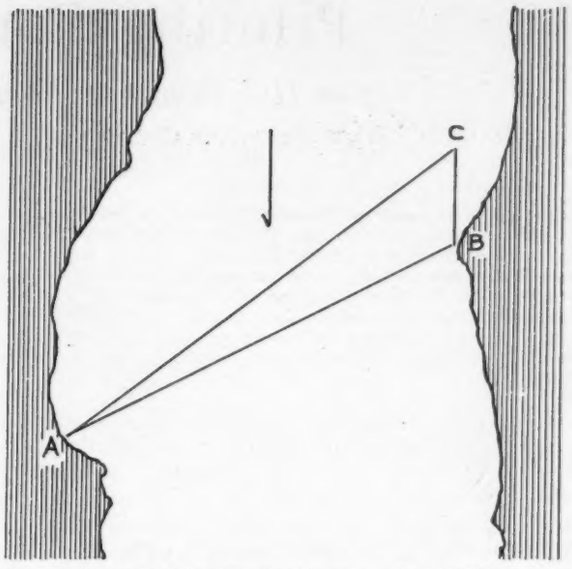



Fig. 4. Current sailing. By heading from A to C the course made good will be from A to B.

to establish an intermediate value for the compass error and make a note of it on the card. Remember to select the correction for the course you are steering and *not for the bearing*, since what governs the error is the *direction of the ship's head*. There must be no confusion of thought on this point. The correction is *selected for the course* and *applied to the bearing*. Of course, if you are actually heading for the object whose bearing you wish to ascertain, the course and the bearing will be the same, and this last caution will not apply.

Having read, corrected and noted the magnetic bearings of two prominent landmarks, and having plotted the reciprocal bearings upon the chart, you will find, as we have seen, that they intersect; and the point of intersection will be your position or "fix." It is a great satisfaction to be able to place your pencil on that little cross and say: "This is where we are."

Generally speaking, the more nearly the two bearings approach a right angle with each other the less will be your error due to any slight inaccuracy in taking them. For this reason it is well, if you select one landmark that is near East or West, to try to pick out another that is near North or South. It is also a very good practise to take a *third* bearing and plot that, since this will at once disclose any error you may have made. You can put absolute faith in a "three-point fix" in which all three lines of position intersect at a common point. (See Fig. 1.)

As you gain experience you will not care to stop your boat and head her for the object whose bearing you wish to know, and it is not necessary that you do so. The prime requisite is to have your compass located in such a position that you can actually sight across it at the object. Where this is possible you can approximate a bearing very closely without any mechanical device at all to help you. It is, however, more accurate to use one of the several forms of sighting vanes now offered to yachtsmen. These consist, basically, of a ring that fits rather snugly on top of the compass, with two upright elements which rise diametrically opposite each other, across the compass. (See Fig. 2.) In the more complicated forms one has a slit and the other a peep-hole, but for small boat use that is a little too tricky. Two upright prongs, which one may line up with the object

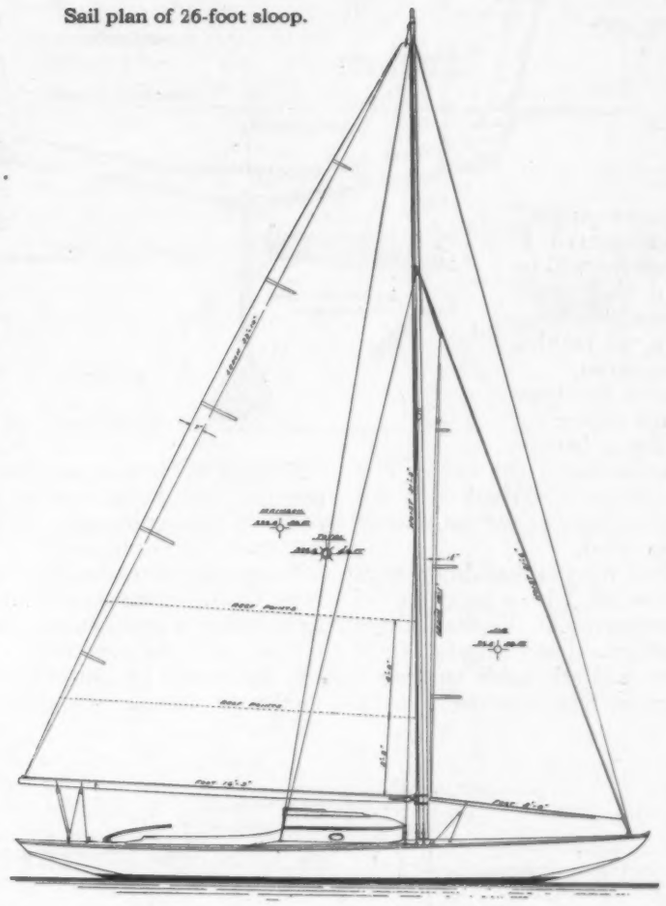
(*Continued on page 142*)

# How to Build a 26-Foot Sloop

*An Easily Built Skipjack Model for the Man Who Wants a Good Boat at a Moderate Cost*

By Joseph Reinhardt

Sail plan of 26-foot sloop.



IN the November, 1926, issue of YACHTING there appeared the plans of *Kismet*, a 21-foot centerboard sloop designed and built by the author. This design met with such unexpected approval and so many readers have requested plans of the boat that the Editor ventured the opinion that a somewhat larger design along the same or similar lines would, perhaps, meet with an equally favorable reception.

The new boat was to be of the "skipjack" type, as was *Kismet;* was to be about 25 feet long over all in order to permit a small cuddy to be built in; and was to have a keel instead of the centerboard, so as to have a clear and unencumbered cockpit and cabin. Four feet was set as the maximum draft. These restrictions have been adhered to with the exception of the over all length, which was increased by a foot so as better to carry out the ends for the sake of appearance. To obtain the necessary sail carrying power with a draft of but four feet, and to make a smart sailing boat, the beam was increased slightly over the normal for this length. This has the additional advantage of giving a roomier cockpit. The dimensions were finally settled as follows: length over all, 26′-0¾″; length on w.l., 17′-7″; beam, 7′ 4½″; draft, 4′-0″, sail area, 346 square feet.

Since the boat was not meant to be an out-and-out cruiser, but merely a day boat in which a couple of ambitious youngsters, or their elders who do not demand all the comforts of shore life, might make an occasional week-end (or longer) cruise, no attempt was made to sacrifice a pleasing profile for the sake of more headroom in the cabin. Sitting headroom has been provided by means of a trunk as high as is commensurate with good appearance. The carlins have considerable crown to permit of a lower trunk side than is possible with the usual comparatively flat crown. Two sleeping transoms and suitable cooking arrangements are possible in the small cabin provided.

The cockpit has been made self-bailing by raising the floor three inches above the water line and crossing the scuppers so as to keep out the water when heeled down. With a self-bailing cockpit the seats have to be kept quite low so as to derive some benefit from the coaming as a back rest. The writer sees no objection to this, but those desiring a higher seat may obtain one by dropping the cockpit floor and eliminating the self-bailing feature of the cockpit.

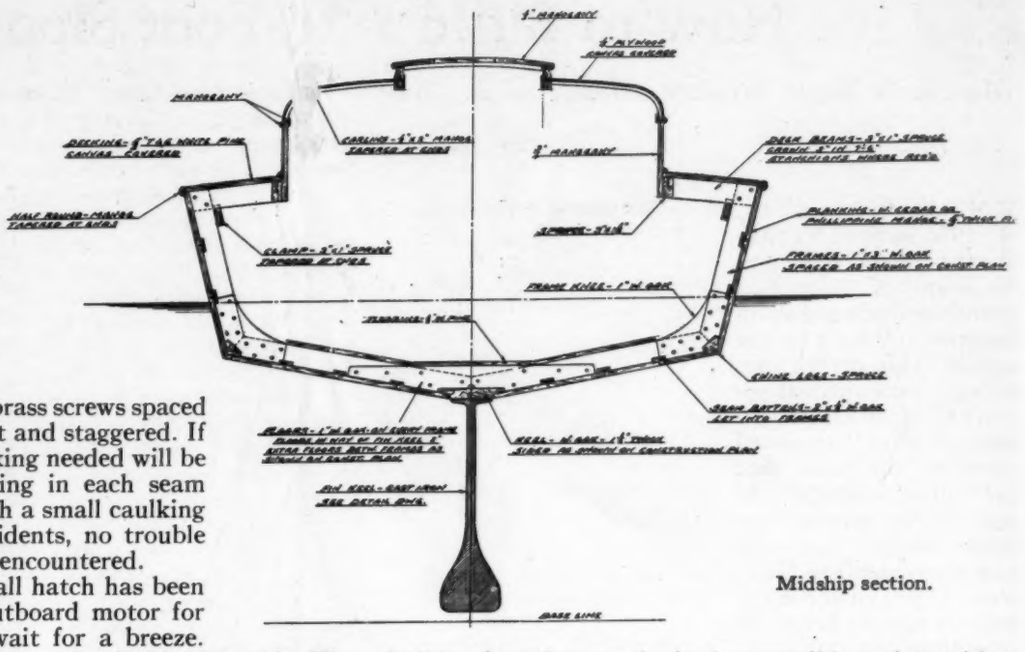
The keel is an iron casting of the fin type, similar to that used on boats of the Star Class, which permits of a simpler type of construction. The pattern for this should be made at an early stage in the construction and sent to the foundry in order to prevent any delay in the delivery, as the boat will not sail without this contrivance.

TABLE OF OFFSETS

| STATION No. | TRANSOM | 1. | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. | 8. | 9. | 10. | 11. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **HEIGHTS ABOVE BASE LINE** | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| BOTTOM OF KEEL | 4-11-4 | 4-6-4⅛ | 3-11-0⅛ | 3-4-2 | 2-11-6⅛ | 2-9-3 | 2-9-2 | 2-10-6 | 3-2-0 | 3-6-3 | 4-0-0 | 4-6-6⅛ |
| CHINE | 5-1-0 | 4-8-5 | 4-2-6 | 3-9-4 | 3-6-0 | 3-4-0 | 3-3-6 | 3-4-6 | 3-7-0⅜ | 3-10-4 | 4-3-2⅛ | 4-8-7 |
| TOP OF DK. AT SIDE | 5-6-0 | 5-5-2⅛ | 5-4-4 | 5-4-2 | 5-4-2 | 5-4-5 | 5-5-2⅛ | 5-6-0 | 5-6-7 | 5-8-0 | 5-9-3 | 5-10-6 |
| **HALF BREADTHS** | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| RABBET | 0-1-5 | 0-2-1 | 0-2-5 | 0-3-0 | 0-3-3 | 0-3-4 | 0-3-4 | 0-3-2 | 0-2-6⅛ | 0-2-1 | 0-1-4 | 0-1-0 |
| CHINE | 1-8-1 | 2-1-4 | 2-7-3⅜ | 2-11-6 | 3-2-2 | 3-2-7 | 3-1-2 | 2-10-0 | 2-4-7⅜ | 1-10-4⅛ | 1-3-0 | 0-6-6 |
| TOP OF DK. AT SIDE | 1-3-2 | 2-4-6⅛ | 2-11-3⅜ | 3-4-2⅛ | 3-7-1 | 3-8-2⅜ | 3-7-5 | 3-5-1 | 3-0-6 | 2-6-5 | 1-10-5 | 1-1-1⅜ |

OFFSETS GIVEN IN FEET, INCHES & EIGHTHS
TO OUTSIDE OF PLANKING.

The seam batten type of construction has been chosen, since this proved quite successful on the *Kismet*. It makes a very tight job if properly done and is well worth the extra effort required to notch the battens into the frames and floors. The planking is screwed into the frames, and also into the seam battens, with brass screws spaced about three inches apart and staggered. If this is done all the caulking needed will be a light thread of wicking in each seam which can be run in with a small caulking wheel and, barring accidents, no trouble from leakage should be encountered.

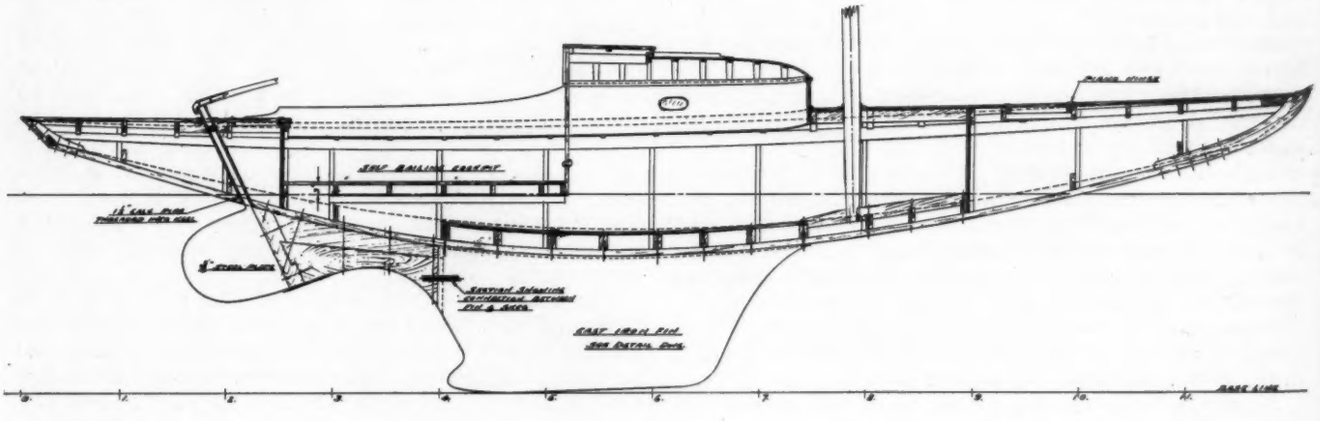


Midship section.

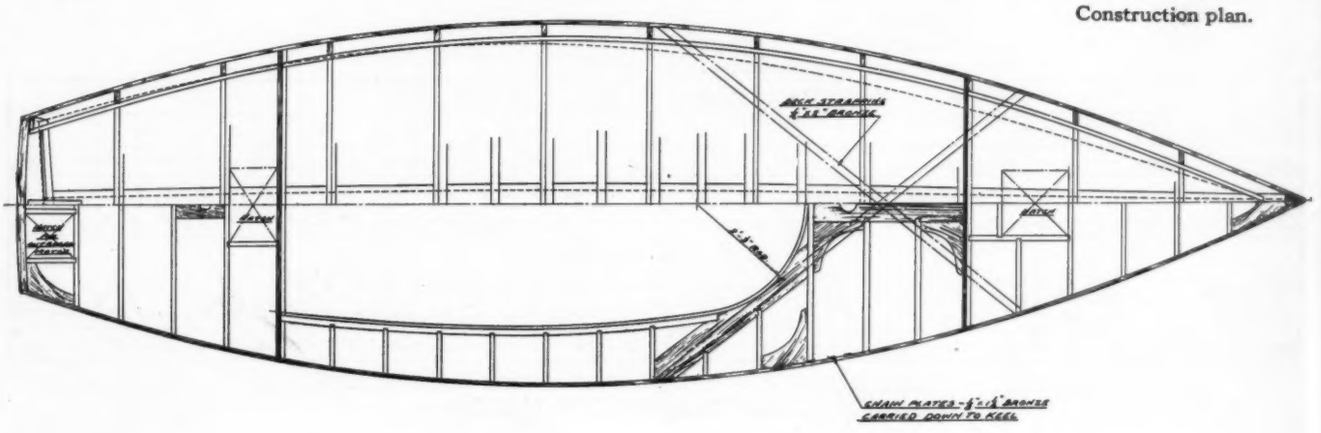
At the transom a small hatch has been provided to take an outboard motor for those not content to wait for a breeze. When not in use this motor stows inside the cabin. The smallest and lightest weight motor is advised, as a sail boat cannot be driven at hydroplane speed no matter how large a motor may be installed.

Two watertight, double diagonal-planked bulkheads are shown, one forward and one aft, with a hatch in the deck over each watertight compartment. To drain these compartments into the cockpit space, and thus facilitate pumping out the bilge water, it is advisable to bore a hole, one-half to three-quarters inch in diameter, in each bulkhead as close to the keel as possible and provide a plug for each hole. If water gets into one of these compartments the plug may be knocked out and the water will drain into a place more accessible for pumping it out.

In getting out the design for this boat the aim has been to keep the cost of building as low as possible, and to turn out a good, substantial, seaworthy, and yet fast model, with the construction details as simple as possible. She could be built by any good boat builder for a moderate sum, or the construction can be tackled by



Construction plan.



the owner if he has had any previous experience, possibly with the help of a boat builder in the more difficult portions of the work.

Following are the specifications for the material for this 26-footer.

*Keel:* White oak, 1½″ thick, sided as shown on plans and rabbetted to take garboard.
*Frames:* White oak, 1″ x 3″, spaced as shown on plans, in two pieces, joined by frame knees of oak 1″ thick.
*Floors:* White oak, 1″ x 3″, increased to 2″ x 3″ in way of fin keel to take keel bolts. Limber holes to be cut and brass chain to be rove through with brass spring at each end.
*Chine Logs:* Spruce, rabbetted to take planking.
*Deck Beams:* Spruce, 1″ x 3″, crown 3″ in 7′ 6″, to be fitted with spruce stanchions where necessary.
*Clamp:* Spruce, 1″ x 3″, tapered at ends and notched for deck beams.
*Stem:* Hackmatack or oak, as shown.
*Transom:* Mahogany, 1⅛″ thick, with oak frame and knee.
*Seam Battens:* Oak, ½″ x 2″ notched into frames and floors.
*Planking:* White cedar or Philippine mahogany, to finish ⅝″.
*Decking:* ⅝″ T & G. white pine, canvas-covered.
*Trunk Side and Coaming:* ¾″ mahogany.
*Trunk Carlins:* Mahogany, ½″ x 2″, tapered at ends and let into trunk side.
*Trunk Decking:* ¼″ plywood, covered with light canvas.
*Companion Slide:* ½″ mahogany.
*Cockpit Beams:* Spruce, 1″ x 2″, stanchions where required.
*Cockpit Flooring:* White pine, ½″ thick, canvas-covered.
*Cabin Flooring:* White pine, ½″ thick.
*Ceiling:* ⅜″ white pine.
*Moldings:* Mahogany.
*Mast Step and Partners:* Spruce.
*Watertight Bulkheads:* Two thicknesses T & G. white pine, ⅜″ thick, with canvas and white lead between.
*Knees and Breasthook:* Hackmatack or oak, natural crook.
*Mast, Boom and Jib Pole:* Spruce or Oregon pine.
*Cabin Doors:* Mahogany.
*Cockpit Seats:* Mahogany.

The above list will enable those intending to build from these plans to order the main items of lumber so as to be in a position to complete the job before the end of the season.

In the next issue of YACHTING the method of building will be described, with all the detail plans necessary to show how the work is done.

(*To be continued*)

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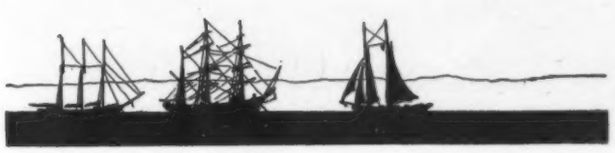
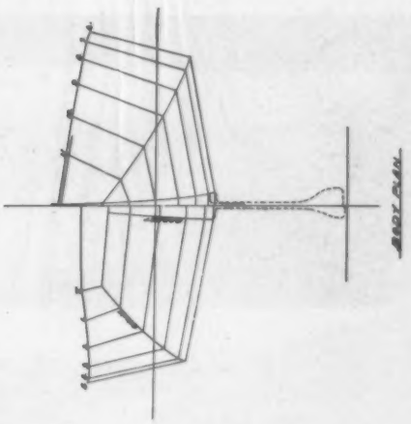
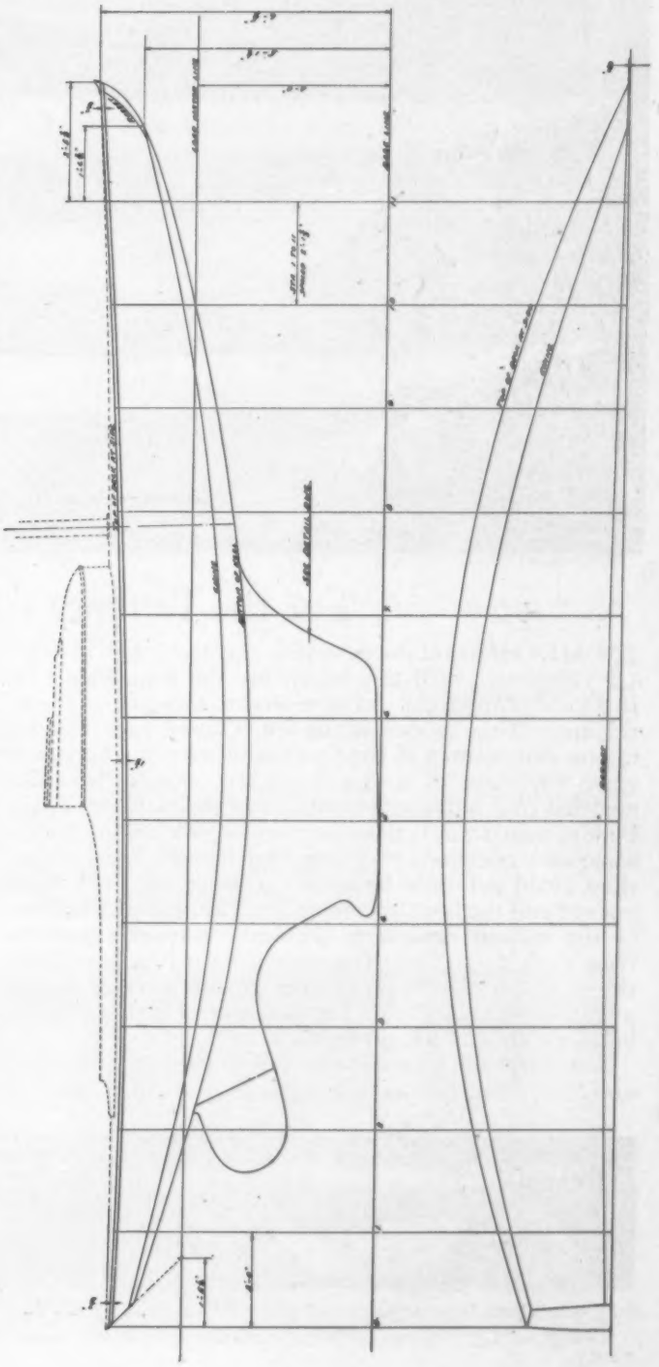
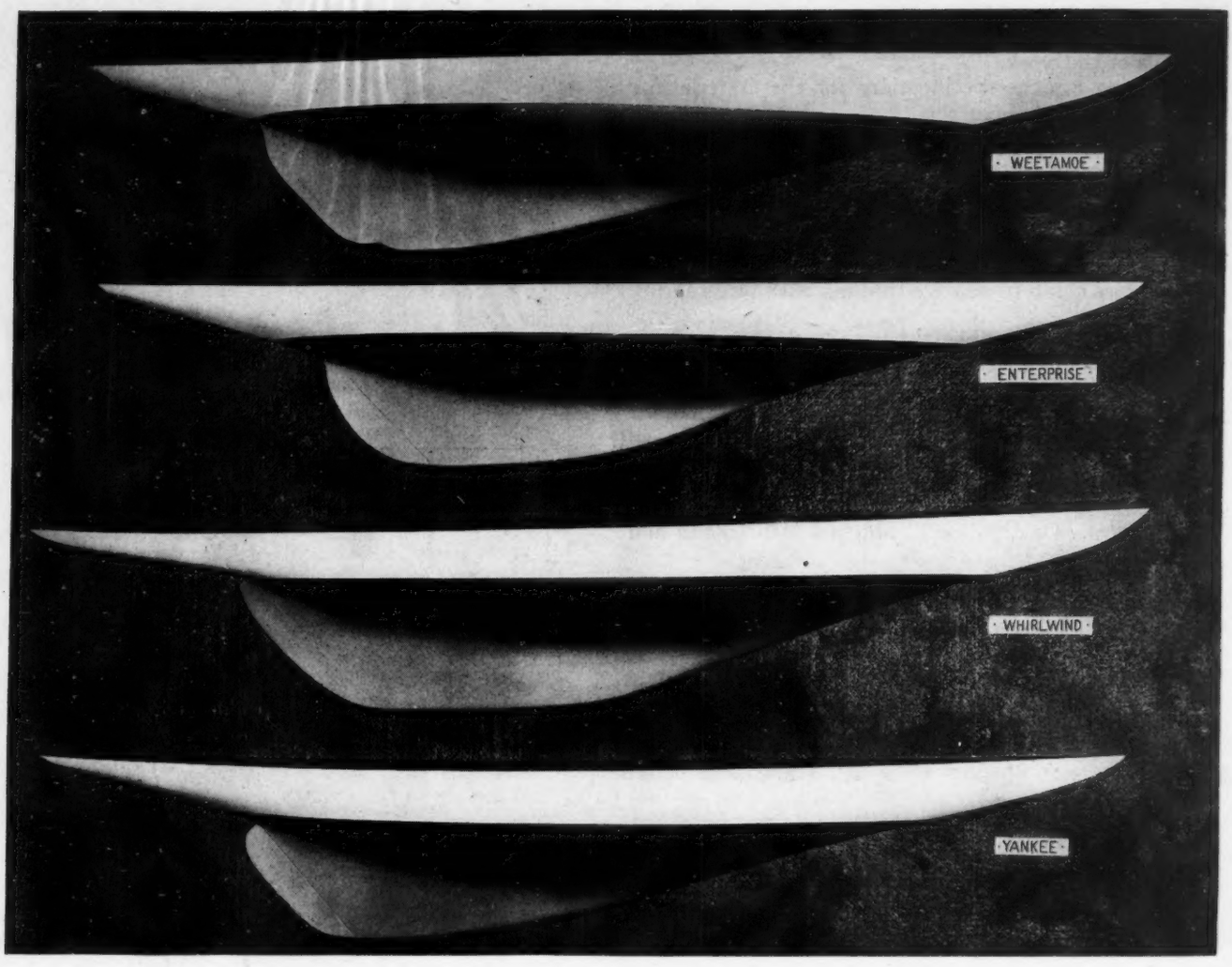
For the benefit of those who may want to build this little craft, YACHTING has arranged to supply full set of blue prints, including one of the table of offsets, at the cost price of making the prints, namely, $4.00, including postage. These, with the list of specifications printed here, will give all the necessary data from which to build.



Lines and body plan of "skipjack" model.







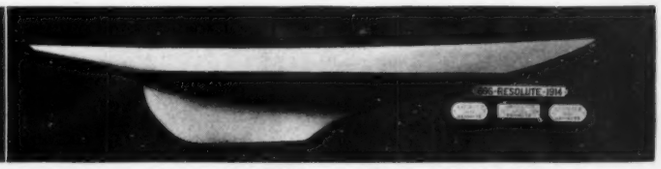

# For the Defence of the America's Cup

SOMETHING of the new spirit permeating all matters connected with the match for the America's Cup this year is apparent in the reproductions at the top of this page of the models of the four Class J yachts building for the defence of the famous old trophy. Time was when the form of a cup candidate was so jealously guarded that not until she slid down the ways out of the builder's shed was it possible to get a look at her, and on some such occasions photographers had to "steal" what they could get then between the time the shed doors opened and the boat hit the water. Through the courtesy of the various designers, syndicate managers and the New York Yacht Club, the models of the four boats built this year for the defence, made to the same scale, are available to the public. The designer of the challenger has been equally liberal-minded.

A description of each of the four American candidates, and their dimensions, appeared in the April issue of YACHTING. With those comments and these models before him, any reader is privileged to pick the winner. We pass it up. A close study of the models will show how different each is, the sail area being about the same in each case. For the purpose of comparison, reproductions of the models of the *Reliance*, the defender of 1903, and *Resolute*, the last defender of 1920, are seen at the bottom of the page. A glance at the former will show how far we have gone under the Universal Rule from the 90-foot water line "scow" developed under the old water line-sail area rule.

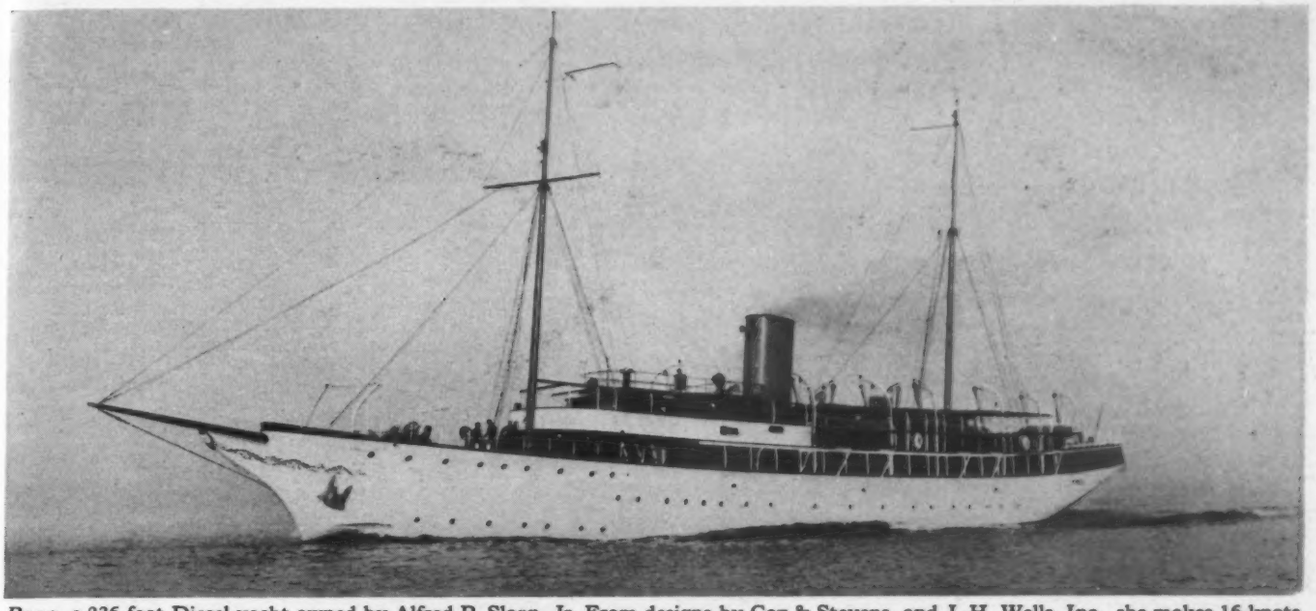
*Enterprise* was the first of the American quartette to go overboard. She took the water at the Herreshoff yard, April 14th, and was immediately towed to City Island to have her mast stepped. The others are expected to go overboard early in May, and all will be under sail by the end of that month, meeting for the first time in the Glen Cove Regatta, June 11th.

For comparison, here is the model of the *Reliance*, defender in 1903.

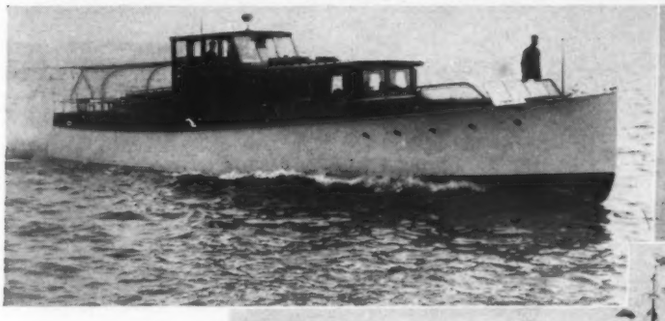


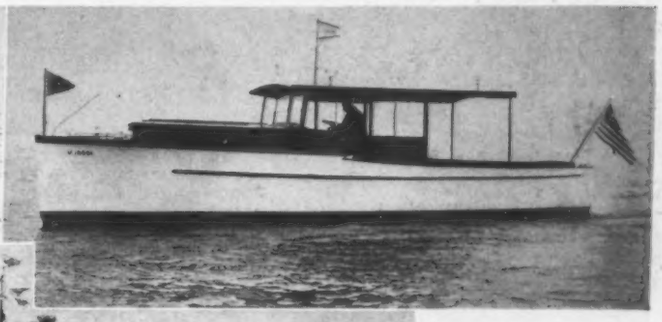
*Resolute*, defender in 1920, and the first to be built under the Universal Rule.

# The Coming Season Will See Many New Yachts Afloat

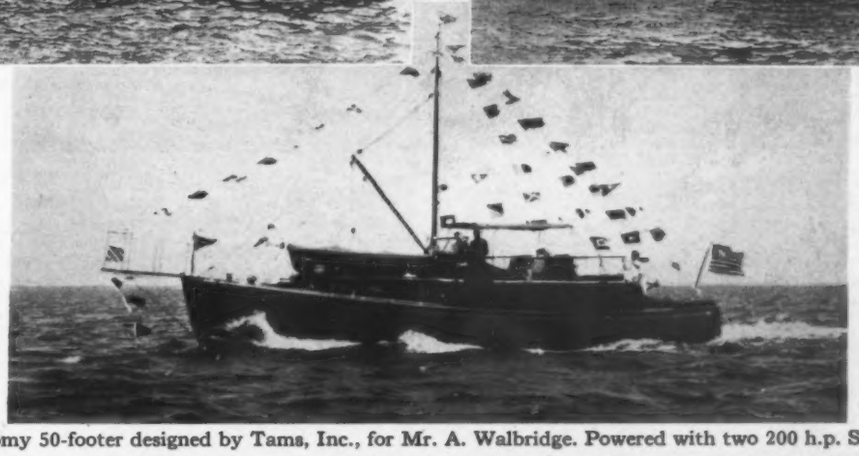


*Rene*, a 236-foot Diesel yacht owned by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. From designs by Cox & Stevens, and J. H. Wells, Inc., she makes 16 knots with two 1100 h.p. Wintons.





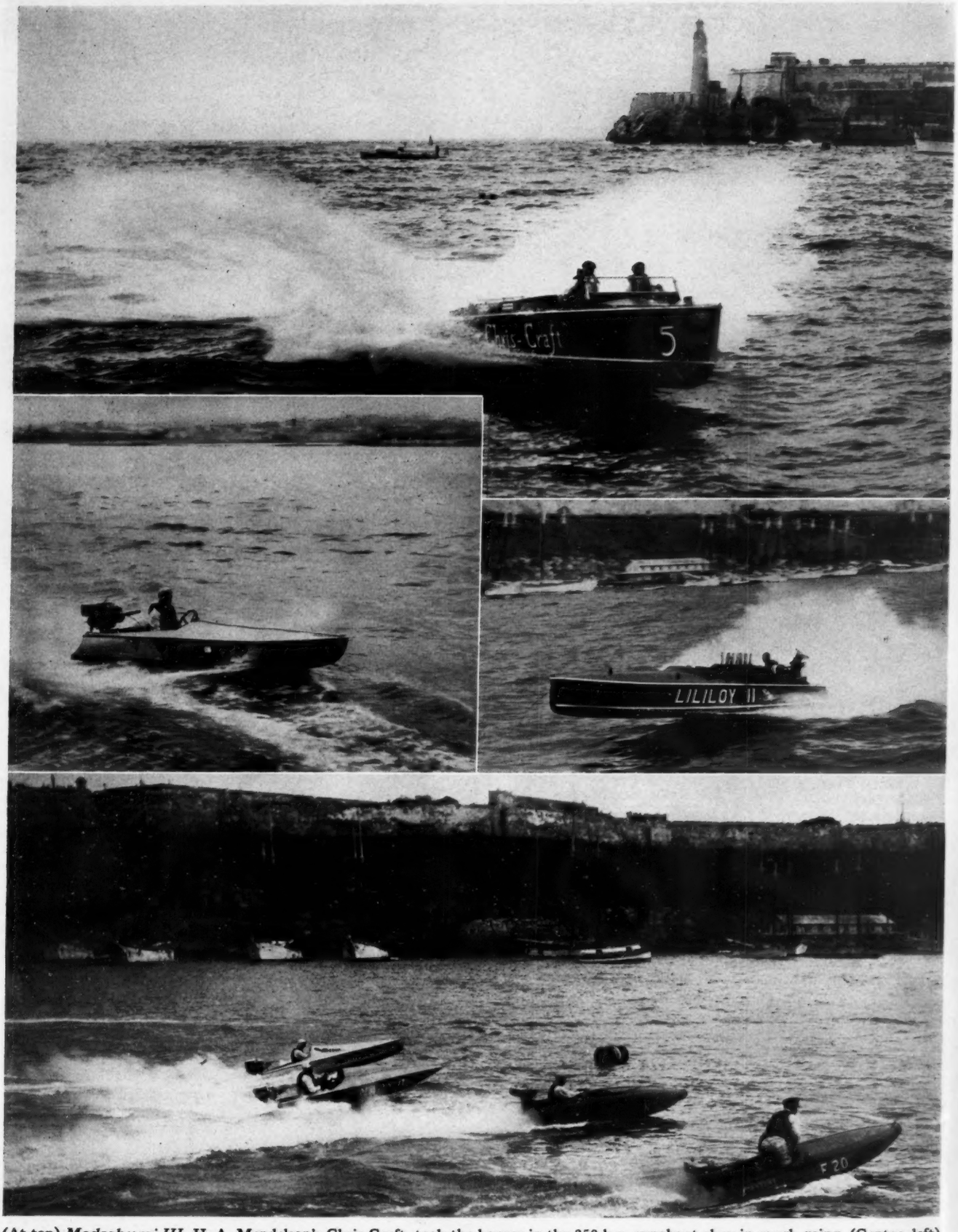
*Annabar* (above), a 72-footer with Treiber Diesel engines, owned by former Governor Cox, of Ohio. She does 29 m.p.h., and was built by Purdy Boat Co.



The new Elco 38-foot fisherman model is roomy and comfortable, with excellent facilities for fishing. (Below) Two of the new 39-foot Robinson Seagull commuters.

*Raider*, a roomy 50-footer designed by Tams, Inc., for Mr. A. Walbridge. Powered with two 200 h.p. Sterling Petrels.

# Havana Winds Up the Winter Racing Circuit




(At top) *Madoshumi III,* H. A. Mendelson's Chris-Craft, took the honors in the 250 h.p. runabout class in rough going. (Center, left) F. Lindner's *Kokofat* won the first heat in the opening event for outboards with a Class C motor. (At right) *Lililoy II,* C. Montalvo's Cuban entry, won the grand free-for-all. (At bottom) Start of outboards, free-for-all, won by Dick Upsall in *Century Hurricane.*

A close finish in the Six-Metre Class at Monte Carlo during the Mediterranean racing season. In the foreground is the British *Sonia*.

# The Month in Yachting

## The Great American Invasion of the Riviera

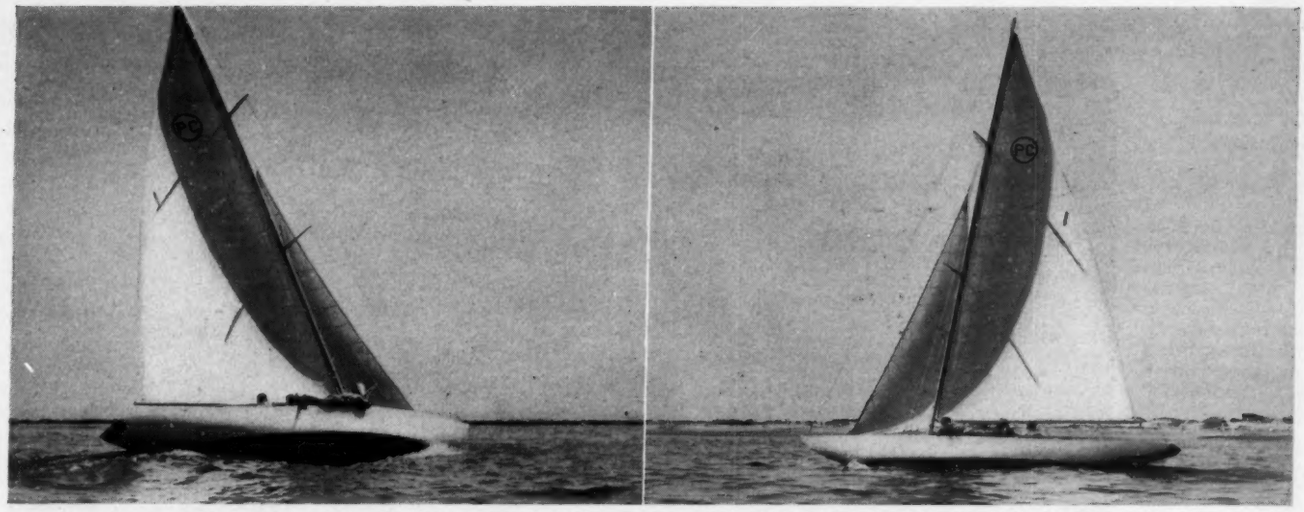
FOR twenty-five hundred years or more the Riviera Coast has been the scene of invasions by various tribes and races; Greeks, Phoceans, Phoenicians, Romans, Goths, Saracens and others have followed one another, storming the littoral, and invariably the newcomers were the winners. The 1930 Six-Metre attack of the *Lucie*, and *Saleema*, is following the course of all previous ones, and the first entry of American yachts into the International Regatta of the Cote d'Azur has been a most successful event — that is for the invaders. The prizes Mr. and Mrs. Briggs S. Cunningham will carry home may require an extra strong room on the ship, and the vacancy in the hearts of all who have met this charming pair of young Americans will only be filled by their return next year for the 1931 regatta.

To their record of the Royal Regatta Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham have steadily added points until today at the end of the Juan-les-Pins, Antibes series they had a total of 10 firsts, 4 seconds, 4 thirds, 3 fourths, 2 fifths, and a lot of other places! It has not been any hollow victory, as losing their mast in the mistral the last day at Juan-les-Pins will testify. Beginning at Menton, and down through Monte Carlo, Beaulieu, Villefranche and Nice, the going has been getting hotter in the "Sixes"; 15 to 20 or more of the crack boats of Europe going to the mark each day, and at Cannes early in April, 30 or more are likely to take the starting gun.

Every sort of wind and sea has been provided by the Mediterranean from a drifting match at Menton, when one of the

At left, the American *Lucie*, owned by Briggs Cunningham, which had a most successful season.

The Italian "Eight" *Catina V* being rowed to the start at Mentone in a heavy swell, with no wind.



**One of the new Pacific Coast One-Design Class promoted by the San Diego Yacht Club. Designed and built by George Kettenburg, Jr., at San Diego. They are handsome little craft, 32 feet over all, 21 on the water, 6 feet 8 inches beam, and 4½ feet draft. With 350 square feet of sail, they have proved very smart against the "R's" and the 22-square-metre boats.**

"Eights" went over the line backwards, to a screaming mistral the last day at "Juan" when that hard weather viking, Mr. Vett of Copenhagen, with a crew of two Danes, two Americans and one Englishman, put the *Da-Du* out and around the Golfe de Juan three minutes ahead of the second and only other boat to finish (the Argentine, *Almira*), carrying eight rolls in his roller reefing gear (about 2½ to 3 reefs)!

Masts have gone on several days, and split mainsails, broken stays and spreaders, and jibs and spinnakers carried away were quite the order of the day on more than a few occasions. For the Series Cup, to be awarded for the best record of firsts, seconds and thirds during the entire regatta *Lucie* has 27 points; Senor Fernan Conil's Cuban boat *Rosita II* has 18; M. Girod's new Camatte boat *Feu-Follet III* has 17; another new Camatte boat, *Ponant*, has 12; while the British cracks, *Quixie* and *Sonia*, have 11 points each, followed by *Da-Du* with 8.

*Saleema* has played into a lot of hard luck and since her record in the Royal Regatta she has taken 2 seconds, 2 thirds, 2 fourths, 2 sixths, and other places. Mr. Bowes was called away during the Nice Regatta, so she has not been sailed since.

The Stars came out for their first International Regatta at Menton, and each day five or more have followed the fleet and only on one day did they fail to have at least one representative out to show the audience that they could take any weather the big fellows could! The most consistent performers have been Mme. Antonia de Saavedra's *Troun de l'Air*, and Commander Denison's *Twinkle*. At Cannes about 15 to 20 are promised as this is the home port for the "fleet."

In the "Eights" the steady performers have been Mme. Virginie Heriot's *Aile VI*, altered to go better in light weather this year; the Fife boat *Sirena* which did so well last season; and Mr. Frederic Prince's *Zip-II*, with the Italians *Catina* and *Sylphea* close behind in points. Germany again had a boat down here, this time a beautiful eight-metre, the *Marianne III*, but she has not been able to get going as did her compatriot *Pan* last year.

With eleven countries likely to be in the racing at Cannes — Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, United States, Cuba, and Argentina — the International Regatta here has grown to great importance, and it is sincerely hoped that several more boats from the United States will enter next season. The *Lucie* has shown that an American designed boat can hold her own with the special work of the Mediterranean designers in their own back yard, and the day at Antibes when *Lucie* was recalled and sailed from last to first through a fleet of 15 of the fastest six-metres that have ever come together is proof of what other American boats might do. It has not been a walk-away for anyone and many a skipper has been first one day and last or nearly last on the following.

Rules are not too well known or observed by many of the helmsmen, and at Monte Carlo the regatta committee candidly told one skipper that they did not dare to enforce the rules as many of the boats would not sail if they did! In many instances the professional crew seems to be in entire control of the boat, refusing to go out on heavy days, and the "amateur at the helm" rule was laughed at by more than one owner. Another year they hope to see this rule strictly enforced, while at Cannes next week no cups will be awarded except under this condition. "Sixes," "Eights" and Stars will all have plenty of keen competition if shipped over from America, and the ease with which they can be picked up at New York and lowered into Cannes harbor from the Cosulich Line motor-ships *Vulcania* and *Saturnia*, makes the question of getting them over and back a simple affair.

As a compliment to the hospitality shown them on the Riviera and to encourage six-metre racing, Mr. Walter Bowes and Mr. Briggs S. Cunningham have offered a beautiful trophy for an international team race, two boats from each country, to be raced at Cannes each year during the regattas. The first of a series of three races started March 23rd at Cannes with six countries competing — France, Spain, Denmark, Great Britain, Cuba, and United States. But for the death of the owner of the Italian *Mati*, and one of the Swiss boats being laid up, there would have been two more countries in the race, and next year ten or more countries will be out for it.

SHERWOOD HALL

## Havana Regatta Winds up Winter Racing Season

OVER waters famous in United States history as the grave of the ill-fated battleship *Maine*, a small army of American speed boat stars on March 29th and 30th recorded brilliant victories in the Ninth Annual International Cuban Motor Boat Regatta at Havana.

Opposite famous Morro Castle and grim old Cabanas Fortress the first day of the meet, and over waters which shrouded the *Maine* the second day, nearly a score of American craft roared up and down Havana harbor to annex all but three of the fifteen events on the program. The drivers had come to Cuba after making a clean sweep of the Florida racing circuits and with their wins here were ready to trek home to begin preparations for the summer season. The winter circuit has been completed.

Probably the most significant result of the Cuban regatta was the establishment by Chris Ripp, of New York, of a new claim to the handsome gold trophy offered by the Cuban National Tourist Commission for 151-class hydroplane competitions in the limited division. In competition last season for the first time, the cup passed, for a year, into the hands of Dick Loynes, of Long Beach, Calif., as a result of his victory with *Miss California*. For the year to come, however, the gorgeous prize will

*Photo by Levick* *Photo by Rosenfeld*

**The *Enterprise*, first of the America's Cup candidates to go overboard, taking the water at the Herreshoff yard, Bristol, April 14th.**

serve as chief symbol of racing activity on the Atlantic seaboard. By Ripp's win, California and New York now share honors in the battle for the goblet, but each still has many a lap to go to make the victory perpetual, for the cup must be won five times to pass from the field of competition in Cuba.

Cuba made a clean sweep in the free-for-all runabout event of three six-mile heats and in the grand free-for-all, one heat, when the big Liberty-motored *Lililoy II*, formerly the *Miss Largo*, now owned and driven by Carlos Montalvo of Havana, easily outdistanced her closest contender. The first heat of the runabout event, run Saturday in excessively heavy seas, went to H. A. Mendelson's Chris-Craft *Madoshumi III* by more than half a minute, but on Sunday when the races were moved to smoother waters farther up the harbor, *Lililoy* showed her speed and took the heats by safe margins.

The grand free-for-all was probably the most thrilling race of the meet. *Lililoy II* won by thirteen seconds, but only after Gibson Bradfield, in *Buckeye II*, 151 hydroplane, had driven one of the most spectacular and daring races in southern motor boat history.

Official summaries for the regatta were as follows:

Outboards, first class for amateurs, two heats of six miles: First, L. Cracraft, Miami Beach, in *Modernistic Rhythm* (Century hull, Evinrude motor), best time, 12:18; second, P. B. Sawyer, Jr., Bethlehem, Penna., in *Vampire;* third, F. Lindner, Havana, in *Kokofat.*

151 cubic-inch class hydroplanes, limited, three heats, 6 miles: First, Al Lovett, New York, in *Bayhead II* (Hadley hull, Miller motor), best heat, time, 10.35–2/5; second, Frank Ripp, New York, in *Miss Meadowmere;* third, *Iyamba II*, Dr. Adolfo Ovies, Havana.

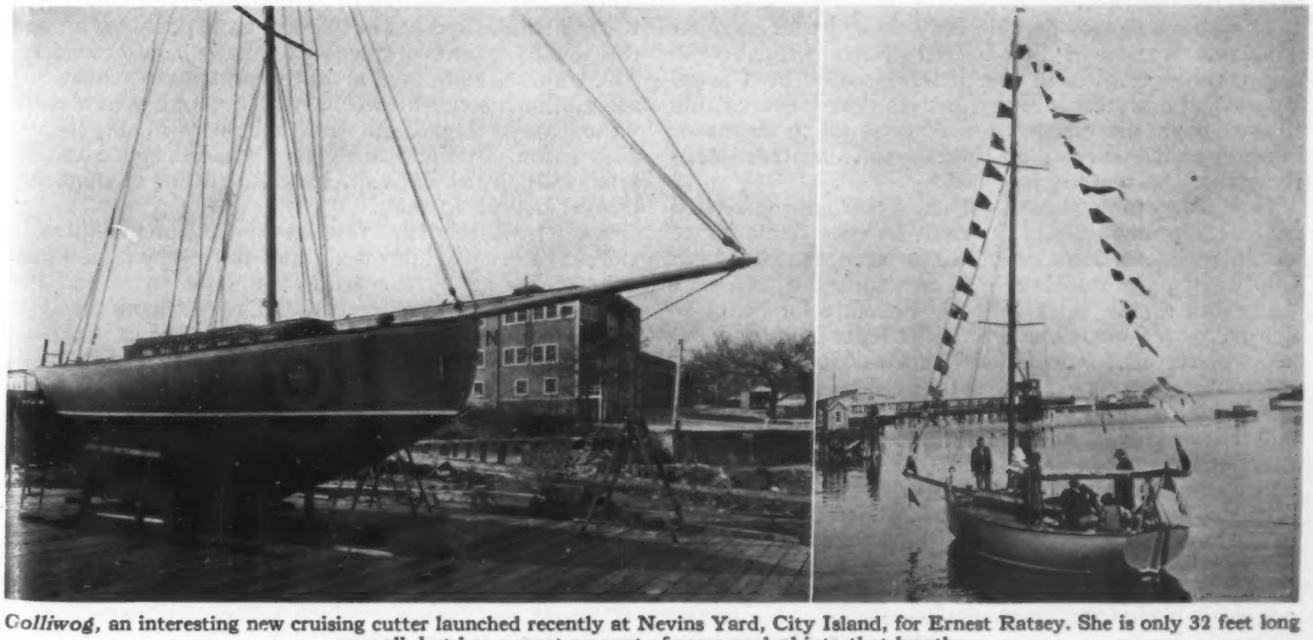
151 cubic-inch hydroplanes, unlimited, two heats, six miles: First, Gibson Bradfield, Barnesville, Ohio, in *Buckeye II* (hull by Hadley, Miller motor), best time, 8.29; second, Wilbur Shaw in *Miss Daytona;* third, *Iyamba II*, Dr. Ovies.

Free-for-all runabouts, three heats, six miles: First, Carlos Montalvo, Havana, in *Lililoy II* (high speed displacement boat, Liberty motor), best time, 8.51–2/5; second, Herbert Mendelson, Detroit, *Madoshumi III;* third, E. R. Jones, Miami, *Chris-Craft I.*

Grand free-for-all, one heat, six miles: First, Montalvo in *Lililoy II*, time, 8.26; second, Bradfield in *Buckeye II;* third, Mendelson's *Madoshumi III.*

Outboard free-for-all, two heats, six miles; First, Dick Upsall, Chicago, in *Century Hurricane* (Century hull, Johnson motor), best time, 11 minutes; second, P. de Rojas, Havana, in *Mary II;* third, P. B. Sawyer, Bethlehem, Pa., in *Vampire.* In the outboard-free-for-all the competing amateurs also were scored individually and prizes were awarded accordingly: First, *Mary II* (Johnson motor); second, *Vampire,* and third, F. Lindner, Havana, in *Kokofat.*

Stock runabout, two heats, six miles: First, Mendelson's 250 hp. Chris-Craft, *Madoshumi III*, best time, 10.24–2/5; second, E. R. Jones' *Chris-Craft I.* GERRY SWINEHART



***Golliwog*, an interesting new cruising cutter launched recently at Nevins Yard, City Island, for Ernest Ratsey. She is only 32 feet long over all, but has a great amount of room packed into that length.**

# Editorial

### How Many Motor Boats Are There?

SOME unusually interesting figures have been published recently by the Department of Commerce showing the tremendous growth in power craft in this country. In tabular form, the Bureau of Navigation gives the total number of boats in the "numbered class," by customs districts, in the United States for the past twelve years. This numbered class includes all inboard powered boats, all outboards over 16 feet in length, and virtually all other boats up to five net tons, commercial as well as pleasure boats. It does not include outboards under 16 feet (which do not have to be numbered) or documented motor boats of over five tons, of which there are a considerable number. All pleasure boats of 16 tons or over have to be documented, and those of five tons and up to 16 tons may be documented, in either of which cases they do not fall within this enumeration of the "numbered class."

According to these figures, there were 241,041 numbered power boats (including auxiliaries) in the United States on December 31st, 1929. This was a gain of nearly 10,500 over the figures at the end of the previous year. For the past five years the annual gain in this class has been between 10,000 and 12,000 boats, while in the last ten years the number has jumped from 110,791 at the end of 1919 to 241,041 at the end of 1929, a gain of nearly 120 per cent.

The above figures include only those boats used on navigable waters of the United States which come under the operation of the federal motor boat laws. By navigable waters is meant waters that are navigable to and from the ocean. Hence, none of those motor boats operated on the many lakes, ponds or other "non-navigable" waters are included.

How many motor boats, then, are there in the United States? The answer can, at best, be only a matter of careful estimate. Some estimates we have seen have been wildly extravagant, others have been too small, and some "safe and sane." With a liberal estimate for boats on non-navigable waters, of which the federal government keeps no record, for documented craft which come under the motor boat laws, and with, perhaps, 150,000 outboards under 16 feet, the total may be 650,000 to 800,000. How many of these, again, are pleasure craft, the exact figures are not at hand to show. However, the figures are sufficiently impressive to show that this immense fleet, whatever its exact size, is a decided factor in the lives of a large portion of the people of the United States who take their recreation on the water.

It is to be regretted that actual figures on output are not available for the boat and engine building industries, from which an exact analysis can be made. In most other organized industries such figures are possible to get, and are of great benefit to those in the industry as well as to those outside of it.

### Membership in the North American Yacht Racing Union

IT is something over four years since the North American Yacht Racing Union was formed, the first representative association of racing yachtsmen from all sections of the United States, Canada and Cuba. In that time the Association has accomplished more than its most ardent supporters had hoped in bringing about standardization of measurement and racing rules in all localities where yachts are sailed; in fostering a national instead of a local viewpoint among racing yachtsmen; and in stimulating intersectional as well as international competition. Through coöperation with the International Yacht Racing Union, still further standardization of rules has been accomplished, and as a result of participation by the Union and the New York Yacht Club in the international conference in London last winter the racing rules have now been revised and clarified (something that was greatly to be desired) and brought into substantial agreement the world over, so that no matter where one races, he is assured of finding the same rules governing the sport as those which he normally uses.

All this has meant much hard work on the part of the officers and committees of the North American Yacht Racing Union, and has only been made possible through the loyal support of the yachtsmen of this country. The Union is composed of all the principal yacht racing associations, some fifteen in number, and several individual yacht clubs, not now members of any racing association. In addition, the Union is sustained, financially, by an individual and sustaining membership of over 600 yachtsmen.

YACHTING feels that this latter class of membership should be greatly increased, and that every racing man now benefiting by the work of the Union should feel the urge to support the organization by becoming either an individual or a sustaining member. The financial obligation is small; the benefits to be derived great. Undoubtedly, many yachtsmen would become members if they knew that individual memberships were possible. The yearbook of the Union, containing the measurement and racing rules, as well as much other necessary information, is invaluable. Practically every racing man uses it as his "bible." Why not, therefore, take out membership instead of merely purchasing the book, and thus feel that you are lending a hand in the work of the organization? The corresponding secretary, Ernest Stavey, 80 Broad St., New York City, will gladly furnish information as to membership.

# *In the World of Yachting*

ELMER JARED BLISS

*A LITTLE lad alone at the tiller of Martha's Vineyard's first cabin yacht, struggling to fetch Cape Poge and make Edgartown for an eel stifle supper. The lee rail is boiling, and the young helmsman is soaked with flying spray, but two old whalemen, one of them grandfather Jared Fisher, are smoking complacently in the cuddy. "Guess we'll have to bear a hand," says one. "Guess we won't," says grandfather Fisher. "Let him larn." Which is the way they taught the future commodore and one of the founders of the Edgartown Yacht Club, Elmer Jared Bliss, how to sail.*

*Many years later a staunch little schooner, hard on the port tack, with a bit of a jib, a reefed foresail and storm trysail showing, is sighted by the lookout on St. David's Head, Bermuda. Her string of signal flags snap out denoting her as one of the smaller of the five yachts that started from Marblehead in the Bermuda race of 1908. "Any luck?" yells the oil-skin clad graduate of the Edgartown school of applied yachting, as he wears his boat round the bobbing committee steamer. "You're the first," comes back the hoarse answer above the noise of the heavy southeaster. "Below there, we win!" shouts the happy skipper to two helpless guests. "Good guess of yours, Cap, holding so far to the east'rd," says one of them thankfully, as the "Venona" glides proudly into the calm waters of Hamilton harbor.*

*Again, in 1922, the New York Yacht Club squadron nears Brenton's Reef in the run from Block Island, with the white schooner "Shawna" so close to the leaders that the big fellows have no show of saving their time, and the Morgan Cup for schooners, with three other class prizes, are jammed into the overflowing Bliss trophy locker on that cruise. "Lucky guess of yours, hugging the southeast light," says one of the crew. "You must have been there before." "Yep, fishing with grandfather," is the laconic reply of the whaleman's pupil.*

*And in 1928, when the new and spacious yacht club station facing Chappaquiddick Island was thrown open for the first time and the members proudly showed their guests Edgartown's latest acquisition to organized yachting, one of them gratefully remarked, "Guess we'd still be back in the old fish house, if Jack Bliss hadn't built this for us."*

# Under the Lee of the Longboat.

*by Cap Stan*

FROM now until the opening of the season discussion will be rife as to the respective merits of the four aspirants for the honor of defending the America's Cup. The dimensions of all four are known, the models have been on view, and the boats themselves have been inspected by numerous scribes and yachtsmen. While the boats differ materially in design, the biggest differences are in the size of the boats — *Whirlwind*, the largest, almost dwarfing *Enterprise*, the smallest, with the other two in between. And all must necessarily have practically the same sail area. Your guess is as good as mine, although *Weetamoe's* model shows her to be one of the sweetest large boats ever designed. Nat Herreshoff is reported to have said that the smallest boat will be the fastest. If so, then on September 13th, 1930, we shall get under way for a spot nine miles southeast of Brenton's Reef Lightvessel to watch *Enterprise* give battle to *Shamrock V*.

What chance has *Shamrock?* Write your own ticket. In many ways, her chances would seem to be far better than those of any previous challenger. But there is one factor against the Britisher which is well worth considering — while she is being jury-rigged and brought across the ocean, and rerigged and tuned up again on this side of the pond, the American craft will be hammering away at each other, ironing out little defects in sails and rigging, training their skippers and crews, getting in the pink of racing condition, and learning the ins and outs of the battleground on which the final races will be fought. Considering this fact, and remembering that we have four boats from which to choose, the odds seem to be in favor of the historic old mug staying on this side of the Atlantic for another couple of years at least.

* * *

That letter from Alf Loomis in the last issue was not only amusing, but also instructive. For it brings out the fact pretty plainly that people may talk and write all they want to, but there will never be agreement among yachtsmen as to what is the best cruising boat. Our three best known single-handers — Slocum, Pidgeon and Gerbault — sailed around the world alone in boats of utterly different type, and doubtless considered their particular craft the acme of perfection. Worth and Martin prefer cutters, Martyr likes the staysail schooner, O'Brien sticks to a rig all his own. Britishers stick pretty close to cutters, and Americans to schooners. Hulls vary tremendously. So the discussions are endless, and doubtless always will be. Which is quite all right, or the race of experts, near-experts, sea lawyers and ink-slingers would gradually die out. When food for argument becomes scarce, we'd soon starve for fun.

* * *

My thanks to Thurber Cushing for his article on the new outboard rules. He has gone far towards straightening out what to many of us was a maze of technically-worded stuff, difficult to understand and assimilate. This lad may be new to the game, but he is learning fast, and seems to be well able to see the hole in a doughnut without recourse to a spyglass. He is a welcome addition to the press gang.

* * *

From what I can gather at this writing, our Sound Interclubs and six-metre teams which were victorious down at Bermuda were a bit lucky, especially the six-metres. The dope which I get is that the Bermuda "Sixes" are really faster boats than the "Sixes" which represented the U. S. A., and the Bermuda One-Designs are very much improved craft. A chain of unusual circumstances evidently had much to do with the defeat of the Bermudians. When the latter bring their boats up to race on the Sound this summer, don't be surprised if they repeat their 1928 performance, when their team won.

* * *

History proves that an America's Cup year is a poor year for racing in general. Whether for this reason, or because of the present business depression, the fact remains that all signs point to a serious depletion in the ranks of the larger racing classes this summer. The little fellows will probably be out as strong as ever, but numerous of the larger craft will fail to put in an appearance. Too bad.

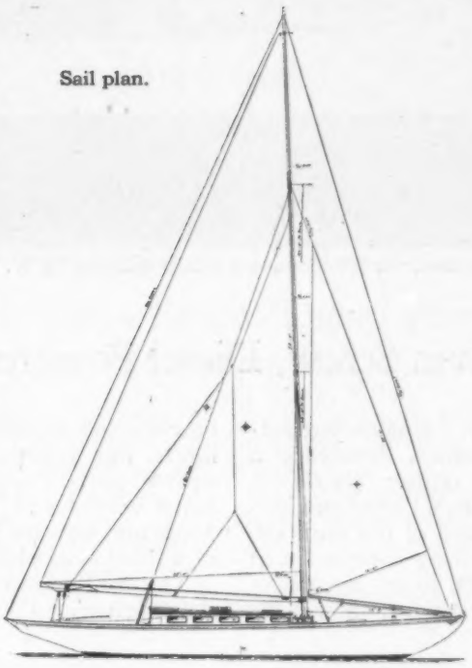
* * *

No one has as yet devised a satisfactory rule of measurement and time allowance scale by means of which large and small boats may race together. Wherefore I am glad to hear that this magazine has offered a special trophy for the Bayside-Block Island Auxiliary Race for boats under 40 feet over all measurement. The little fellows have never had a real chance at the splendid Johns Trophy, but now they have something to shoot at, without having to compete against boats up to 70 feet in length. Which should mean more entries for 1930.

# An Auxiliary Cruiser-Racer Suitable for a One-Design Class

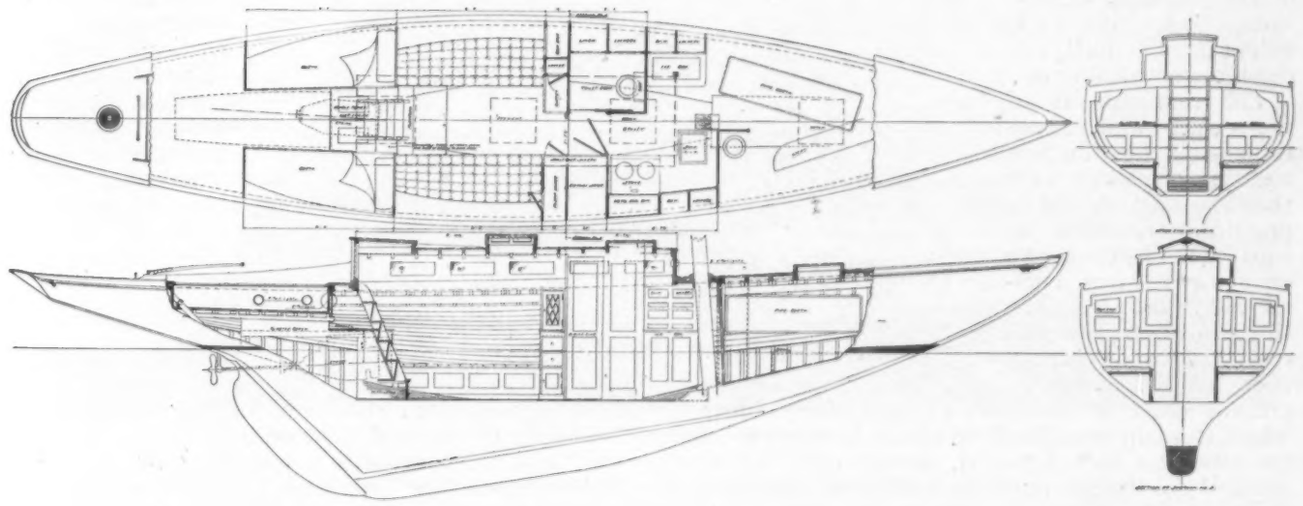
IN the past year or two YACHTING has published plans of boats of the cruising-racing type, fitted with small auxiliary motors, the idea being to provide a boat with good speed, good cruising accommodations, and a motor large enough to assure getting to and from races when the wind failed. Now we publish another such plan. This time the boat is actually being built, with the expectation that once her good qualities are known, a class of similar boats will be formed for 1931.

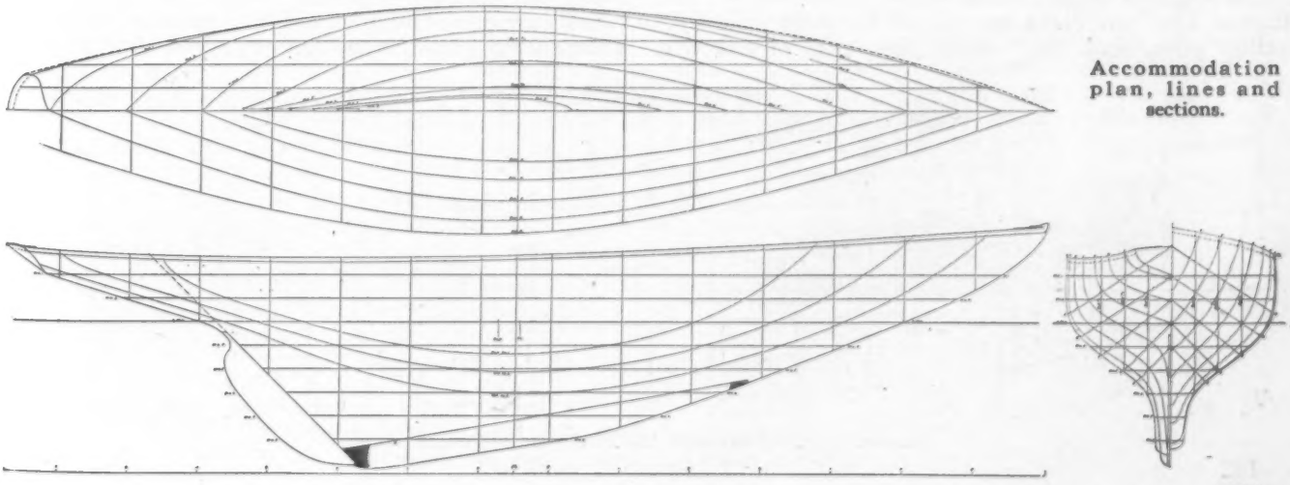
The plans shown are from the board of Sparkman & Stephens, and the boat is well under way at the Minneford Yacht Yard, City Island, for Dave Hennen Morris. She is an attractive-looking jib-headed sloop of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 44′; l.w.l. 30′; beam, 9′; draft, 6′3″; sail area, 900 sq. ft. Judging by the plans, she should show a good turn of speed, handle easily, and make good speed with low power. The feathering wheel should exert no appreciable drag when sailing, and the motor, located under the small bridge deck just abaft the companion steps, will hardly be noticeable.



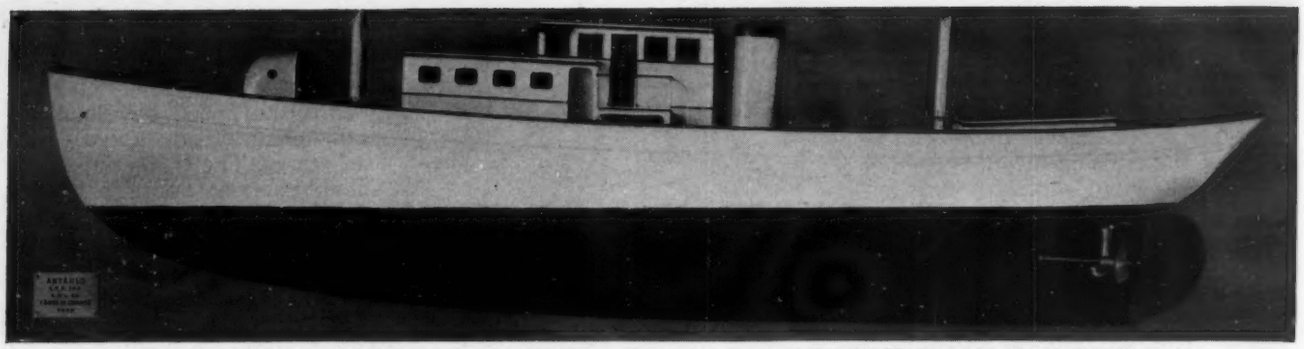
Sail plan.

Two good quarter berths and two berths in the main cabin give nice cruising accommodations for four people, with another berth forward for a paid hand. Galley, toilet room, and locker and storage space are adequate for cruises of moderate length. The rig is all inboard, with permanent backstay to the counter. All told, she looks like a craft for which there is a decided need — a fast, able, comfortable cruising and racing boat for the man who has no power tender, but who wishes to be independent of weather conditions in getting to and from races.





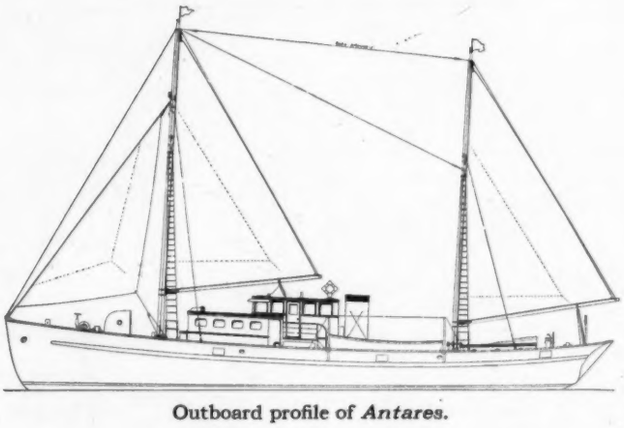
Accommodation plan, lines and sections.



Photograph of half-model of *Antares*, the 105-foot ocean cruiser designed by W. H. Hand for Edwin M. Chance.

# *Antares* — A Twin Screw, Diesel-Powered Ocean Cruiser

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found an interesting article by Edwin M. Chance, describing a cruise or two in the husky seagoing cruiser *Nor'Easter*. The successor to *Nor'Easter* is *Antares*, a bigger and better boat in every way, from the board of the same designer, Wm. H. Hand, and now nearing completion at the yard of J. F. James & Son, Essex, Mass. Her plans, reproduced on this and the following page, show a decidedly attractive, husky type of ocean cruiser with short auxiliary ketch rig, of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 105′; l.w.l. 95′; beam, 22′; draft, 11′; displacement, 230 tons.



Outboard profile of *Antares*.

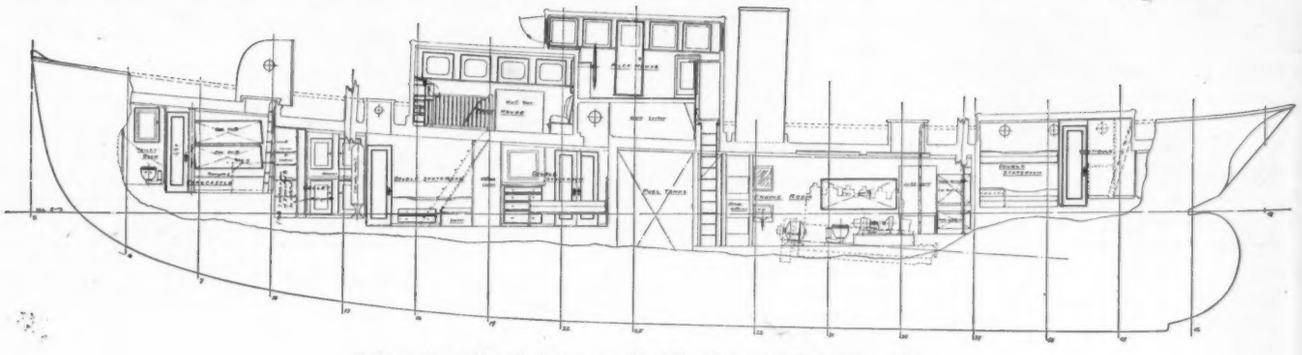
The requirements of the owner which were responsible for the size and type of *Antares* were that the boat should be practically immune to bad weather, large enough to carry commercial radio transmitting equipment, and fuel capacity for at least a 5000-mile trip at regular cruising speed. As he intended to go for long cruises for which it might be difficult to secure friends who could get away for such a period, enough crew space was necessary so that she might be handled without amateur assistance.

*Antares* is of rugged build, with double sawn 6″ oak frames, 2½″ oak planking, trunnel fastened, ceiling 4″ yellow pine, deck 2¾″ white pine, trim of oak and hatches and exterior doors of teak. There are no skylights, but light is secured forward by booby hatches with 8″ ports. The glass in all ports, deckhouse and pilot house windows is "bullet-proof." The deckhouse, pilot house and forward hatch shelter are heavily constructed of welded steel plates.

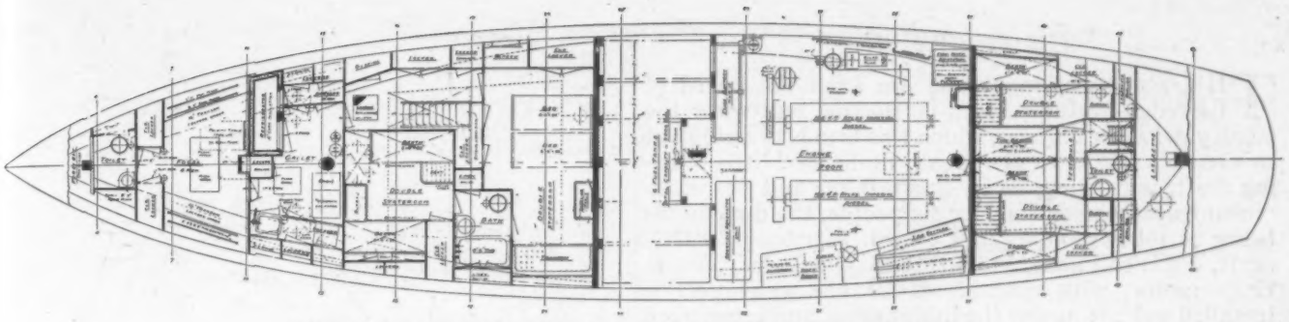
The mechanical equipment includes two 160 h.p. Atlas-Imperial Diesel engines driving Hyde propellers on Monel metal shafts. There are two generators of 8 k.w. each, one driven by a Colo Diesel motor, the other belted from the starboard main engine. The steering gear is a special design of the American Engineering Co., giving two entirely independent gears. Other equipment includes a Frigidaire ice machine, Lux fire extinguishing system, Shipmate gas stove and hot water heater.

Ventilation is assured by a suction fan of 800 cu. ft. capacity and a blowing fan of 2000 cu. ft. capacity.

Two double staterooms forward are for the owner, his wife, and two sons, with connecting bath and toilet. The forecastle has berths for four, and an engineer's berth in the engine compartment. A double and a triple stateroom aft are for guests. The deckhouse is a combined lounge and dining saloon. It is expected that *Antares* will develop a maintained cruising speed of 11 knots.



Inboard profile of *Antares*, the Diesel-powered ocean cruiser.



Interior accommodation plan of *Antares*, described on preceding page.

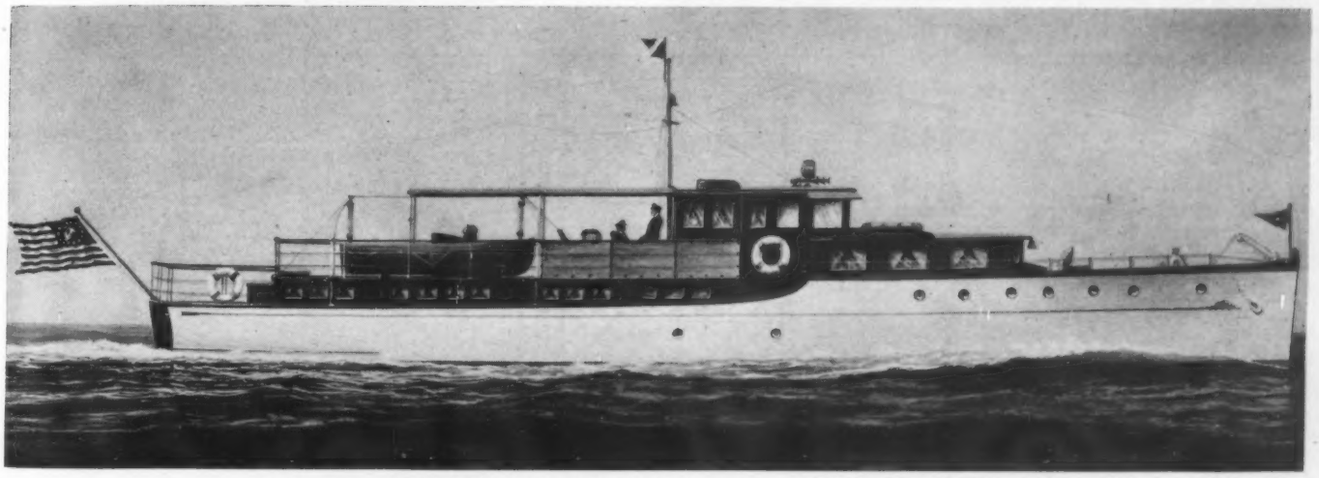
# *Lotowanna III*, a Twin Screw Diesel-Powered Cruiser for the Great Lakes

THE growing fleet of modern power yachts on the Great Lakes will be augmented this summer by *Lotowanna III*, a twin screw, Diesel-powered cruiser designed by Cox & Stevens for Ralph T. Friedman, of Milwaukee, now nearing completion at the Burger Boat Co. plant at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of the handsome, ship-shape appearance of the new craft, with straight stem, transom stern, deckhouse and pilot house all worked into a pleasing profile. The dimensions are: l.o.a. 84′5″; l.w.l. 83′; beam, 15′; draft, 5′2″.

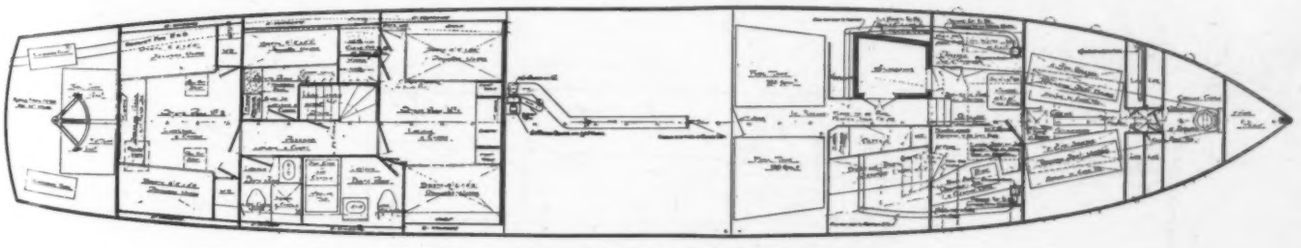
*Lotowanna* was especially designed for extended cruises on the Great Lakes, with a good turn of speed, with every attention given to safety, seaworthiness, and comfort. Two large double staterooms the full width of the vessel, well lighted and ventilated, and one single stateroom, with two baths, provide adequately for the comfort of owner and guests. The simple decorations of these quarters will be particularly attractive and up-to-date in every particular. The spacious deckhouse, pilot house, and long, clean deck aft are other attractive features.

The main power plant consists of a pair of 200 h.p. Winton Diesel motors, mounted on special steel engine bearers. Fuel capacity is provided for a radius of 1200 miles at a cruising speed of 15 miles an hour. Winton auxiliary motors will run two 5 k.w. generators and two air compressors. A complete hot water heating plant is also provided, equipped with an oil burner. Other features include automatic sanitary and fresh water service, electric windlass, Exide batteries, Sirocco blower, Servel ice machine, etc.

The latest fire protection equipment is also provided, consisting of a complete CO 2 system and a large number of Foamites. The only gasoline carried is on deck, piped outboard along the garboards to the generators, which are equipped with Oberdorfer backfire traps. No gasoline lines will be run inside the ship.



***Lotowanna III*, building for Ralph T. Friedman from designs of Cox & Stevens.**



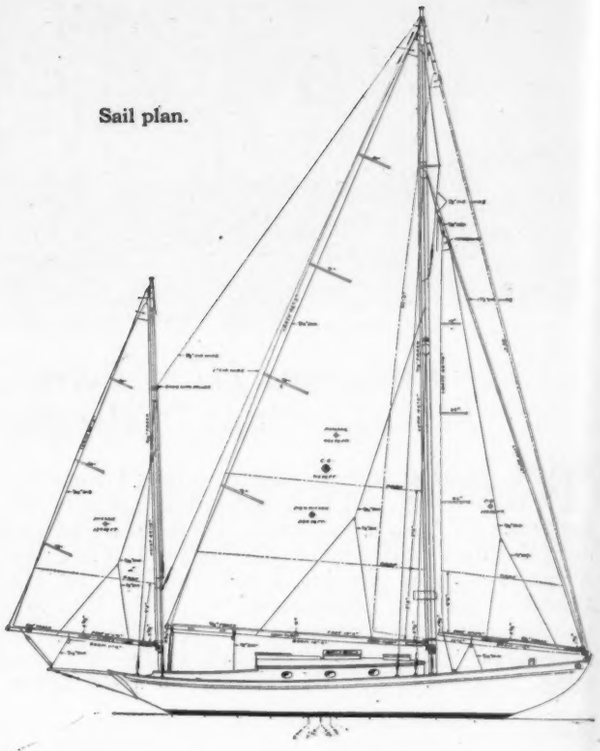
Interior accommodation plan of *Lotowanna III*.

## *Eastward, Jr*

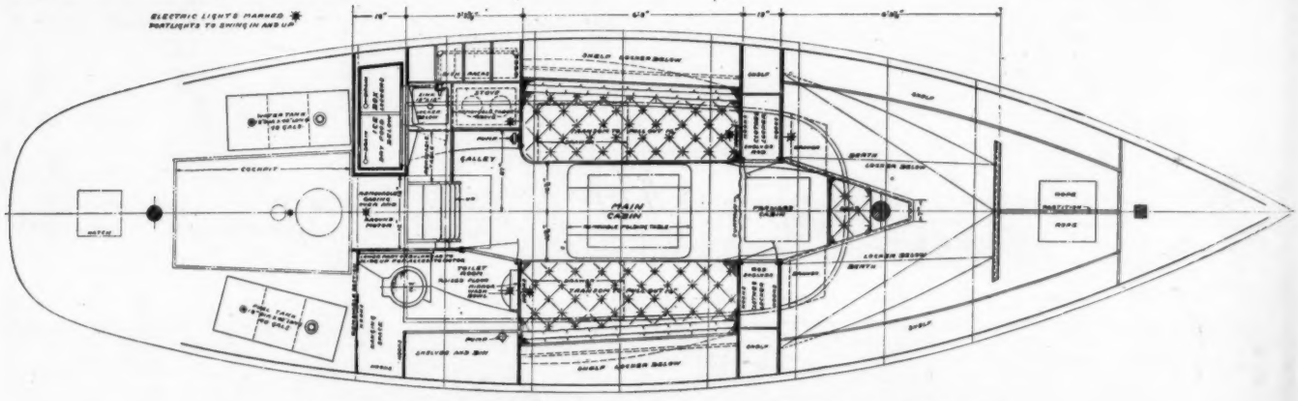
THE accompanying plans are from the board of Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., of Boston, and show the stock yawl *Eastward, Jr.*, which this firm is bringing out this season. She is an attractive, jib-headed little cruising craft, with snug, easily-handled rig and first-class cruising accommodations for six people, the dimensions being as follows: l.o.a. 36′9″; l.w.l. 25′; beam, 9′11″; draft, 5′6″; sail area, 713 sq. ft. A 4-cylinder, 25 h.p. Gray motor, with electric starter and generator, is installed well aft, under the bridge deck, and is expected to give *Eastward, Jr.*, a speed of 7 knots or better.

The yawl rig is an excellent one for speed and ease of handling, with a permanent backstay, all sheets on travelers, and possible sail combinations for foul weather which make reefing practically unnecessary. An iron keel of about 6900 lbs. assures stability and non-capsizability.

The accommodations below decks include a double stateroom forward, main cabin sleeping four people, good galley, and large toilet room. The cockpit is of good size, and self-bailing, with lazarette under, entered through a brass manhole plate. The cabin is ventilated by a skylight and hatch. There are also deck hatches forward and aft for access to forepeak and after peak. Equipment includes electric lights, Edson steering gear, anchors and cables, running and riding lights, compass, fog horn, cushions, mattresses, etc.



Sail plan.



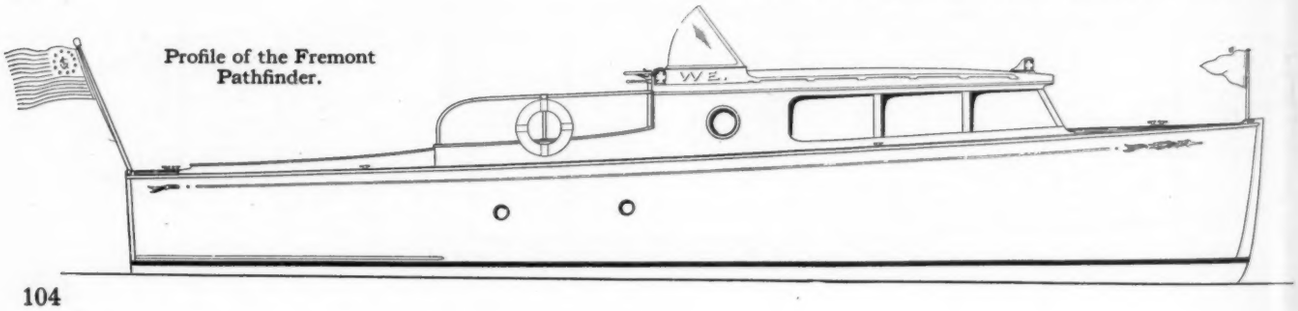

Accommodation plan of *Eastward, Jr.*, designed by Eldredge-McInnis.

## The Fremont Pathfinder

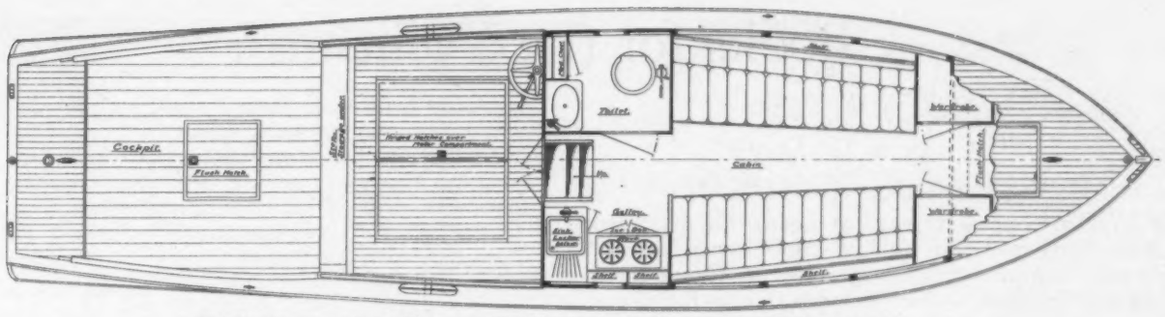
A HANDSOME newcomer in the field of stock boats is the Fremont Pathfinder, designed by E. Lockwood Haggas and built by the Fremont Boat Corporation, of Atlantic City, N. J. She is a fast cruiser-day boat combination, 30 feet long with a beam of 8 feet and draft of 27 inches, the V-bottom design, beam, freeboard, and construction giving a fine combination of speed, seaworthiness, distinctive appearance and comfort.

The cockpit and bridge deck afford ample seating space, while the sedan cabin, with upholstered seats and large windows, affords a fine combination for afternoon sailing and fishing parties. Two upper and two lower berths, good locker space and fine galley and toilet room give good accommodations for comfortable week-end cruises.

An effortless cruising speed of 20 miles an hour is obtained with an 8-cylinder Gray or Universal motor.



Profile of the Fremont Pathfinder.



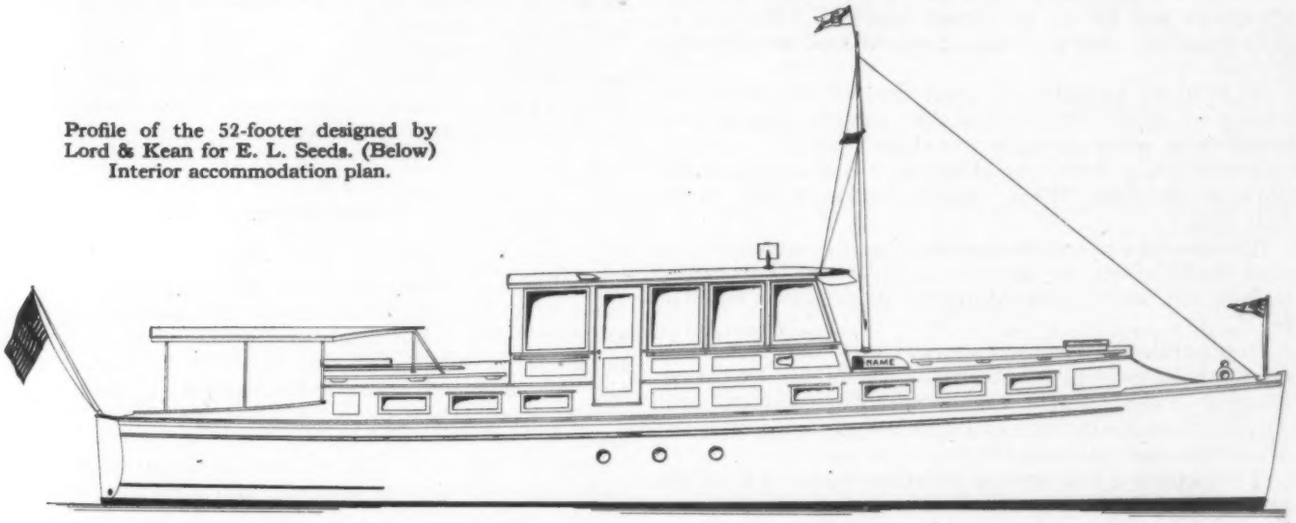

Interior layout of the Fremont Pathfinder, described on preceding page.

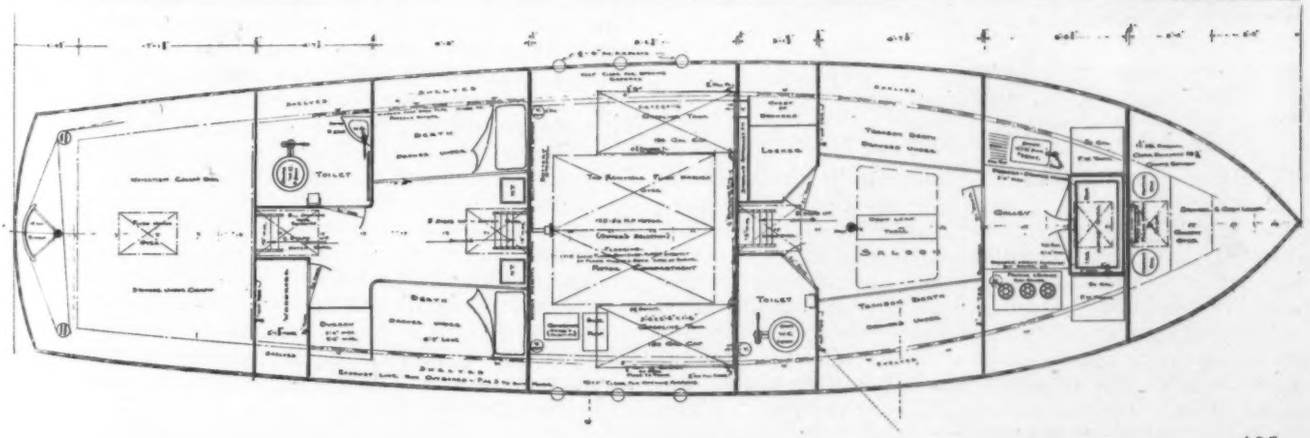
# Distinctive Appearance and Unusual Comfort in This 52-Footer

THE 52-foot cruiser whose profile and interior accommodation plan are shown below is from the board of Lord & Kean, of Lansdowne, Penna., and is being built at the yard of Charles Stowman & Sons, Dorchester, N. J., for Enos L. Seeds, of Philadelphia, who will use her principally on the expansive waters of Chesapeake Bay. She has a straight, business-like sheer, generous beam of 13 feet 6 inches, firm bilges and nice flare, with a fine enclosed bridge and spacious after cockpit with permanent top. Her beam and accommodations are comparable to a houseboat, yet she is expected to cruise at a good eleven-mile clip or better with a single 150 h.p. motor.

The mistake of trying to cram too many staterooms into limited space has been avoided, and a clean-cut, practicable and comfortable layout is the result. The double stateroom aft is of generous proportions, with wide berths, connecting toilet room, wardrobe, lockers, etc., and is entered either from the after cockpit or the bridge deck. The engine compartment amidships is large and airy, and contains fuel tanks, batteries, generating set, and other auxiliaries, besides the main power plant. The forward saloon, entered from the bridge deck, has two transom berths, connecting toilet room, large locker space, etc., and connects with the big galley forward, the latter containing a big Protane stove, a bigger ice chest, two 50-gallon water tanks, and every modern convenience for the chef. A forward cockpit adds to the attractive features for day work. Especial attention has been paid throughout to adequate ventilation, both while under way and at anchor, a feature appreciated when cruising in warm climates.

**Profile of the 52-footer designed by Lord & Kean for E. L. Seeds. (Below) Interior accommodation plan.**



# Books for the Yachtsman

## *Ships of the Past*

*By* CHARLES G. DAVIS

(Marine Research Society, 1929. $12.50)

BOATS are one of the earliest means of travel used by civilized man, but their common usage today has without a doubt made too many of us forget the long process of evolution which has resulted in the racing or cruising yacht of this period.

It might seem, at first glance, a rather dry task to read of the early types of craft used along the Atlantic seaboard. But under the pen of Charles G. Davis in *Ships of the Past* the study becomes quite fascinating.

Among the various ships of the past are some that are still quite familiar, and others that are in practical oblivion. Details of an extraordinary nature are here to be found on the old double-ended Block Island boats that made the run from Narragansett Bay out to Block Island in weather of all types. There are also details on the pinkies, those almost forgotten fishing craft from way Down East. Then, there is the Baltimore clipper, which apparently traces its ancestry across the seas to the English Channel smugglers and the Penzance luggers.

The genesis of boats, probably of all sorts, can still be seen in the Greek sponge boats at Tarpon Springs, Florida, where even to this day the boats are designed in the manner laid down several generations ago. To sailors in North Atlantic waters the sections on fishing schooners will be of particular interest, especially if their lines are compared with those of modern pleasure yachts.

As is to be expected, a great deal of this book describes in detail the construction, design, rigging and handling of some of the larger ships that did so much to glorify early American shipping. Chief among these ships is the *Isaac Webb*, famous packet of the Black Ball Line.

In these days of speedy construction it is interesting to note that the frigate *Raleigh*, built for the War of the Revolution, was completed in sixty days at Portsmouth, N. H.

In general, anyone interested in boats from the standpoint of design and construction will find a wealth of material in this volume. The appendix is well filled with details of spars, rigging, sail plans and other information of interest and value to the practical sailor.

The book is a noteworthy addition to others from the pen of Mr. Davis and those published by the Marine Research Society.

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## *The Sea*

*By* H. A. MARMER

(D. Appleton and Company, 1930. $3.00)

THE sea has not always been the familiar and almost friendly element to man that it is today. At one time primitive man must have looked with doubt and questioning upon the limitless expanse of water stretching out from the shore at his feet. But thanks to the adventurous nature of mankind, the waters that covered much of the surface of the earth were explored, and with this exploration new lands were found. All of this growth in knowledge has resulted in what is now known as oceanography, which is defined as "the study of the form and nature of the oceanic basins, the characteristics of the water in these basins, and the movements to which these waters are subject."

So described, oceanography may sound rather unappealing. But as placed in print by the author, who is assistant chief of the Division of Tides and Currents, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, it becomes a most engrossing subject.

Mr. Marmer starts with the earliest of times, when man's knowledge of the sea was limited and largely conjectural. His treatment of early ideas as to the sea and the oceans, the first adventurous and accidental crossings of the ocean, and the accounts of many of the legendary isles, teems with reality. Romance and adventure fill the pages describing the search for the Northwest Passage, and the ultimate attainment of the ninetieth degree of latitude, north and south.

It must not be inferred that this volume is entirely historical. The scientific aspects of the subject are dealt with in an interesting manner, and the reasons for computing, and methods of determining various facts are explained.

It is even conceivable that the landsman, learning, perhaps for the first time, that "if all the inequalities in the heights on land and depths in the sea were leveled off, the earth would be covered by a layer of water with a depth of one and one-half miles," would realize the importance of the sea and read this volume with avidity.

The chapters on waves, tides, tidal currents and ocean currents, with special mention of the Gulf Stream, are of particular interest, and the scientific methods of determining ocean depths are most illuminating.

*The Sea* is nearly as fascinating to the reader as the sea itself is to a sailor. It is sufficiently popularized in style so that no one need fear his scientific knowledge is too limited for its understanding.

J. G. S.

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### Adventurers All

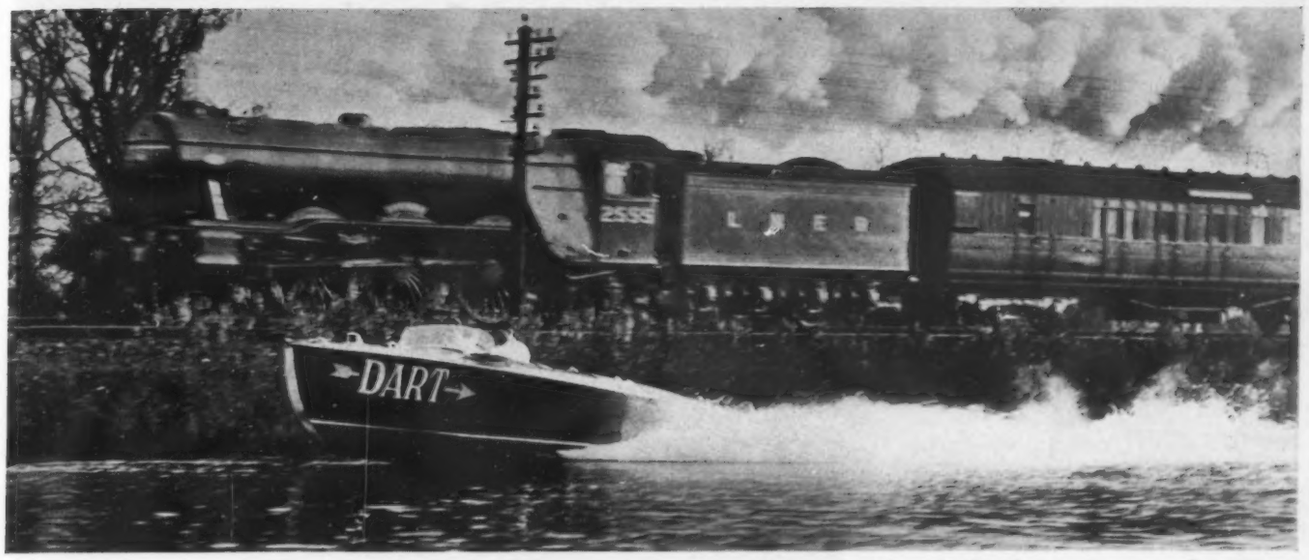
(*Continued from page 68*)

had plenty of wind, fog, rain and all unpleasantness. They went through 14 gales, the first lasting four days and the last five. For eighteen days they had no sight of either sun or moon. This spell ended on July 13th, when the sun came out and the bedraggled voyagers had a chance to dry themselves and their gear. They suffered from lack of sleep and lack of exercise, as well as from exposure, and were often too tired and miserable to eat. Whales were reported by them and they also, it is declared, had a view of a sea serpent, at least of his tail. The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated by drinking their last bottle of beer which they had saved for the occasion.

However, the little *Nautilus* seemed to slip along, her time from Cape Race to the Channel being 19 days. This in spite of being hove to a number of times, riding to a drogue and using oil on the seas. On July 29th, Scilly was passed and on August 1st the anchor was let go in Mount's Bay, Cornwall. Havre was the original destination and thither they went after a few days' rest. Their boat was taken to Paris and exhibited there, then shipped to London and later to the Brighton Aquarium, that Mecca of the freak.

Both men were terribly tired after their long voyage, William apparently having felt the strain more than his 23-year-old brother, though the latter had a lame hand from the constant steering.

(*To be continued*)




A Dart runabout stages a race with the Flying Scotsman, a "crack" British train.

# Of Interest to the Skipper

## Three Blue Jackets

THE Universal Motor Company's Blue Jacket, the motor that attracted attention at the New York show, is now offered to the boating public in three sizes and at three prices. This announcement will be of interest to those who do not need the exceptionally complete equipment of the standard Blue Jacket and to those who do not demand extremely high speed.

The original Blue Jacket has been stepped up to 47 h.p. This motor, offered to the boating public the first of the year, was rated at 45 h.p. In addition, a tachometer head has been added as standard equipment.

The 44-h.p. Blue Jacket is precisely the same motor except that it is slightly lower powered and standard equipment does not include oil filter, fuel pump, instrument panel and tachometer connection.

The 40-h.p. Blue Jacket is the same motor in basic design, but turns at lower speeds (3200 r.p.m., as compared with 4000 r.p.m. for others).

Alloy iron, rather than aluminum, is used for cylinder head, and oil base. The lower speed carburetor is used and oil filter and cooler are eliminated. In every other respect, it is the same high quality motor as its higher priced mates.

## Organization Grows

The firm of Millard, Brewster & Chambers, naval architects and yacht brokers, announces a considerable expansion of its brokerage department. Now associated with the firm are H. D. Bayne, John T. Rowland, S. C. Regester, and Charles H. Hall.

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## Banfield Boats

With the addition of the 26-foot sea skiff runabout and sedan runabout to the line, space in the Lexington Ave. showroom of the Banfield Sea Skiff Works was lacking and new quarters were sought. The company is now in its new location at Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York, with room to display the line. Cruiser, runabout and sedan are on permanent exhibition. These boats have been proving popular in Bermuda where A. F. and R. A. Darrell have been appointed distributors. A 26-foot sedan was delivered to W. E. D. Stokes recently. She is powered with twin Scripps F-6 motors. A 32-foot sedan was delivered to J. Ford Johnson, her power plant being a Sterling Petrel.

## New Pier at "Bonnie Cliff"

An interesting contract has recently been approved by Cliff D. Mallory, P. R. Mallory and Mrs. Frank C. Munson for the erection of an "Artistic" steel pier and complete steel docking equipment to be installed at "Bonnie Cliff," Port Chester, N. Y., the home of Mrs. Henry R. Mallory. The steel pier is 90 feet long, extends 60 feet over the water, and is built on two large cribs. The cribs will be filled with rip rap and will extend to just above the low water level. This foundation will then be finished with masonry to about two feet above low water level. From this point structural steel will be built up to the floor level of the pier.

Steel channels will then be stretched across the spans between the cribs and two other foundations, upon which sectional flooring will be laid down in slabs and bolted to the steel at each corner of each section. Solid marine rail stanchions will then be bolted to the face of the steel channels. Galvanized pipe rails, reinforced with pin connections, and galvanized highway guards will be clamped to the stanchions. At the outside end of the pier there will be a covered observation or summer house.

A large "Artistic" steel float will be installed at the end of the pier and connected

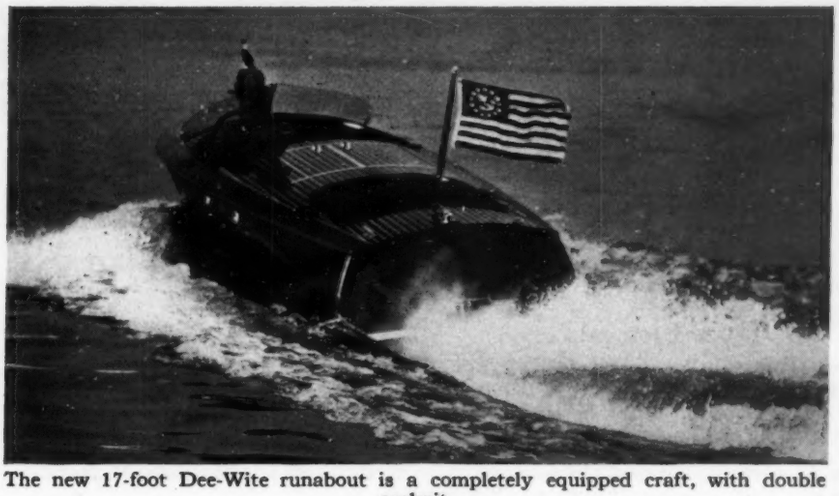
This sedan runabout of the Banfield Sea Skiff line is a 32-footer.

**The latest Chris-Craft. A 17-footer, this model makes a speed of 25 m.p.h.**

to the pier by an "Artistic" steel ramp. The contract was given to the Walsh-Bugbee Co., exclusively marine engineers, and builders of "Artistic" steel piers, steel floats and general docking equipment.

## The Latest Chris-Craft

Determined to offer a complete line of fast boats, from a little runabout to an express cruiser, Chris Smith & Sons Co. now announce a 17-footer which is a 25-miler. Last fall a 20-footer was shown to the public and was greeted with interest. Now the latest and smallest of the fleet makes her bow. In her design, the builders have striven for dryness and comfort combined with speed, and have attained them. The new Chris-Craft seats six, and runs with amazing smoothness. With the addition of the newcomer, the Chris-Craft line contains 25 models ranging from this boat to the 48-foot cruiser.

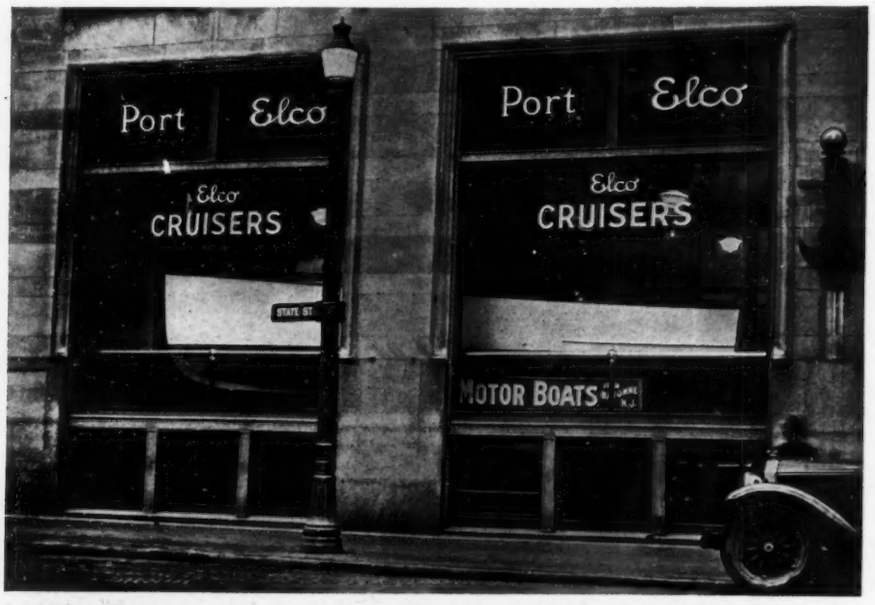


**The new 17-foot Dee-Wite runabout is a completely equipped craft, with double cockpit.**

## Port Elco, Boston

A direct factory branch and showroom has just been opened in the heart of the "Hub" by the Elco Works of Bayonne, N. J. It is on the street floor of the Cunard Building at 126 State St., Boston. Large windows display the two boats which make up the permanent exhibit. These are the 27-foot *Marinette* and the 35-foot *Cruisette*. The entire line of Elco boats will, of course, be handled in the new Boston quarters. The new factory branch will be in charge of Gleason Buckley, who has been connected with the storage, sales, demonstration and instruction activities of the Elco Works for ten years. Mr. Buckley is an enthusiastic yachtsman and is familiar with the coast from Eastport to Tampa.

Electric Boat Co. of Massachusetts is the sole distributor of Elco products in the Boston area.




**Port Elco, Boston, a recently opened showroom where the entire line of Elco boats will be exhibited.**

## Dee-Wite Grows

Production facilities in all departments of the Dee-Wite Division of the Dwight Lumber Co. of Detroit have been greatly increased so that the output, when in full blast, will be more than 30 boats a day. The enlarged plant has been laid out so that there is a steady movement of boats along the newly installed monorail system from start to finish.

The latest member of the Dee-Wite family is a runabout, 17 feet long, 5 feet 5 inches beam, and with a freeboard of 29 inches. She is framed with white oak and planked with African mahogany. The two cockpits, seating five, are upholstered in red russialoid. The equipment is complete, including windshield, mooring lines, flags, anchor and cable. The hardware is of distinctive design and is heavily plated to resist wear and corrosion.

## Gray Boat Book

A 64-page book has just been issued by the Gray Marine Motor Company, of Detroit, entitled *The Gray Book of Boats*, in which are boats of every type — big boats, small boats, new boats, old boats, standardized boats and special jobs, boats built in all parts of the United States and, indeed, everywhere in the world. The book notes briefly the various sizes of Gray marine motors, but is devoted mainly to illustrating and describing the various types of boats in which these are installed. There are over 300 boats illustrated and, for ready reference, they are divided into cruisers, runabouts, work boats and auxiliaries and Gray motored boats in foreign countries. The list of builders of standardized hulls using Gray motors is an impressive one.

*Mr. Donaldson Brown's "Oceania" sails with Brennig's Own Flag Cigarettes on Board*

## STRIKING . . . .

Best describes the appearance of these famous brush end cigarettes marked with club and owner's flags in colors.

Matches and playing cards carrying the same flags are likewise nautically correct. Match covers can be had in any one color. Playing cards have assorted color backs suitable for bridge.

**PRICES**

No. 1 Turkish "The Original Brush End Cigarette" (illus.) $45 per 1000

No. 5 Virginia—without the brush end—$40 per 1000

**BOOK MATCHES (illus.)**

$35 per 1000 Books

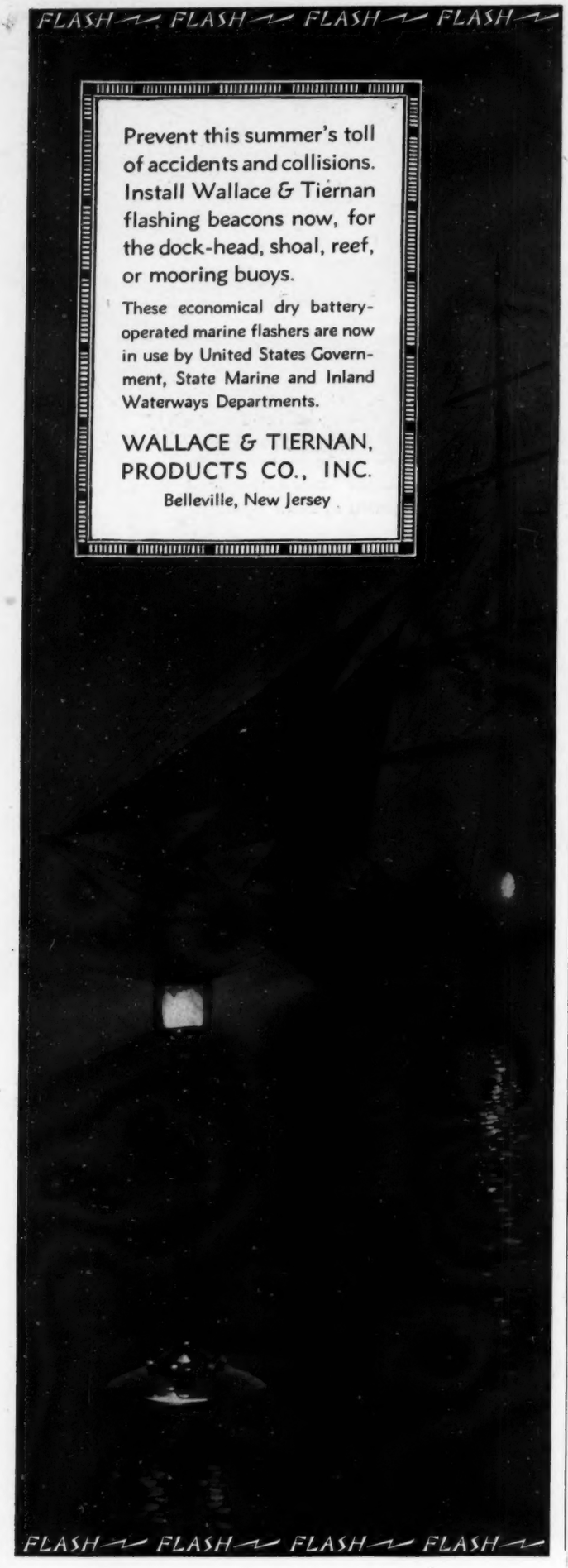
**PLAYING CARDS (illus.)**

$48 per Dozen Packs.

Note: Above prices include flags printed in any 3 colors.

## BRENNIG'S OWN

**ASTOR TRUST BUILDING**
**501 Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York**


FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH
Prevent this summer's toll of accidents and collisions. Install Wallace & Tiernan flashing beacons now, for the dock-head, shoal, reef, or mooring buoys.
These economical dry battery-operated marine flashers are now in use by United States Government, State Marine and Inland Waterways Departments.
WALLACE & TIERNAN, PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Belleville, New Jersey
FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH

### *Nor'Easter's* Wanderings

(*Continued from page 71*)

him in. Cool all day, even right under the sun. The sails made comfortable shade. Day's run to noon — 192½ miles.

July 1st. Sighted Cape Maysi, Cuba, 2:57 A.M., abeam 4:30 A.M.

Very hot, with the awning up before breakfast. The thermometer 85° under it and 114° in the sun. Very little wind, and that following. Calm until three o'clock and then very rough so that Dave and Brit had difficulty in preparing welsh rarebit and sliced onions with French dressing for supper, a commentary on the hardihood of the crew in heavy weather. The Cuban coast was in sight until ten in the morning. Very high, rugged and misty. Henry tried to pick up a weather report from a steamer but we could not understand and found her the Cuban *Virginia*, when we passed her later. A dry night, no dew, and the first one I did not need a rain coat after dark. Day's run to noon, 196 miles.

July 2nd. Edwin stayed up to see that we picked up Morant Point light at 1:15 A.M. Passed the coast of Jamaica all morning with a heavy following sea and strong (45-mile) wind. Entered Port Royal 8:50 A.M. Small fishermen were out in the heavy seas in their slender little boats. We lay to off Port Royal and nothing happened until a Customs boat came out to tell us to proceed to the shelter of Port Royal where the doctor and port captain could board us comfortably. The doctor brought his small son, Tony McIntosh, who entertained us with his beautiful speech until Edwin had finished with the formalities. We came up the harbor with spray flying over the pilothouse and anchored off the Myrtle Bank Hotel. The trade wind (Doctor) was so heavy we hesitated about going ashore, but Tom, Lee and I got in a dory with the laundry (no small item by this time) and Tom managed to pull the dory back to *Nor'Easter*, lightened of its load. A ship chandler came aboard with his boat, and set the rest of the party ashore, where we had luncheon at the hotel and Lee was interviewed by a reporter.

We spent three delightful days at Jamaica, seeing the sights, riding over the island and shopping until Friday, July 5. All of this time the trade wind blew so hard that it was sometimes difficult to get aboard the *Nor'Easter*. When we were ready to leave this afternoon the *Nor'Easter* bulged with booty. We stowed it all and had supper of crawfish and tomato salad. Up anchor at 7:00 P.M., intending to lie at Port Royal until the wind died, but decided to run on out while it was still daylight, expecting a rough trip. Everything in the galley and pilothouse chocked. Took spray over the pilothouse at once. Very rough. Henry slept in Dave's bunk after a ducking in his own. Dave slept in the pilothouse. When Tom was just about asleep *Nor'Easter* took her first green sea aboard and lifted the forward hatch sufficiently to let water pour below. He and Lee spent a damp night. The heaviest sea we have yet met in *Nor'Easter* was encountered at midnight off Point Morant. She rolled her scuppers under and took it green forward, so we slowed down. Wind right on her nose blowing full fifty miles an hour, and a very steep sea.

July 6th. Brit and I fell from our proud estate and only fruit was served for breakfast. I crawled out, but clinging on was too hard work, so I retired. Comfortable, dry sleeping space was in demand and much used all morning. Passed Navassa Island, desolate, lonely spot with only a lighthouse and radio station. Saw great flocks of large sea gulls, unknown to us. Picked up the southwestern end of Hayti, Cape Dame Marie, and were in the lee by 4:00 P.M. Passed along the most beautiful shore line we have yet seen — luxuriant growth with

# A NEW CHRIS-CRAFT

## $1295.00

"Now I can have a Chris-Craft!"—Instantly the thought will spring into thousands of minds upon reading this announcement: A 17-foot Chris-Craft priced at $1295! A moderate down payment will now place in your hands the finest motorboat of its size in the whole world! • • • Chris-Craft ownership, long a source of pride to those who can afford anything they want, is now within reach of the family of moderate income. • • • Continually increasing leadership, multiplied sales, and new economies, make it possible for Chris-Craft to offer this 17-foot luxury craft at $1295. • • • A marvelous boat it is, true Chris-Craft in every inch of its gleaming mahogany hull, Chris-Craft in its staunch seaworthiness, Chris-Craft in its speed and complete safety. Chris-Craft quality is evident in its luxurious cushions, in the automobile type steering, starting and lighting devices, horn and windshield. Its full-powered dependable motor, its sturdy double-planked bottom and its marvelous control are typical Chris-Craft characteristics. • • • True Chris-Craft it is, full brother to the magnificent Chris-Craft Yacht itself, and equally the envy of all beholders. To thousands who have dreamed of some day owning a Chris-Craft this announcement will mean dreams come true. See your Chris-Craft merchant today. Buy early. Make certain of delivery for a full season of outdoor joy. Write for catalog describing the entire fleet of 25 Chris-Craft models.

### *FEATURES OF THE 17-FOOT CHRIS-CRAFT*

*25 miles per hour • Length 17 feet • Beam 5' 7" Freeboard, forward 24" • Freeboard, aft 18" Draught 16½" • Double planked bottom • Positive steering control (shaft connection —no cables) • Smith Automatic bailer • Full ventilating automobile type windshield • Screw fastened throughout • Salt water equipment • Lifting ring fore and aft • Tachometer, oil pressure gauge, ammeter • Fire extinguisher, Kapoc cushions, and all accessories leaves nothing to buy.*

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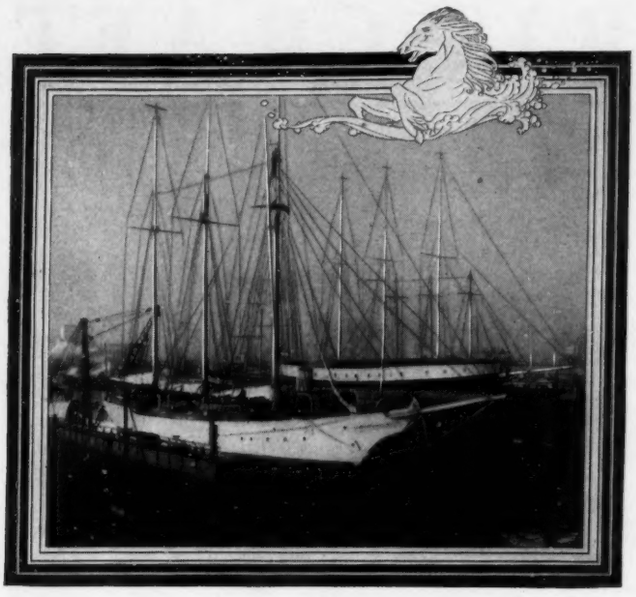
*World's Largest Builders of Mahogany Motor Boats*



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*Foot of 23rd Street* *Brooklyn, New York*

TODD

palm groves where the rivers empty into the sea; high cloud-clad peaks dotted with cooking and Voodoo smokes. Ran into a black squall, the Bayamo, which Zeb said blew like a hurricane. We estimated the wind to be 65 or 70 miles per hour with the spray flying over our mizzenmast. We headed into it and until the rain came Hen steered outside, but was blinded and came into the pilothouse. Zeb went below and nursed the engine, the ship being two miles off a lee shore. The sea kicked up and washed the decks and the rain poured in torrents. Impossible to see anything even during the extraordinary blue lightning, blinding in its brilliancy. Lasted about half an hour, being over by 8:30 P.M. Later, we picked up our light, Grand Cayemites. The wind changed and it cleared into an uneventful calm night.

We were in quarantine by 9:00 A.M. July 7th. Edwin called me forward to talk to the very polished French-educated colored doctor. Tied up to the dock where our oil was waiting. After getting the oil aboard we anchored *Nor'Easter* off so as to leave her safely, went ashore and spent the day. A very foreign looking city. People much poorer than in Jamaica and quite hostile to whites. Saw whole streets of people sitting on kitchen chairs in the gutter before fine old French houses. We stopped to see the cathedral, new and yellow inside, Dessalines' tomb and the palace and returned to *Nor'Easter* by seven in the evening. Very glad to get clean and to leave the Republic to the Haitians. Squalls all around us on the mountains but none came near.

July 8th. Were off by 6:00 A.M. A beautiful calm day in Saint Marc Channel. Discovered an eight o'clock ale drinker who was served with a vinegar cordial. At 5:30 P.M. we left the shelter of Cape Foux. Hen and I prepared a hasty supper. We found a stray gale blowing with a very heavy sea which we bucked for an hour with storm jib and jigger and slowed engine. Saw a steamer hove-to and decided to put back under the lee of the cape for the night. Were inside in an hour and turned in in smooth water, hove-to under jigger, with an anchor watch. Squalls all over the mountains, and weird Voodoo fires. We rolled heavily with a change of wind and were off by five in the morning. Very glad to leave the threatening country.

The next morning we found much less sea and a beam wind. Made all sail before breakfast. Sparkling cool day with steady, favoring wind. Stopped the engine to change fuel nozzles and improved her running. At 9:45 P.M. we picked up a flashing light which we could not identify. Castle Rock should show a fixed light according to the 1929 light list. Zeb reported the engine room full of smoke but could find no fire, and would someone please look in the galley. The governor collar band was red hot and the engine was stopped to cool it. Saw a steamer enter the passage by the light and followed her. Hen was aroused to try to get her by radio, but could not. The light proved to be Castle Island, changed to flashing. The bananas were all whipped off the bunch by the wind and the heavy roll and were plastered on the deck. Brit stayed up to get the weather report. Lost his dinner, but got the report. Run, from Port-au-Prince to noon, 181 miles.

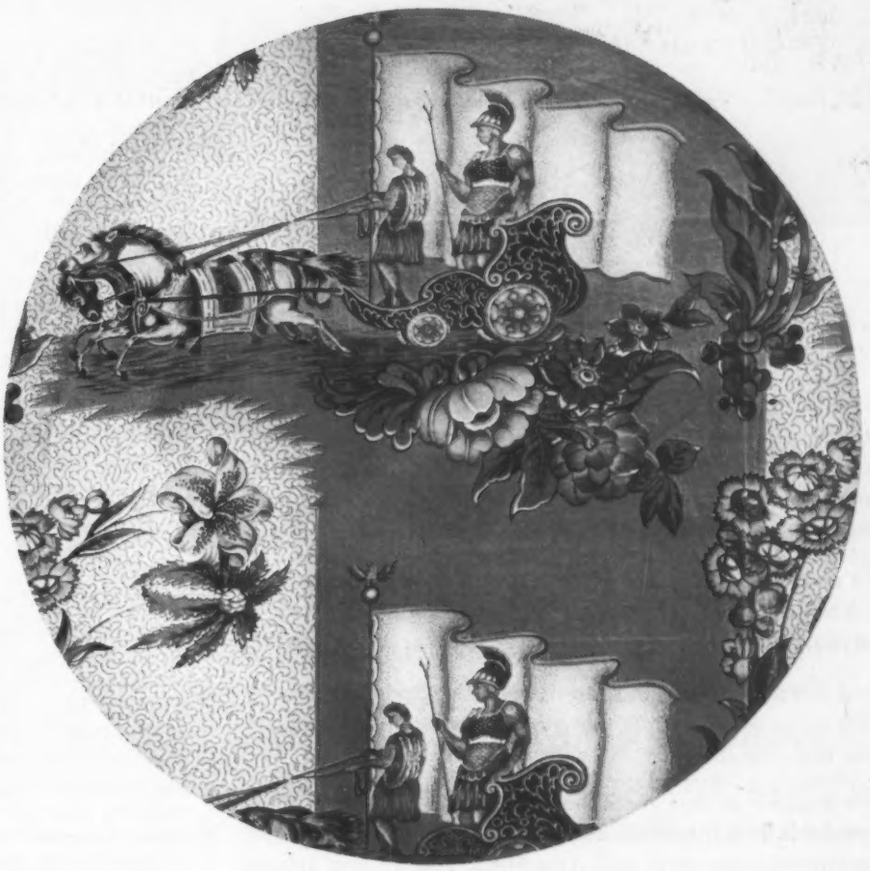
The next two days were uneventful, except that on July 11th we made our best day's run of the passage, 205 miles, under favorable wind and sea conditions.

During the night of July 12th–13th engine trouble developed which we traced to a broken oil pump. Repaired by 2:30 A.M. Made 17 miles in the Stream under sail alone, but this trouble held our run down to 141 miles for the day.

We were off Diamond Shoal, Cape Hatteras, on the morning of July 14th and early the following day the wind jumped into the N.E. and blew. We were rolled

# THE MELLOW COLORING OF AN OLD PORTUGUESE PRINT

## COMES TO YOU IN THIS LOVELY FABRIC



PRIZED for their mellow coloring, their exotic patterns, no less than for their rarity, Portuguese prints are dear to every collector.

The extraordinary chintz presented here by Schumacher has the very qualities that make the old prints so fascinating.

The bold design is softened by the colors of the background—the warrior's chariot and the colorful floral design are disposed upon a blue-green field with glimpses of a parchment ground.

This pattern is semi-classical in feeling. But, like the old Portuguese prints, this fabric has a timeless beauty which makes suitable its use with any furnishings of soft wood tones and not too delicate in line.

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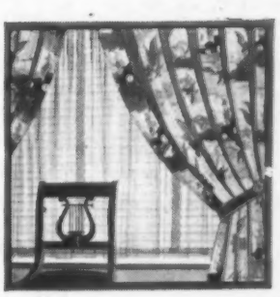

INSPIRED BY A RARE OLD DOCUMENT, THIS EXTRAORDINARY ENGLISH CHINTZ POSSESSES A TIMELESS BEAUTY WHICH ALLOWS A WIDESPREAD USE IN THE DECORATIVE SCHEME. ITS SEMI-CLASSICAL PATTERN OF EXOTIC DESIGN AND SUBDUED MELLOW COLORING COMES IN MAUVE, DARK ECRU, GREEN, RUSTY BLACK, CREAM AND PEARL.

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LAUGH THIS OFF—
IN A BOAT

It's going to be hot on shore . . . and dusty . . . highways more crowded. Detour signs coming out of winter storage. Rural constables tuning up their motorcycles. Two traffic signals blooming where one was damned but yesteryear.

But on the water—there's freedom—sweet cool breezes—a trackless world of romance and adventure. It's yours—all yours—if you have a boat. A bitter mocker if you haven't.

And if you would enjoy it to the utmost, choose your boat with care. Make certain that you can be proud of the boat you buy, that it will be the envy of all beholders.

We suggest a Gar Wood Boat, for there can be no finer runabout than those created by the Miss America craftsmen and no other can have such a tradition. You will find among the 14 new models, just the boat that suits your individual taste and needs. Open, enclosed or convertible, 22 to 33 feet, 30 miles per hour to 55, $2,250 to $12,950, all Gar Wood Boats are built to the same standards of excellence. Famous for their "soft riding", you will find them equally outstanding in seaworthiness.

You will want that boat mighty soon now. So you may not be disappointed on delivery, we suggest you see the nearest Gar Wood dealer right away or wire us for information.

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around badly and at 3:20 A.M. sea was so rough and wind so high, with failing engine, that we changed course for Chesapeake Lightship. Put close reefed mainsail and jib on her at 4:30. Engine off and on. Blowing a heavy northeaster.

Lee and Christy managed breakfast of prunes and corned beef hash after we had headed for Norfolk — running before terrific seas which *Nor'Easter* took like a duck, shipping no water over the stern and steering beautifully. Put full sail on about ten. Sailed into Norfolk at about six knots, arriving at 6:00 P.M., having come 80 miles since we changed the course. A beautiful sail. All the liquid was buried at sea. We tied up to the oil barge where Brit and I were put aboard the Baltimore boat by the tender with five minutes to spare. Very sad passing *Nor'Easter* with crew on deck — the end of a perfect cruise.

* * * * *

In closing it will be interesting to those using Diesel engines with a wet exhaust to learn that our engine trouble was found to be due entirely to a stoppage of the exhaust pipe by carbon deposit. The boat had run approximately 14,000 miles up to the time when the difficulty described in the latter pages of the log was encountered. On reaching Norfolk we secured the services of a Fairbanks service man and took the engine down completely. We found nothing, however, to account for its loss of power, and set out again for Barnegat only to find its behavior to be the same as when we were forced into Norfolk. On reaching Barnegat I took down the exhaust line and found the six-inch cast iron line so choked with carbon that the opening left in it was about the size of a fifty cent piece. When this deposit was removed, an operation requiring about 15 minutes, the engine again ran perfectly and developed its usual power.

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### The Deuce of Sports

(*Continued from page 84*)

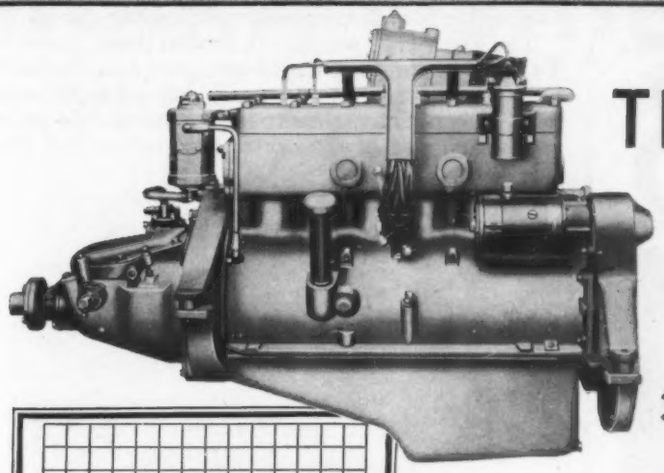
"Shtant fo da mark, dots da showt ent off ta line."

"No, I am going for the committee boat," replies Mr. Owner. "They may be taking some pictures." He suddenly remembers his pose and after straightening his yachting tie (by Weber and Heilbronner) and arranging his natty yachting jacket (by Brill Bros.) he again assumes his racing pose.

The *Gargle* crosses the finish line first, by the sweet margin of thirty minutes, and Mr. Owner is able to greet his dinner guests on time. On board his luxuriously appointed yacht, the *Pipicaca*, he is busily explaining to his friends that the other boats had all the breaks but that he — well, why bring that up, you've heard the story.

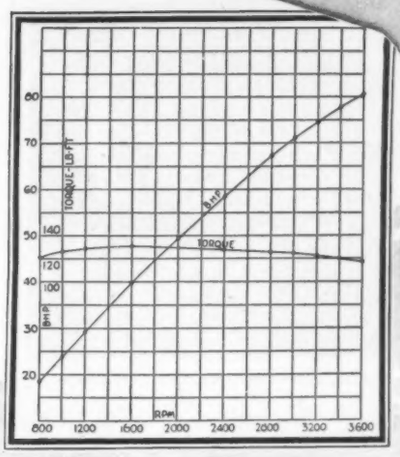
After snugging the good ship *Gargle* safely away at her mooring, the rest of the crew goes ashore. The Captain is greeted by Captain Norske Varer, who inquires how his boat made out. The Captain just smiles knowingly, and raises one finger. The Crew, who had been sitting on the dock lost in thought, suddenly gets up, knocks the ashes from his pipe vigorously and hurries away. He remembered that his mother-in-law was spending the week-end at his house. As for the Dope, we leave him standing on the dock still trying to figure out how the watch was fifteen seconds late.

And so, my good friends, the moral of this strange tale is that "Too many good breaks make a bust."



# THE CHRYSLER CROWN

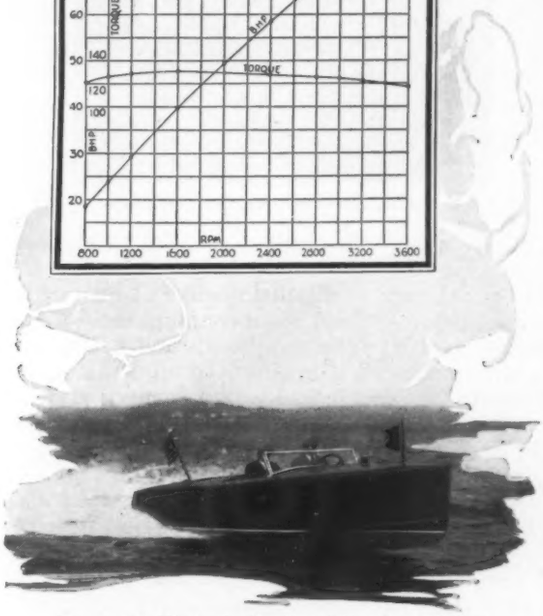
**3⅛" bore x 4⅛" stroke—6-cylinder**




**Designed and built especially for small, fast runabouts up to approximately 23 feet in length, the new Chrysler Crown marine engine already has been adopted as standard equipment by leading builders.**

**Despite its small bore and stroke, the Crown develops a full 75 H.P. at 3200 R.P.M. It is smooth and vibrationless at any speed—low in consumption of fuel and oil—and entirely dependable at all times.**

**Features include down-draft carburetion—positive gasoline pump—hot spot manifold—oil cooler—rugged helical timing gears, and Chrysler-built reverse gear with outside reverse band adjustment.**



*Boats by Chris-Craft, Gar Wood and Dart Boats, Inc., are powered by the Chrysler Crown*

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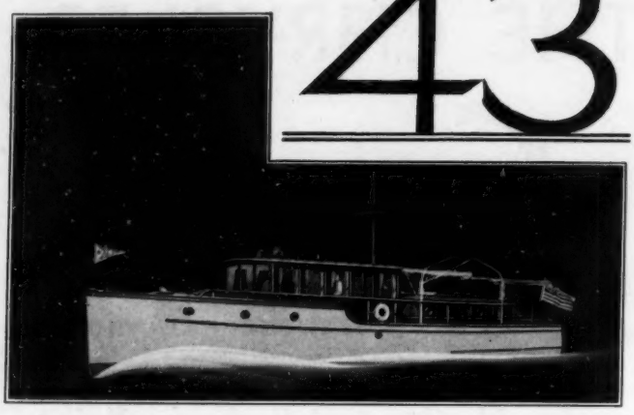
# The KYLE 43



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The Kyle 43 is a production of the American Boat Corporation, makers of ABC Craft, new in name but old in experience.

Within its 43′ length and 10′ 6″ beam are two splendid staterooms, two lavatories, galley, raised and enclosed bridge, and large after cockpit. Sleeps eight. Twin-screws drive her at 22½ miles per hour.

The Kyle 43 is completely equipped and superbly appointed. The services of a well-known interior decorator are also furnished.

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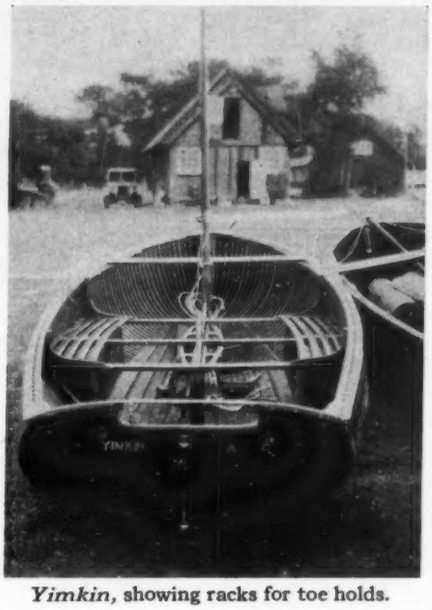
*Cruisers, from twenty to fifty feet. Commutors, Sport Cruisers, Sailing Yachts, Small Boats*


### Sailing a 14-Foot International Dinghy

(*Continued from page 82*)

(as all good men should be) to try different propositions by putting his crew through the hoop in first class style with a view to win, or at least gain as much knowledge as possible for another season in similar company.

The experience we gained, potted down, came to this. To be in the first flight, the team work in the boat must be of the best to enable every second to be made the most of, especially when rounding marks. We found that racks each side of the center case into which we could



*Yimkin,* showing racks for toe holds.

hook our toes were absolutely essential to allow us to hang out to windward securely and to the fullest extent. That to get the water shipped during a beat overboard in the least possible time, when running, the floorboards amidships must be done away with and the spaces between the frames filled up flush to allow a bailing tin unimpeded scope in the hands of a frenzied crew. Also, we discovered that the gunwales in way of the seating of skipper and crew should be broadened to make a fairly comfortable perch, as otherwise endurance was tested to the breaking point; and that the centerboard lifting gear must be powerful enough to enable a single-handed effort to raise the board, even when the boat was on her side.

We found out, too, that the spinnaker boom and gear must be of the simplest description, allied with efficiency, one essential being that the jaws of the boom must clutch the mast instantly, without jamming, as the demented capers this short piece of timber goes through to get overboard have to be seen to be appreciated.

The jib sheets were the inspiration of much picturesque language, and in the end we did away with the short shrouds altogether and found the result most beneficial, as the leads came inside the rigging.

To do full justice to these little boats the human element must be in training akin to that of Tarzan, of good cheer, clothed in its oldest raiment, and ready to go through acrobatic stunts that would put many a circus turn in the shade.

The little craft are thoroughbreds, designed by the cleverest brains in the country and built to pass the most critical eye. The only "grouse" I have is that the price of a first flight boat is becoming prohibitive for the ordinary man's pocket. Legislation regulating expensive fittings would be welcomed, and a ruling given as to the exact status of amateur helmsmen and crew.

By the courtesy of Mr. Davies, I am enabled to give the lines of the *Zeta*, and a photograph of her under way.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED



# CUMMINS DIESELS for SHARK FISHING

## ...off the Coast of Australia!

BRITISH MARINE INDUSTRIES LTD.

11, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

January 21st, 1930

The Cummins Engine Company,
Columbus,
Indiana,
U. S. A.

Dear Sirs,

We beg to advise you that at the inception of the shark fishing industry in Australia, we made enquiries and tests all over the world for suitable engines to install in our fishing boats. After an active search, we decided to install two Model F Cummins Diesel Engines. These were fitted to our boats in Sydney and ever since have been in constant use.

They have given every satisfaction in all sorts of weather and under the most trying conditions, and we have never had any trouble whatever as regards the running of the engines. We have found them exceedingly efficient, and, more important still, most economical.

The actual cost per hour for one of these engines working at a speed of 7 knots has averaged a fraction over 6d.

We found the starting system by means of compressed air a great advantage, and even if the engines had been idle for two or three days, they would always start within two or three seconds.

This Company is engaged in a similar enterprise, and when the ships are fitted, we shall of course profit by our past experience and fit Cummins engines in preference to any other.

Yours faithfully,
pp. BRITISH MARINE INDUSTRIES, Ltd.
G A Turner
Managing Director

British Marine Industries Ltd. is widely recognized as one of the world's best authorities on Marine equipment. We feel that this unrestrained recommendation coming unsolicited from a concern of such high rank is a deserving tribute to Cummins Diesel Engines.



Model U. 6-Cylinder, 60 H. P. Marine Engine. Although the model F. engines mentioned in the letter are still made, *two improved models have since been produced.* They are model U. (illustrated) and model K.

**SHARK fishing off the coast of Australia . . . Small boats in rough water . . . Continuous twenty-four hour grinds in all sorts of weather! Under what conditions could an engine be more vigorously tested? Yet Cummins Diesels gave "every satisfaction." *Flexible power* in close maneuvering at extremely slow boat speed! *Amazing economies* despite adverse circumstances! *Instant starting* at all times . . . Write for catalog and other information on model U. and model K. Diesel Marine Engines.**

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TEL. WALKER 7500 MEMBER COPPER & BRASS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

### A New Line of Position Plotter for the Deep Water Enthusiast

(*Continued from page 73*)

automatically at right angles to the sun's azimuth. This procedure eliminates the necessity of the numerical computation of the complement of the sun's azimuth before laying down the direction of the line of position. Thus another small source of numerical error is eliminated.

The plotting papers are provided in quantity and are housed within the cabinet contained just below the main surface of the board. Access to this compartment is given by a special spring door on the right hand edge of the box which is opened by a press of the finger and closes automatically when released. The compartment chamber is sufficiently large to contain the T-square and the celluloid locator, besides a supply of used and unused plotting sheets, and the usual dividers, if desired.

The use of the plotting board in working a practical example in navigation follows:

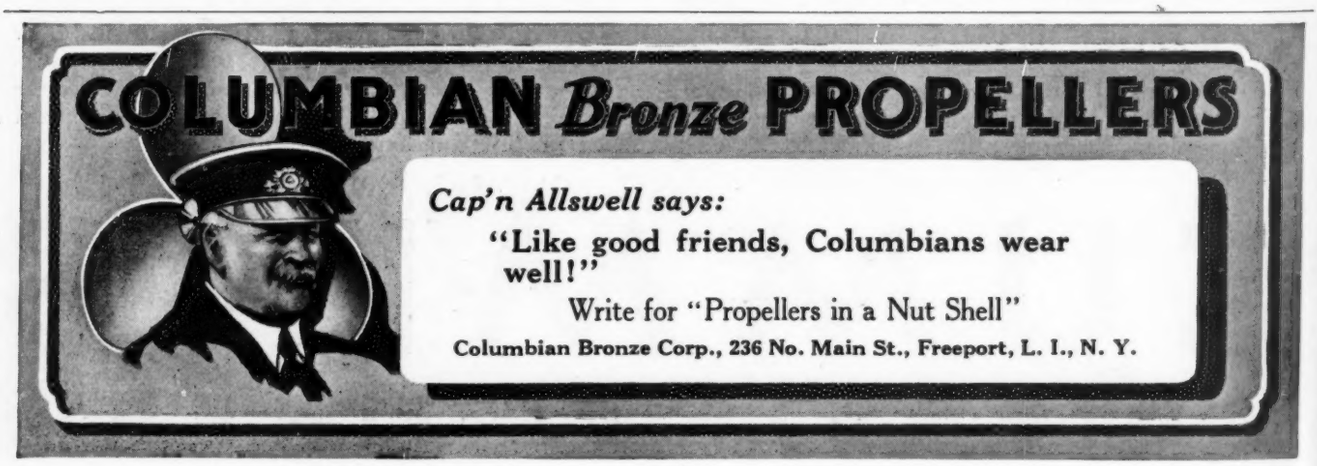
#### Example in use of Plotting Board

A ship is known to be in the vicinity of 41° 13′ north latitude, and 62° west longitude on the afternoon of September 1, 1928. An altitude of the sun is observed by the sextant and found to be 28°, when the Greenwich chronometer read $8^h\ 08^m\ 10^s$ or the Greenwich Civil Time from midnight (G. C. T.) was $20^h\ 08^m\ 10^s$. It is desired to plot the ship's line of position.

First, we shall prepare the plotting board by attaching one of the sheets and label the heads of the three indicated meridians, numbering in degrees from right to left, 60°, 61°, 62°. It will be convenient to have the time equivalents for each meridian written on the chart. As this can be marked with the greatest ease, we shall label the respective meridians in hours and minutes as indicated, 60° being the equivalent of $4^h$, 61°, $4^h\ 04^m$ and 62°, $4^h\ 08^m$. We are now prepared to lay out the line of position. By means of the thumb nut at the left hand edge of the board, the latitude cylinder is rotated until the region containing 40° and 41° is visible.

To avoid all logarithmic and trigonometric computation we shall solve this problem by the H.O. 203 tables, a portion of the appropriate page of which is shown in Fig. 2. From the Nautical Almanac under date of September 1st, G. C. T. $20^h\ 08^m$ we find the sun's declination is north 8° 09.6′. As the equation of time, it will be noted, is practically $+9^s$, the Greenwich apparent time from midnight is $20^h\ 08^m\ 19^s$. Entering the H.O. 203 tables (Fig. 2) at latitude 41° and the observed altitude of 28°, we find, interpolating for the declination, (8° 9.6′) the corresponding hour angle or the local apparent time to be $3^h\ 59^m\ 00^s$ or $15^h\ 59^m\ 00^s$ from midnight. The sun's true bearing or azimuth is found to be 104° which being in the afternoon is to be interpreted as 104° W. of N. or 256° true. The Greenwich apparent time, minus the local apparent time, gives us at once the longitude in time of a point on our required line of position which corresponds to a latitude, 41° N. This is $4^h\ 09^m\ 19^s$.

As our longitude is derived directly in "time" we shall make use of the lower edge of the T-square containing the time scale for plotting longitudes. (See Fig. 3.) Placing the head of the T-square in juxtaposition with the left hand edge of the plotting board, we set the lower edge of the T-square at 41°. Next we find our longitude corresponding to $4^h\ 09^m\ 19^s$ on the scale of the T-square, and make a pencil dot at the required point. The line of position will now pass through this pencil point at right angles to the sun's azimuth. In drawing the line of position, the celluloid locator is laid over the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"We have subjected EVERDUR to the most rigid and thorough testing and are delighted to find that it not only possesses ample initial tensile strength with perfect uniformity but *retains* this strength permanently in spite of the subjection to corrosion, electrolysis, and violence inevitable to metals placed in the hull of a boat. Absence of zinc and the peculiar molecular properties provided by the manganese and silicon render EVERDUR far less vulnerable to underwater conditions than any other metal within our experience.

"We are insisting on the use of EVERDUR for all the metal parts, specifying it even on parts where its superior strength may not be necessary because we would avoid all risk of electrolysis perils always possible when different metals are used in the same boat.

"We also wish to register our appreciation of the service rendered by the makers of EVERDUR in adapting it to our individual needs, especially their cooperation with our foundries in the castings."

HENRY B. NEVINS, Inc.

*Henry B. Nevins*
*President*

printed protractor on the plotting sheet so that one of the long ruled lines passes through the central point and the 256° division, and in such a position that the end edge of the celluloid passes through the point just plotted. A line is then ruled along this edge which is the line of position on which the ship may be found. It will be observed that this line of position is effectively drawn at right angles to the sun's true bearing without arithmetical computation.

It should be noted that it makes no difference in the location of the line whether the latitude used is 41° or any other value in the immediate neighborhood of it. The same line of position will result in either case. By using an even 41° we have avoided any interpolation for latitude.

Now let us assume that from our noon sight our latitude is known to be 41° 13′. We now draw, as a dotted line, a portion of the parallel of 41° 13′ as a second line of position, and our ship is at the intersection as indicated, latitude 41° 13′ N, longitude 62° 24′ W. It will be noted that the longitude of the fix may be read directly in degrees and minutes of arc from the top edge of the T-square in conjunction with the indicated meridians at the head of the plotting sheet.

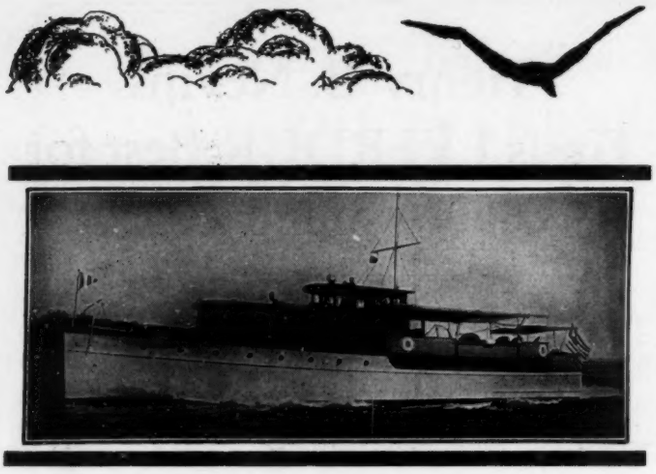
It should be emphasized that if Hydrographic Office Tables No. 203 (or 204) are used, the line of position may be laid down very simply, as in the above problem, for the nearest degree of latitude only and the corresponding longitude found from the tables opposite the nearest degree of the observed altitude, entailing no logarithmic computation whatever. The azimuth given in the H.O. 203 Tables indicates the direction of the sun at right angles to which the line of position runs.

If, as has been previously mentioned, the observed altitude differs from the assumed altitude, a distance is stepped off toward the sun for an observed altitude greater than the computed altitude or away from the sun if the observed altitude is less than the computed altitude. The distance stepped off in miles is exactly equal to the number of minutes of arc in the difference between the observed and computed altitudes. These amounts would commonly be stepped off with the dividers, taking the scale from the latitude scale at the left of the board. Through this point so laid out, a line is drawn at right angles to the sun's azimuth (130° in the above problem) which line will be the required line of position, say for an A.M. sight.

This A.M. line may be carried forward for a run of the ship on any given course by means of the printed protractor and the celluloid device just as would ordinarily be done with parallel rulers. With the A.M. line thus carried forward, an intersection may be formed with the noon latitude line or a subsequent P.M. line, in accordance with the usual custom, thus determining the fix of the vessel. Of course an ideal fix is obtained from the simultaneous observation of two or more stars suitably selected.

It is to be remarked that the above procedure in plotting is essentially the same whether the "time sight," the method of Marc St. Hilaire, H.O. 203, the very excellent new table of Weems or any other of the methods of navigation are used for determining a point in the ship's line of position. The sheet should be removed from the board as soon as the fix has been determined and a new one substituted. The unused sheets are blocked for convenience in pads of fifty.

The peculiar advantage of so convenient a scheme for filing all of the line of position reckoning should not be overlooked when, as is often the case, questions arise at some subsequent time as to just how the ship's position was fixed on a given day. In what other way can graphic records be more conveniently and satisfactorily preserved?

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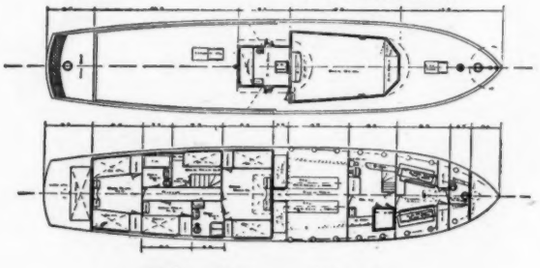

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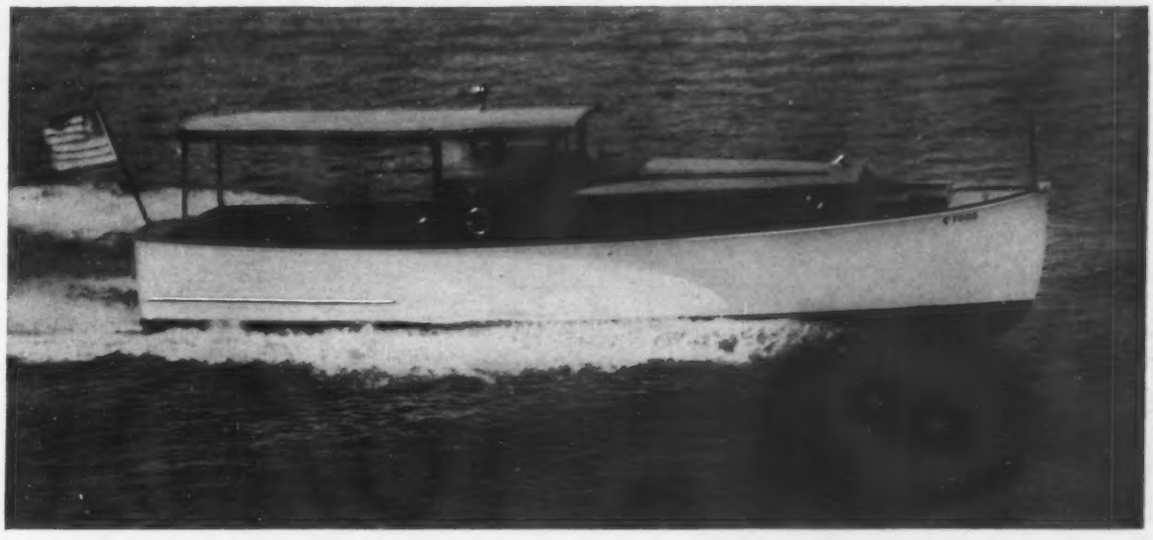

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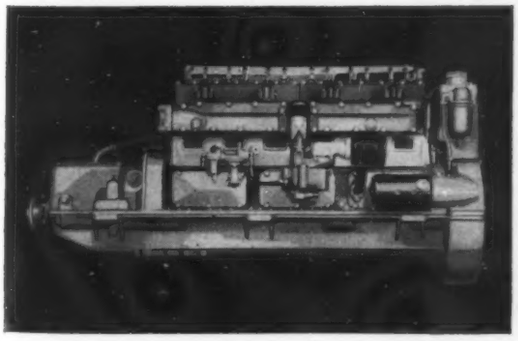

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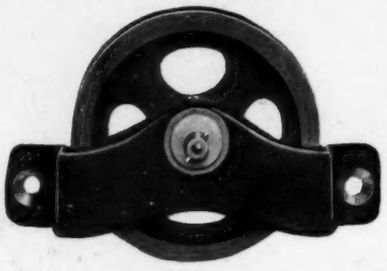
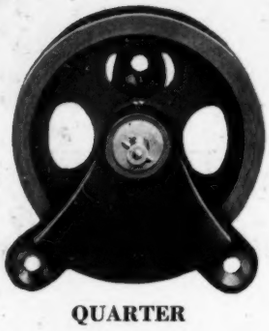


**FLAT**



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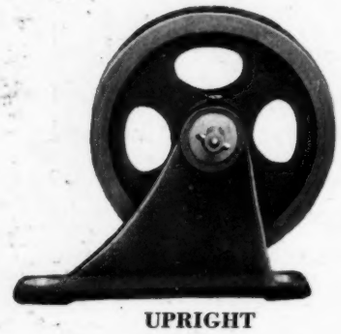

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### What I Told My Boys in the Twilight

(*Continued from page 76*)

Of course he did not get it, nor did he expect to. But for once he was taking the opportunity to tell the captain what was what, before they parted. Yes, he *was* fresh, but otherwise a good and industrious shipmate; we often promised each other, High and Holy, that when we became men the boys under us should not be treated worse than dogs, if we could help it. I have tried to keep the pact, even though it has caused me some trouble at times. August I never met again, but I am sure that he, too, kept his word.

The ship being discharged, we began to take in a cargo of wheat for Liverpool, and were about finished with it when, one day at noon, all hands were ordered to dress to go ashore with the captain. Not a word as to what was in the wind, but that was unnecessary. For it had leaked out that the captain and the Danish consul had quarrelled. The reason was unknown to us, but the quarrel had ended with the captain having said, "Then we'll change flags."

We were now driven up to the Danish consulate where we were discharged, without receiving our pay. The reshipping, according to the captain, was just a matter of form — though we knew well enough that Slesvig was now German, and the ship must fly the Prussian flag — but otherwise this would make no difference in our relations on board. Then we were marched over to the German consulate, but on the way we had a chance to talk things over among ourselves. Six of us decided against rejoining the ship under the German flag.

We could see that the captain was very angry, and for my part, I was not over-happy at being a party to this affair, for on the whole, he had been a good man to be with, and friendly. But I would never sail under the Prussian flag. Otherwise it would be a mere chimera and balderdash with our love for Dannebrog and our sorrow because Als and Slesvig were lost — I neither could nor would sign on. All this, naturally, was only thought, not spoken aloud. A captain does not argue with his crew; ours neither deigned to ask a question nor did he scarcely give us a glance, as he said, "You can go, then; you will have your discharges in the morning."

My duds were soon gathered together as there was not much left of the outfit I had received in Falmouth two years and eight months before. Ayang got my overcoat and a suit of tailored shore clothes which had become altogether too small for me. But the worst of it was to write home to my parents that I had now held to the decision of which I had advised them in my letter from Hong Kong. There had been no word from them since. Father was a loving but strict man; what would he say to my leaving the ship? It was best to sleep on it.

The next day, when I went to the cabin for my final account, which, according to my reckoning, ran to about 49 rix dalers, the captain presented me with a statement whereby I owed him 7 rix dalers — 5½ paper dollars — with this explanation, "As you are leaving the ship here, against my wish, you will not have the increase which I promised you; that was only given on the understanding that you remained aboard the ship till we arrived home. Your book is made up according to the 4 rix dalers per month for which you signed on at Falmouth. You will receive your discharge when you pay what you owe me."

That he had entered on my certificate the two first promotions with their increase in wages, date and signature, was not taken into account. Christian loaned me the money, readily enough, and this I paid to the captain, after which my certificate was turned over to me and the other papers. But he refused to give me a character for the time I had been with him, and dismissed me with, "Now I haven't time to talk with you longer."

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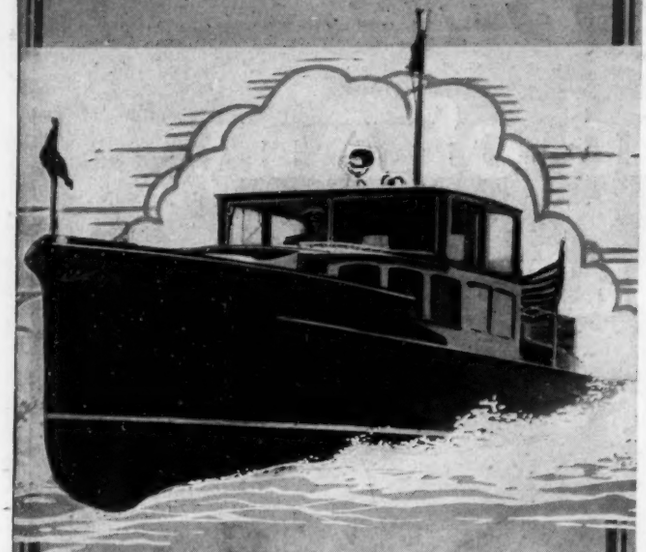

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YOU may still have a Ludership of your own this summer . . . and have it when you want it. Our custom-built 42 and 45 foot fast commuting cruisers are on hand for immediate delivery.

If you expect to properly see this season's races—the regattas at New London and Poughkeepsie, the Gold Cup and Bermuda races, the preliminary competitions and the International Cup Races themselves—you'll need a fast, safe, comfortable craft.

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## *Wander Bird* and the Blue Waters

(*Continued from page 80*)

sight as one could wish. There were a few frantic moments while we kept our heads low and worked behind the shelter of the bulwarks. Then we had the boom fast to the port main rigging and could catch our breaths before proceeding to get it inboard. With a series of watch tackles, alternately applied, we captured the boom and the sail inch by inch, and in less than an hour had the main sheet again rove. No one on the ship ever needed to be told again how to handle a main sheet when jibing.

Our hopes of witnessing the start of the Plymouth-Santander Race were blasted by a dishearteningly slow passage to Plymouth. The winds were even lighter than they had been throughout the summer, and the amount of profanity in the ship's log is an index of the feelings incurred by standing a four-hour watch in a rolling calm. At the Longships we suffered exactly as Hildebrand did in the *Caltha* years before. Time after time we tacked, only to have the sweep of the Atlantic swells and the set of the tide set us up the Bristol Channel. Doggedly we battled on past Cape Cornwall, clawing offshore again and again with a dying wind that perversely headed us as it backed to the southwest. We were a full 12 hours in making four miles around that lonely light on its pile of hungry rocks.

The run from Plymouth to Cowes broke all our records. The southwester blew nobly, filling spinnaker, balloon jib and topsails and the schooner romped along at ten knots. One of the big racing cutters overhauled and passed us, but we made a good race of it before she won. We held the breeze right up to Bembridge, Isle of Wight, where we let go the hook, and waited for the approaching spring tide so we could get into Woodnutt's Yard, that base of operations where we fitted out *Primrose IV* and where, in my olden dreams, I had always wanted to fit out my own ship for another Transatlantic passage.

Now we were to go home. The *Wander Bird* had had her shake-down and was ready for the jaunt through the Trades. At last we had time to get in the extra ballast she needed, to rig the square yard, to check up on a hundred small items we wanted done. We would take about a month getting ready. That would give the West Indies time to get the last hurricanes out of their system and afford us a chance to do some playing and resting in the midst of a delightful summer colony.

Heigh-ho for the Northeast Trades!

(*To be concluded*)

---

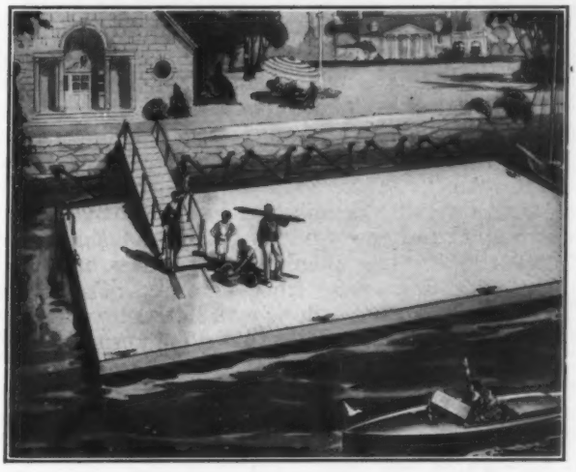
## The Two *Corsairs*

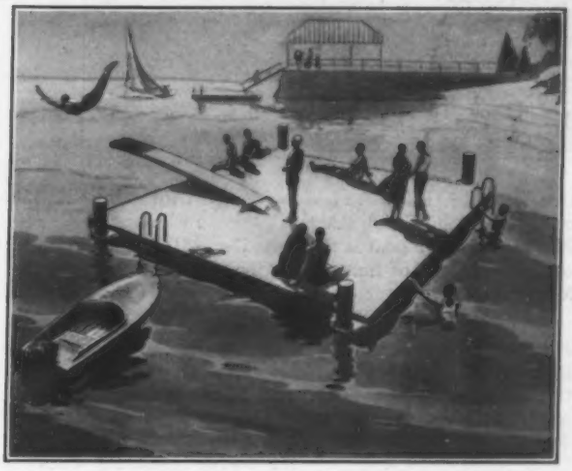
(*Continued from page 57*)

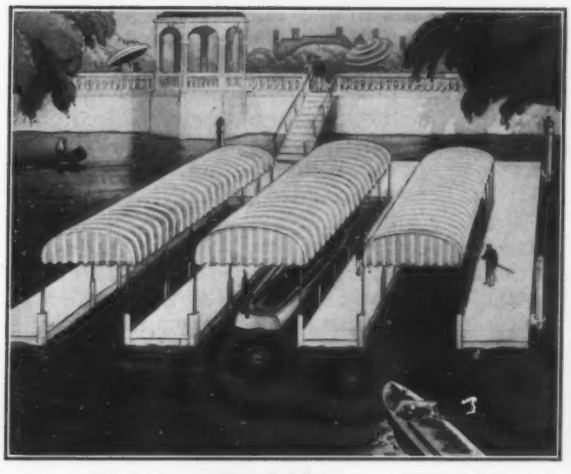
the conflict. Many more months were to pass before these submarine marauders would cease their depredations — months filled with monotony and soul-trying experiences for the Patrol, but their ultimate triumph was no longer in doubt. Thousands of tons of allied shipping would yet be sacrificed; a few homeward bound empty transports would be torpedoed but the submarine menace as a vital and deciding issue had been averted.

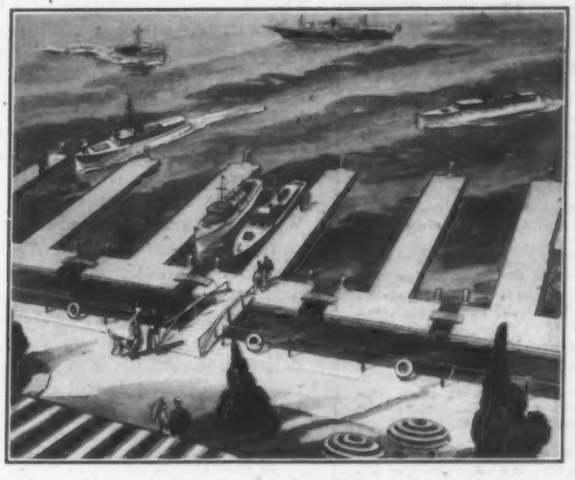
During the period of her duty in the war zone the *Corsair* steamed more than twice the distance around the world in her cruising in and around the Bay of Biscay. For the period May to September, 1918, inclusive, her mileage exceeded that of any of the other yachts or smaller destroyers. Her overhaul periods were rare; her breathing spells in port short and infrequent. Only once did she win a long — and well-merited — respite from the difficult and frequently hazardous duty

# ARTISTIC STEEL FLOATS









THE problem of securing a durable yet artistic float has been solved by the engineers of the Walsh-Bugbee Company. Designed for utility, yet these floats will add a touch of color to the water front of private homes or clubs. ∽∽ Made in several styles for all purposes, the above illustrations picture some of the uses to which these floats may be put. ∽∽ The steel construction permits of ease in handling, shipping and storing. In fact, there are no floats made which have such a multitude of advantages combined with such real beauty. ∽∽ We have prepared an illustrated booklet which is yours for the asking. It is hoped that the illustrations in this booklet may serve to convey to you our ability to cater to your individual requirements.

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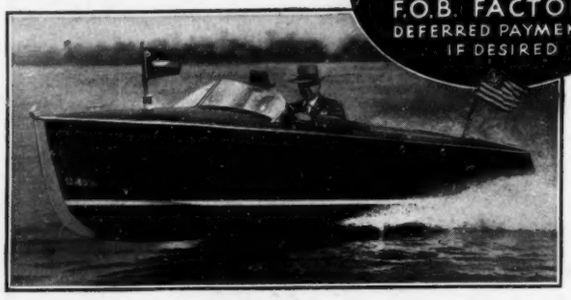

**Again Dee Wite electrifies the boating world with a boat building achievement of extraordinary interest to those who want super boat value! Not just *another* boat is this new 17-foot Dee Wite runabout, but a totally new type of boat—finer, faster, more seaworthy and more dependable than ever before hoped for at such reasonable price.**

**The entire boating world is amazed and astounded at this newest Dee Wite accomplishment. Astounded at the quality of its African mahogany and tough, white oak construction. Astounded at its full-size comfort, previously unthought of in a boat of 17-foot length. Astounded at the beauty of its finish and the deep, restful luxury of its loose cushion cockpits. Thrilled and breathless at its brilliant performance ability—its quick acceleration and its soft, vibrationless swiftness at top speed.**

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*Beam*—5′ 5″.

*Freeboard*—29″.

*Power*—40 h. p., 4-cylinder marine motor with electric starter, generator and storage battery.

*Speed*—25 m. p. h.

*Construction*—African mahogany, over white oak keel, chines and frames.

*Upholstery*—Loose cushion type in smart red shade, green optional.

*Finish*—4 coat varnish finish; seamed forward deck; heavily nickeled fittings.

*Equipment*—Most complete of any craft within several hundred dollars of its price. Includes instrument board with oil gauge, ammeter, starter button, rubber mounted windshield, combination flag and light fixtures, burgee and ensign, stern light, anchor, anchor line, mooring lines and tool kit.

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of convoy and patrol work. The incident that occupied this lay-up period very nearly concluded the history of the *Corsair*. For the storm that whipped the bay during December, 1917, proved a much greater peril to the intrepid yacht than the German Navy. On that memorable occasion the *Corsair* was the only member of the escort group which was not a *bona fide* man-of-war, designed alike to stand the stress of storm and the attack of the enemy. Losing contact with the rest of the convoy in her extremity, the vessel made an attempt to reach Brest as a port of refuge. In order to do this it was necessary to shape a course which brought the sea almost abeam. As the storm hourly gathered momentum and the barometer dizzily continued its downward plunge, the *Corsair* found herself at the mercy of a hurricane, the strength of which had not, according to the local old-timers, been exceeded in twenty years. By continuing her wallowing course towards Brest the danger all the while became more imminent and, finally, the hope of reaching safety on the French coast abandoned, the course was laid to the southward. Speaking of this trying episode in the life of the *Corsair* Mr. Ralph Paine in his book, "The *Corsair* in the War Zone," makes this observation:

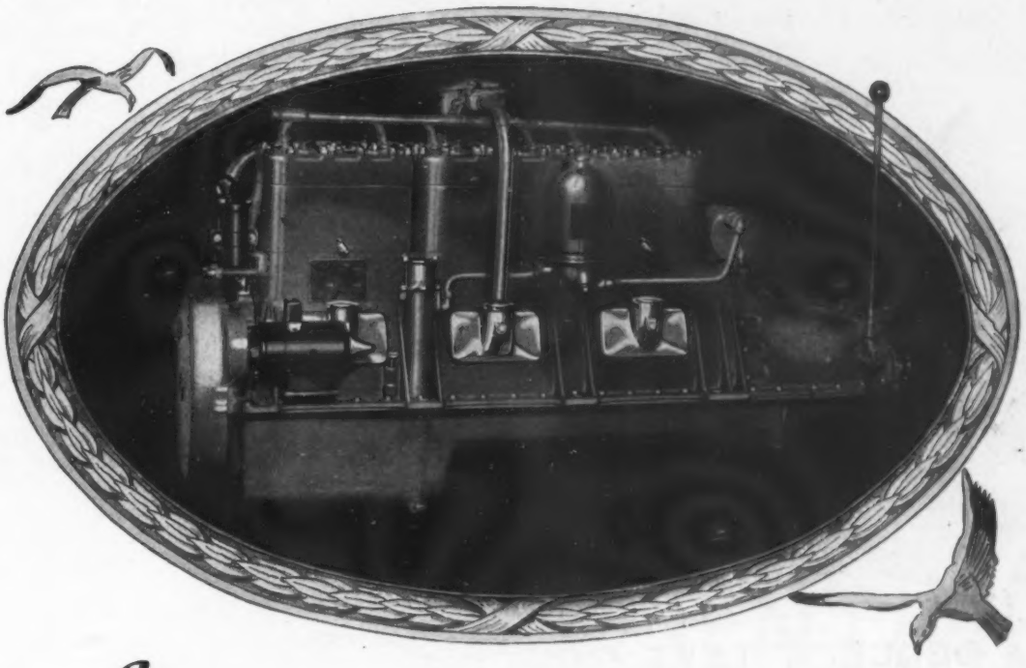
"Man has contrived many cunningly ingenious structures, but none of them nobler than a staunch and well-found ship. The *Corsair* was a shell of thin steel plates, but every line and curve and hollow of them had been influenced by the experiences of centuries of warfare with the sea. A good ship is, in a way, the heritage from unnumbered builders who, patiently, intelligently, wrought in wood by rule of thumb to fashion the frames and timbers and planking of frigates and barks and stately clippers long since vanished. The *Corsair* was given beauty to a sailor's eye, but there was more than this — the indomitable quality of resistance which is like the will to endure."

Two days after her triumph over the elements a bruised and battered *Corsair* was steaming into the hospitable harbor of the Allied port of Lisbon. For the succeeding six weeks the best mechanics and most skilled artisans in the Portuguese capital worked unceasingly to repair the badly damaged *Corsair*. Persistently withholding all estimates of costs from the commanding officer, the splendid reconditioning was completed without charge to the United States, and Portuguese authorities resolutely refused to the very end to accept any compensation.

It has been often stated — and I believe correctly so — that the American Navy has saved more lives than it has ever destroyed. Certainly, this statement applies with double force to the two *Corsairs*. The smoke of battle had scarcely cleared away before the first *Corsair* was busily rescuing her late enemies from the wrecks that had once been the indomitable Spanish ships *Pluton, Furor* and the flagship *Infanta Maria Teresa*. Twenty years later the second *Corsair* was as busily engaged on errands of mercy in behalf of the U-boat victims in the war zone. The latter effected many timely rescues, including nondescript Breton fishermen and fifty survivors from the torpedoed Army transport *Antilles;* but there were few rescue operations more successful or less stirring than on the occasion when she effected the rescue of the crew of the *U. S. S. Californian* without the loss of a single life. Unsatisfied with this, she attempted to take the stricken vessel, which was a half dozen times her own size, in tow. She only desisted in these attempts when the great cargo vessel disappeared — almost literally, on the other end of the *Corsair's* tow line.

During the convoy operations overseas it was a frequent occurrence for laggard merchantmen to stray from the secure fold of the escort. It was on one such

# *Every line of the SCRIPPS spells* PERFORMANCE



IN outward appearance no motor is as strikingly impressive as the SCRIPPS. Its contour, its compactness, its simple lines spell sturdiness and denote a motor that will readily and steadily perform.

As the features of its design and construction are studied, this promise of performance becomes more emphatic.

Engineering foresight is equally apparent in its details and fundamentals.

The over-size, counter-balanced, patented crankshaft provides that "backbone" so essential to smoothness, silence and long life. Every other working part is proportioned with like skill.

Weight, where necessary, has been scientifically applied. Space has been conserved and accessibility heightened by the proper planning of the main assembly coupled with the logical placement of accessories. SCRIPPS motors combine strength with moderate weight, compactness with accessibility.

*Illustrated is the*
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150 H. P. at 2200 R. P. M.
*One of a line of fifteen models 15 to 200 horsepower for high speed and medium duty.*

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*6 Models*
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*SALES AND SERVICE:* NEW YORK, N. Y., Holt Marine Engineering Corporation, 611 West 125th Street—BOSTON, MASS., Noyes Marine Company, 305 East Congress Street—PHILADELPHIA, PA., Marine Equipment & Supply Company, 116 Walnut Street—MIAMI, FLORIDA, J. Frank Knorr, 528 N. W. Seventh Avenue—NEW ORLEANS, LA., Arthur Duvic's Sons, 122 Chartres Street—SEATTLE, WASH., Atlas Engine Company, 69 Columbia Street—WILMINGTON, CAL., Yacht & Motor Sales Corporation.

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In action, a DART boat is easily distinguished by her exceptionally level planing angle. It suggests a fast plane at the instant of take-off.

The prow of a Dart is held low, cutting the water evenly and throwing a flat spray well away from the sides of the boat.

A further identifying mark is a bright silvery arrow mounted along her combing. In a race you will usually find this glistening ensignia well in the front, for Dart boats combine MORE SPEED PER HORSE-POWER with unusual seaworthiness and smooth riding quality.

Four models, 30-foot, 26-foot, 22½-foot and the sensational new 18½-foot runabout.

WRITE FOR INTERESTING DESCRIPTIVE PORTFOLIO OF ALL FOUR MODELS

DART BOATS, INCORPORATED

Toledo, Ohio

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occasion, when the *Corsair* was scouring the bay in order to round up and return one of her truants to the brood, that she accidentally fell into an experience that won for her skipper a letter of commendation. The *Dagfin*, a helpless Norwegian tramp loaded with supplies for the Italian government, was found floundering dejectedly with her crankshaft broken. Thus for six days she had drifted forlornly, a choice morsel for an enemy submarine. Heaving to nearby, the *Corsair* waited for the weather to moderate, and as soon as conditions permitted she had the hapless one on the end of a "string," and towed her for 300 miles through the submarine zone and safely into port.

The *Corsair* commenced her long cruise abroad with a skipper from the regular Navy, Commander T. A. Kittinger, U.S.N. She completed it under the command of a reserve officer, Lieutenant Commander W. B. Porter, who had acted as Executive Officer under his predecessor and who had for 16 years previously commanded the yacht when she flew the pennant of the New York Yacht Club. Due to the shifting fortunes of war only 20 of the original 130 officers and men that constituted her complement when she sailed from New York with the first American Expeditionary force returned home in her.

Almost two years after she had left there the *Corsair* reëntered New York harbor. Within a week came orders from district headquarters to turn her back to her owner. Two months later she was flying the flag of the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, a yacht once more with only here and there about her hull and decks the mute evidences that once she had been the terror of the German U-boat, the *S. P. 159*.

Recently, and for the last time, she has passed again to government ownership — on this occasion to a peace time service. On January 1st, 1930, for the agreed sum of one dollar, Mr. Morgan who is building a new yacht, transferred the second *Corsair* to the Department of Commerce. Under the new name of the *Oceanographer* she will fly the flag of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. It is perhaps especially fitting that this noble vessel which for so long plied the seas in search of the awe-inspiring U-boat should round out her career hunting the dread of all mariners — in peace and war alike — rocks and shoals, twin menaces that mark the approach to every harbor and coastline.

Perhaps having in mind the fate of other yachts which had seen service under the American flag, Mr. Morgan carefully stipulated in the contract that when her services were no longer required by the government the vessel should be scrapped, but never sold.

---

### *Windjammer* and *Haligonian* Win

(*Continued from page 64*)

At eight bells of the breakfast watch we discovered that a shark or a barracuda had snatched the spinner from our taffrail log. From then on till we arrived at Havana, we used the cabin clock as a speedometer, multiplying the hours by five and a half knots.

At ten, Sunday morning, the Coast Guard came down upon us from northwest and, in answer to our hoist of code flag and "h," ranged alongside and advised us that he had reported positions of all the racers by radio that morning. Bos'un Leonard, officer in charge, informed us that *Starland*, *Haligonian*, *Windjammer* and *Mallard* were fairly close together ahead and leading *Sunshine* by about three miles; that about ten miles west of us *Quo Vadis*, one of the Cuban entries, was leading *Marelen II*, *Chunga* and *Game Cock*.

# TRAPPED....*by these...*

## SENTINELS of SILENCE

They had worked the coast safely for years. At the first sound of the Government's cutters they were away in the dark. But not that night. In silence the revenue men bore down upon them. A flash of the searchlight. Captured. The Government boat had been equipped with Maxim Silencers. The approach had been made without noise.

A story with a point, because silent operation of your boat is just as desirable. With Maxim Silencers, you have complete quiet at any speed, and without loss of power. Not a muffler, a silencer - - - that turns explosions into a quiet stream of air. A Sentinel of Silence dispelling those Devils of Din. Inexpensive and easily attached to the exhaust pipe, obtainable for any engine need through dealers everywhere.

Rout those "Devils of Din"

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# BERMUDA

**5 Days—$76 and up**

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***Including First Class Ship and Hotel Accommodations with meals***

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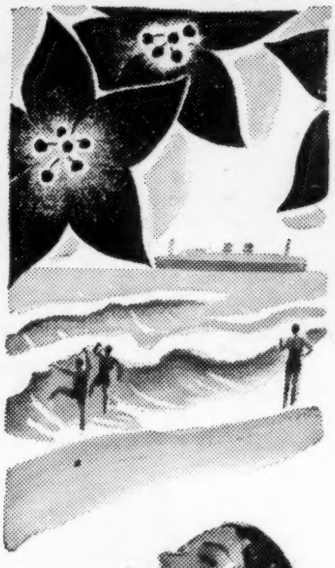
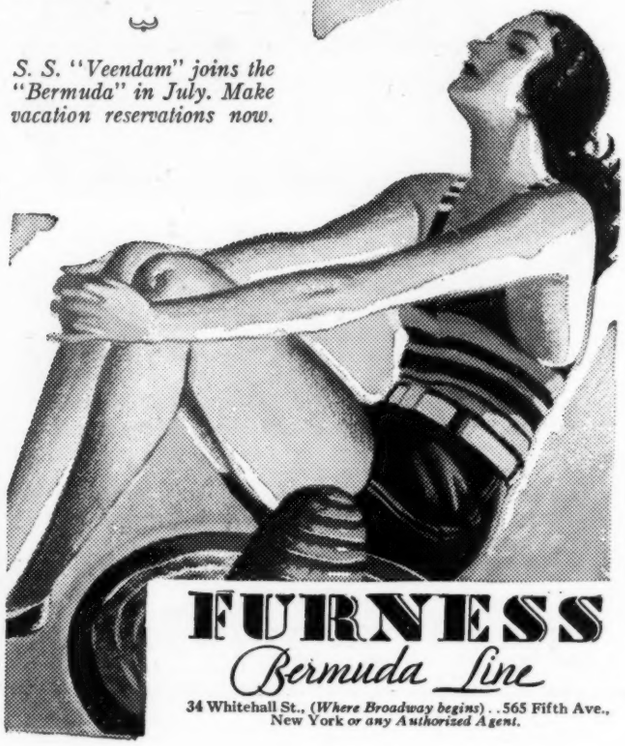
**BERMUDA'S coral beaches and joyous round of sports and social frolics are only 48 hours away — 48 hours of transatlantic luxury and pleasure. Back again in five days, if necessary, feeling as though you'd been away just twice as long. These special rates are all in your favor.**



*Regular sailings on new 20,000-ton motorship "Bermuda" and the famous "Ft. St. George." Ships sail direct from dock to dock. No 5 mile transfer by tender at Hamilton.*

*This year the "Bermuda" will remain in service during May — sailing May 3, 10, 17, 24.*

*S. S. "Veendam" joins the "Bermuda" in July. Make vacation reservations now.*



**FURNESS**
*Bermuda Line*

34 Whitehall St., (*Where Broadway begins*) . . 565 Fifth Ave., New York *or any Authorized Agent.*


We rolled along under main, mizzen, balloon jib, balloon staysail, a raffee at the main top and a storm jib bent upon the main boom as a water sail. Must have looked like a clothes line on Monday morning. At sundown we sighted *Pieces of Eight*, over the edge, almost dead ahead.

That evening, about 10 o'clock, we sighted the flare of the light on Dry Tortugas, visible 19 miles, bearing almost southwest, and soon after picked up the flash of Rebecca Shoal, almost over the bowsprit. Passing close enough to Rebecca Light (11:40 P.M.) to flash a hand torch upon the structure, we encountered a very strong northerly current for approximately a quarter of a mile. As we crossed over Rebecca Shoal, the breeze shifted from north to northeast and increased, and we knew we would have the good old trade wind with which to cross the Gulf Stream.

In crossing the Stream, we reduced canvas to working sails and balloon jib because of the confused swell, which threw our gear around aloft. Making allowance

Gidge Gandy on the deck of his ketch *Cynosure*.

for the Stream, we miscalculated its strength and *Cynosure* approached the Cuban coast too far to eastward, the worst mistake which could have been made. Although the trade wind was blowing strong, it was a slower process to make leeway against the current than to work up to windward.

During the latter part of the morning, *Pieces of Eight* was sighted to leeward and slightly astern of us. Despite the sea which was running, we set every inch of light canvas which the spars would hold and rigged additional spars to carry more. Until then, *Pieces of Eight* was coming along under working canvas, but upon sighting our kites going up, she spread one piece after another. The pair of us finished in style, not reducing sail till almost at the harbor entrance. *Pieces of Eight* led *Cynosure* over the line by five minutes.

A motor yacht, flying the Havana Yacht Club burgee, and the Cuban ensign, met us at Morro Castle and gave us a gun. Inside the harbor, just beyond Cabanas Fortress, we found *Starland*, *Sunshine*, *Windjammer*, and *Haligonian*. Mallard had sailed to the westward and entered the Rio Alamendares, where there is an anchorage. *Quo Vadis*, *Chunga* and *Game Cock* crossed the line several hours later. As I write, the ketch *Temptress* of Miami is coming into the harbor with the quarantine flag in her main rigging. She should have been in the race.

Yes, the social features of the race are a success! In fact, it seems to me that never have a group of sailor-

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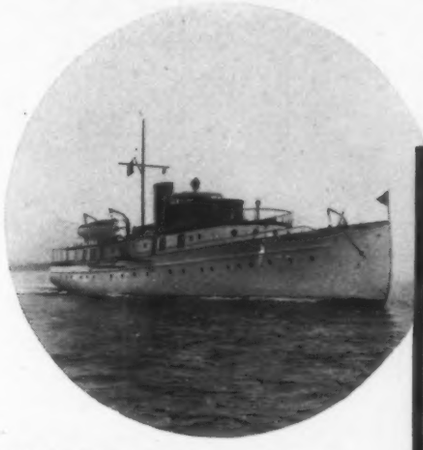
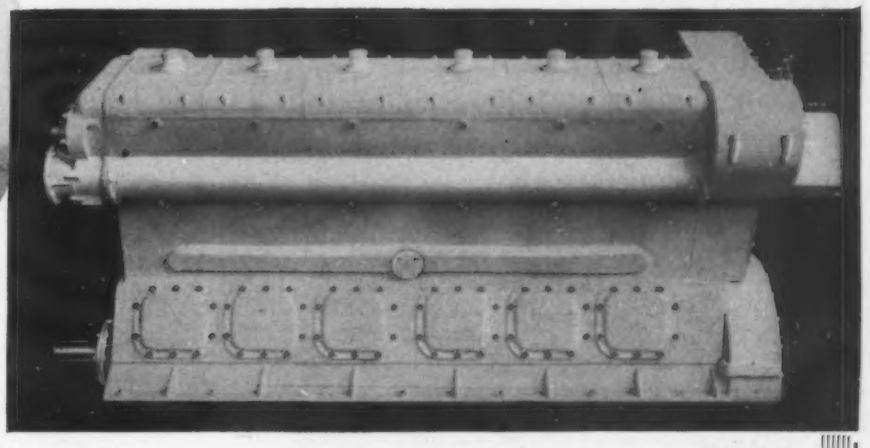
## you get it in Treiber Diesels



"VARA". 150 ft. O. A. Length, 24 ft. Beam, 6½ ft. Draft, powered with 1500 H. P. Treiber Diesel Propelling Engines (twin 750 H. P.) which drive her safely and quietly at better than 20 knots. At the right: side view of one of VARA'S Treiber Diesel engines.



◆

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4 cyl. 65 H. P.
6 cyl. 100 to 225 H. P.
12 V-cyl. 200 to 450 H. P.

DIRECT REVERSIBLE TYPE

6 cyl. 225 to 1500 H. P.
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But SAFETY was to be had only at the sacrifice of SPEED!

Now, however, with the development of the Treiber line of Diesel engines, there has been added to the important factor of SAFETY, the thrill of spray-scattering speed!

Skillful engineering has given these remarkable Treiber Diesels the additional qualities of economy, cleanliness and the complete cruising comfort to be derived from smooth operation.

If you are interested in learning more about these modern yacht Diesels that scale about one-third the weight and occupy about one-sixth the space of former Diesels, write for the Treiber Bulletins, indicating the size of your present or proposed boat, her power and the speed desired. We shall promptly send you, without obligation, information that should prove a revelation to you of the possibilities for greater yachting enjoyment with Treiber Diesels.

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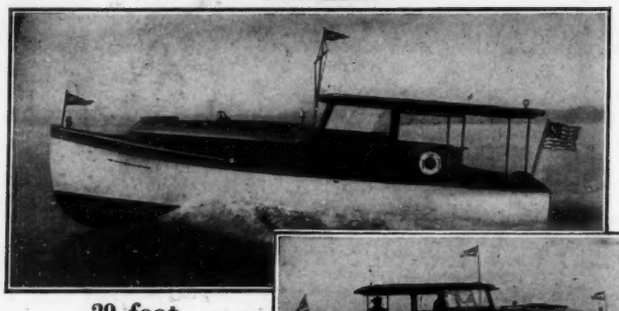
FAST - SAFE - CLEAN - ECONOMICAL - QUIET - SMOOTH



29–foot Wheeler "PLAYMATE"

26–foot Wheeler "PLAYMATE"

WHEN "Playmate Time" rolls around, everybody will be afloat. How about you — will you be there? Right now is the time to select your "Playmate" for the pleasure season just ahead. It doesn't make any difference what kind of a boat you want, you'll find it among the snappy new "Playmate" models . . . every one of them smart, staunch, trustworthy and sea-resisting.

**"PLAYMATES" are Built by Men Who Know**

Run down to "Playmate Harbor"; let us show you how these remarkable boats are made. See for yourself the materials we use; see with what scrupulous care every detail is worked out; *see them in action!* Demonstration by appointment.

*Write for Catalog B*

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men become so well acquainted in so short a time. Already the deck talk deals with next year's St. Petersburg-Havana Race and, if predictions prove but two per cent correct, it will be a fleet which will make Bermuda, Block Island, Mackinac, and Honolulu race men wonder what has happened down here on the Gulf of Mexico!

Start 11:30, Saturday, March 29th

| Yachts and Owners | Yacht Club | Elapsed Time | Time Allowance | Corrected Time |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| CLASS A | | | | |
| *Windjammer* — Garner H. Tullis | Southern | 44:00 | 12:51 | 31:09 |
| *Sunshine* — H. S. Denniston | Mobile | 45:36 | 9:24 | 36:12 |
| *Starland* — Chas. S. Gerth | Southern | 41:52 | 0:00 | 41:52 |
| CLASS B | | | | |
| *Haligonian* — Houston Wall | Tampa | 41:42 | 0:21 | 41:21 |
| *Pieces of Eight* — F. G. Wagner | St. Petersburg | 50:10 | 7:01 | 43:09 |
| *Marelen II* — L. L. McMasters | St. Petersburg | 52:14 | 7:24 | 44:50 |
| *Mallard* — Robert Moore, Jr. | Southern | 45:17 | 0:00 | 45:17 |
| *Cynosure* — Gidge Gandy | C. C. of A. | 50:15 | 4:51 | 45:24 |
| *Quo Vadis* — Leonardo Cano | Havana | 55:02 | 8:20 | 46:42 |
| *Chunga* — Dr. L. R. Beriguestain | Miramar | 55:14 | 7:57 | 47:17 |
| *Game Cock* — Wm. B. Allen | Miami | 55:40 | 8:10 | 47:30 |

## Canada's Cup Chasers

(*Continued from page 59*)

Halifax for the purposes of supervision. In addition, the eagle eye of Lloyd's representative has rested on the growth of the Roué craft from the moment her lead was cast.

The Roué entry is in-between as regards water line length, displacement, and sail area. She has practically the same beam and draft as the Fife design; she has the same amount of hoist as the Nicholson yacht. In form she seems a little fuller in the body; perhaps a little hollower in the garboards. The skipper of an America's Cup challenger who saw her lines last summer prophesied that she would be faster and faster to windward the harder it blew; he thought she would come into her own in all breezes from eight knots upward. There is much more wood in her underbody than in that of the Fife yacht, for all her floors are hand-carved mahogany, in contrast to the Scottish yacht's extensive use of metal. Both will be very strong, and, of course, up to Lloyd's highest requirements for their class. In top weight the Roué sloop may be the lighter. She uses some very light cedar planking, canvas-covered, for decking. She is a good, wholesome design throughout, and while her creator has had less experience with the metre classes than either of his old-world rivals the success of his designs in fishermen and yachts on this side of the Atlantic guarantees that this all-Canadian aspirant will be a serious contender for cup honors.

By February the challengers had got so far with their flotilla that names and paint and managing skippers had been chosen, thus:

Fife design, to be finished with white topsides, black sheer-ribbon, green or blue boot-top, and bronze underbody. Skipper, Norman Gooderham, in whose shop she was built. Name, *Quest*.

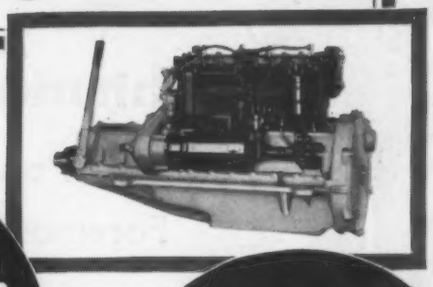
Roué design, blue topsides, white boot-top, gold sheer-ribbon, and bronze underbody. Blue, white and gold are Royal Canadian club colors, and the yacht is a product of the R. C. Y. C. shops. Fleet-Captain T. K. Wade, managing skipper. Name, *Norseman*, adopted tentatively with a possibility of change to suit the "sex" of the ship.

Nicholson design, bright mahogany topsides, gold sheer-ribbon, white boot-top, bronze underbody. Skipper, Rear Commodore E. K. M. Wedd. Name, *Vision*.

# now 3

## Super-Quality 100% Marine

# Blue Jackets



**40 HP. $495**

**44 HP. $585**

**47 HP. $675**

## *The most important announcement Universal has ever made*

True Blue Jacket quality is now available in a far wider price range than anyone heretofore has considered possible.

This means that the distinguishing features of Blue Jacket design and construction may now be enjoyed, at far lower prices, by those people who do not need the exceptionally complete equipment of the standard Blue Jacket. And it means that Blue Jacket quality is available in lower ranges for those who do not demand extremely high speeds.

Whichever of these three Blue Jackets you select, you are sure of getting the features with which Blue Jackets set the pace for the entire industry—a pace which has never even been approached by any other motors. You get high power at light weight, 5-bearing, dynamically balanced crankshafts, blow-out proof cylinder head fastening, perfect cooling, specially designed pistons—and a score of others.

Here—in a nutshell—are the differences, the *only* differences—between these three Blue Jackets. The 47 H.P. model, selling at $675, is the Blue Jacket you already know, the motor that created such a sensation when it was first presented at the New York Show. Formerly, conservatively rated at 45 H.P., these motors have consistently and unfailingly delivered 47 H.P. Completely equipped with every convenience, even including a tachometer-equipped instrument panel.

The 44 H.P. Blue Jacket, priced at $585, is precisely the same motor except that it is slightly lower powered, and standard equipment does not include oil filter, fuel pump, instrument panel, tachometer and connection.

The 40 H.P. $495 Blue Jacket is the same motor in basic design, but is built to turn at lower speeds (3200 r.p.m. as compared with 4000 r.p.m. for the others). Alloy iron rather than aluminum is used for cylinder head and oil base, a lower speed carburetor is used, and the oil filter and cooler are eliminated. In every other respect it is the same high-quality motor as are its higher priced mates.

From this line of great Universal Blue Jackets you can now select the model best suited to your needs and purse. Write us today for full particulars.

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| The Single Cylinder | 6-8 HP |
| The Flexifour | 10-15 HP |
| The Super Four | 35-50 HP |
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"SALTAIR" "SALTAIR"

These managing skippers will have responsibility for the challengers up to the time they are turned over to the sailing committee of the club for the trial races to choose the ultimate Canadian champion early in July. One or all of them may sail one or all of the aspirants in the trial races, with the probability strong that the skipper chosen to sail the Canada's Cup challenger will be Norman Gooderham.

The defenders, too, had let no grass grow on their keels. They had got down to names, paint and skippers, and the forecast of a third defender, ready-built, from last year's crop of eight-metres, had been fulfilled. The Rochester line had formed thus:

*Thisbe*, designed by Clinton H. Crane and built in 1929, runner-up to *Gypsy* in the Seawanhaka Cup trials.

Profile and sail plan of Roué-designed challenger for the Canada's Cup.

Secured by Commodore W. P. Barrows as a trial horse for the new yachts. White topsides, green underbody. Barrows will sail her.

*Cayuga*, designed by Frank C. Paine and built by Lawley's for Rochester Yacht Club syndicate. Black above, white or light below.

*Conewago*, designed by Olin J. Stephens of the firm of Sparkman and Stephens, and built by Robert Jacob of City Island, for a private Rochester syndicate composed of Andrew C. Gleason, Jas. E. Gleason, Thos. W. Finnucane, Albert B. Eastwood, and Geo. H. Clark. Skipper, Walter L. Farley. Paint, all white, except for a narrow dark boot-top.

In naming their new aspirants Rochester followed the classic custom of taking local Indian names, streams in the vicinity furnishing the appellations. The custom worked out well for Rochester in the brilliant careers of *Genesee*, *Irondequoit*, *Iroquois* and *Seneca*, every one of which proved a winner in Canada's Cup contests.

Comparative dimensions of three Canadian 8-metres:

| | Fife | Roué | Nicholson |
|---|---|---|---|
| Length over all | 48 ft. | 48 ft. 2½ in. | 48 ft. 3 in. |
| Water line length | 29 ft. 4 in. | 30 ft. | 30 ft. 6 in. |
| Beam | 8 ft. 9¼ in. | 8 ft. 4 in. | 8 ft. 3 in. |
| Draft | 6 ft. 4 in. | 6 ft. 4 in. | 6 ft. 5 in. |
| Sail area | 847 sq. ft. | 839 sq. ft. | 815 sq. ft. |
| Approximate displacement | 16,078 lbs. | 17,164 lbs. | 18,794 lbs. |

All of these figures are unofficial, but not one is very far out.

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SQUEEZING in the pantry isn't done any more, William! Leads to such a muss! When you want fresh orange juice today, you get the world's finest in the brilliant jet bottle of Orange Crush-Dry. You pour, don't squeeze!

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Contains the fresh fruit vitamines intact—the healthful qualities of orange juice—most refreshing at breakfast—children are delighted with it.

Dash of lemon and lime already added and a zippy flavor of the peel—an ambrosial blend ready for what have you, and what a drink by itself!

Orange Crush-Dry is a social conquest. Why stick around with a squeezer?

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**SAFETY LENGTH—FULL 17 FEET**
**MORE MILES TO THE GALLON**

WOULD you like to own a new, fast, completely-equipped inboard motorboat that all the family can drive this summer? With all the style and good looks of a big $3,000 runabout? And faster, probably, than anything of its size or class in your neighborhood? Strong, safe and seaworthy, and economical . . .

That's what the new Dunphy Flying Dutchman is—the achievement of 64 years of boatbuilding, and more honest value for your money than you could ever buy before. Follow us carefully while we give you a few facts about this remarkable boat. (1) Double framework on bottom, all strong white oak. (2) African mahogany planking throughout. (3) All copper and brass fastened. (4) Expensive, durable upholstery. (5) Automatic self-baler. (6) 2" extra width in front cockpit. (7) Extra room around motor. (8) Unusually wide stern—better riding qualities. (9) 28 m. p. h. (10) More miles to the gallon. (11) Shatter-proof glass windshield. (12) Dependable safety length—17 ft. (13) Plenty of room (beam 5'2") for five.

Driving the Flying Dutchman is an entirely new sensation. You get all the comfort and substantial feeling of a big $3,000 runabout. It *feels* safe and it is safe. And its unusual speed is a new delight you can't appreciate till you've stepped on the starter. *Your order can be filled immediately.*

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### California's Mid-Winter Regatta Opens American Racing Season

(*Continued from page 54*)

at San Pedro in 1929. Owen Churchill's *Friendship*, with which Nick Potter took third honors, also scored in but four races, having been damaged in the first race by E. H. Edward's San Francisco boat *Machree*, which lost her own mast when she bore down on *Friendship* during a thrash to windward. Farrand brought *Robin* to the line on Saturday, but the combination of a 35-mile wind and a slack stay caused him to withdraw.

**The designer, "Nick" Potter, and crew of *Marin;* Rolf Tomberg, F. M. Hoyt, skipper (center), F. E. Wulzen, S. Edwardson and Kenneth Cary.**

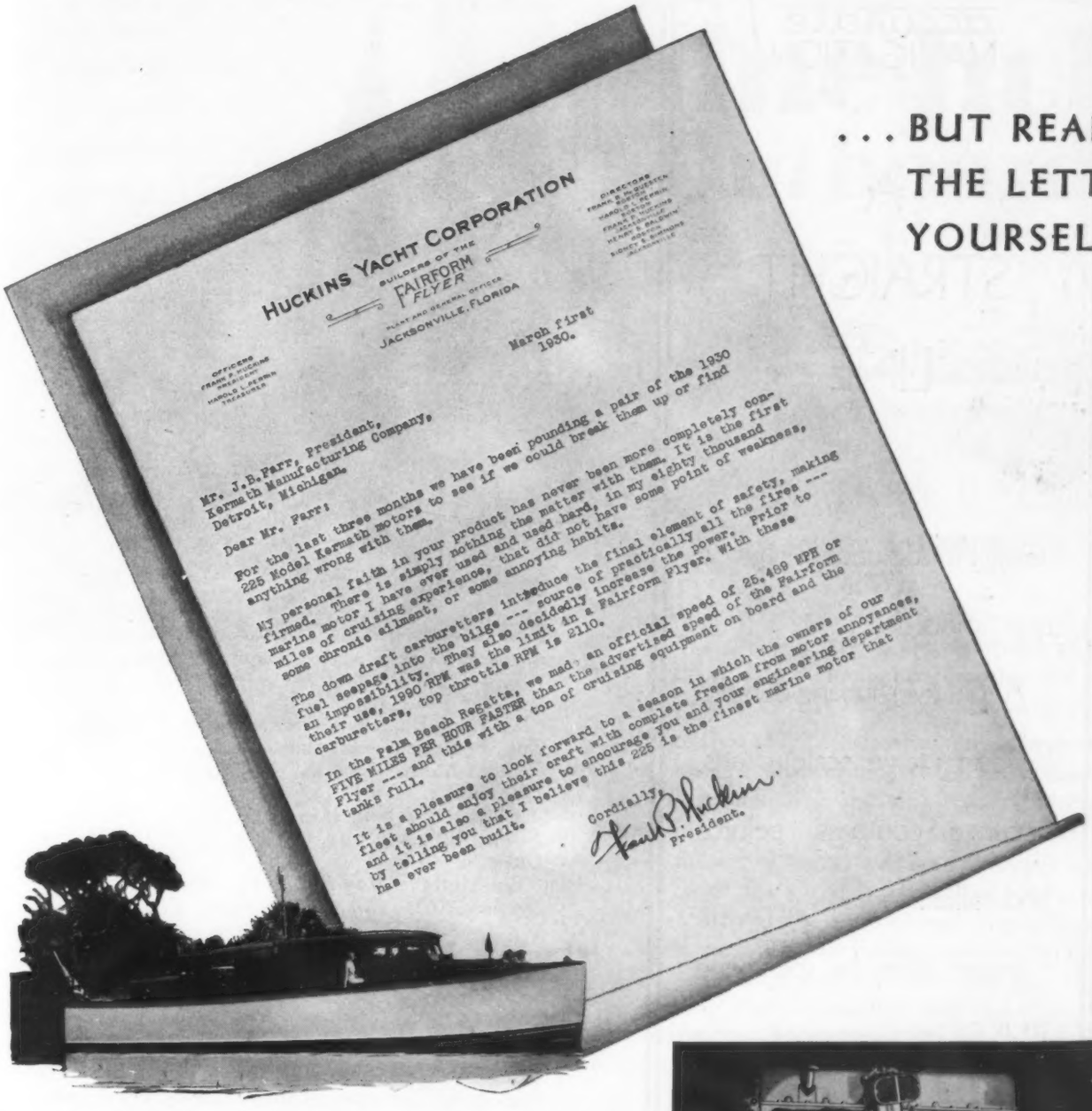
She won two out of the next three races by wide margins and then finished third in the final, despite losing her jib on the short windward leg to the finish. *Alert IV* was well sailed, as usual, by her owner, but lost the trophy through no fault of her own in the final race. O. K. Hunsaker's *Pirate*, sailed by Matt Walsh, fouled the Point Fermin whistling buoy on the second round and in falling away caught *Alert IV* helpless under her lee, while the rest of the "R's" sailed merrily by. *Lady Gay*, Charles Langlais' redoubtable heavy-weather "hack" from San Francisco, won both the first and fifth races, which were sailed in stiff breezes.

*May-Be's* victory in the Six-Metre Class was expected, it being axiomatic in California waters that the boat to be beaten is that one sailed by Arthur Rousseau. *May-Be* won three out of five events, placing third on Tuesday when Owen Dresden's *Clio* won in soft weather, and fourth on Wednesday when Hook Beardslee sailed "Al" Rogers' *Synnove* to a first place. Stuart Haldorn took second honors among the "Sixes" with his *Ayay-ay*, which last year won the Meyer Cup for the St. Francis Yacht Club, of San Francisco, in a sail-off of a tie with *May-Be*.

Third place was gained by Tommy Lee with his new *Caprice*, a trim little double-ender also designed by Potter. Although a brand-new boat and scarcely broken in during March race week, *Caprice* showed great promise in medium to fresh breezes, and also kept up in the van during the two days of light going. She was designed with an eye for San Francisco Bay conditions and will get her baptism of the blasts out of the Golden Gate on May 11th, when she will sail against a San Francisco defender for the historic Perpetual Challenge Trophy.

On the first two days of the regatta, Saturday and Sunday, the big sloops, the cruising classes, Stars and ba[illegible] skimmers raced. Syl Spalding's former yawl *Westward*, just rerigged as a Marconi sloop, won among the

# IRREVOCABLE EVIDENCE OF A TESTED SUPERIORITY



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March first
1930.

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The down draft carburetters introduce the final element of safety, making fuel seepage into the bilge --- source of practically all the fires --- an impossibility. They also decidedly increase the power. Prior to their use, 1990 RPM was the limit in a Fairform Flyer. With these carburetters, top throttle RPM is 2110.

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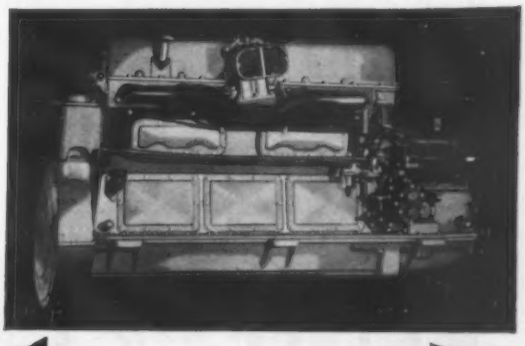
It is a pleasure to look forward to a season in which the owners of our fleet should enjoy their craft with complete freedom from motor annoyances, and it is also a pleasure to encourage you and your engineering department by telling you that I believe this 225 is the finest marine motor that has ever been built.

Cordially,
Frank P. Huckins
President.

## . . . BUT READ THE LETTER YOURSELF



No casual opinion this—nor vague generalities—but an impressive testimonial! And Mr. Huckins knows his marine motors—both as an experienced boat builder, graduate engineer, and yachtsman. His opinion bulks large with us. His views are invaluable. His endorsement of Kermath twin screw power for fast cruisers is striking evidence of the stamina and speed built into Kermath engines. The 45-foot Fairform Flyer, powered with twin 225-horsepower engines, gives a 20-mile cruising speed, top speeds of 25 miles per hour. Send for the new illustrated catalog on Kermath power for every boating need today. It will interest you in its completeness.

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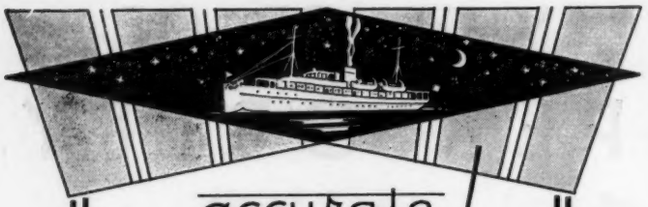

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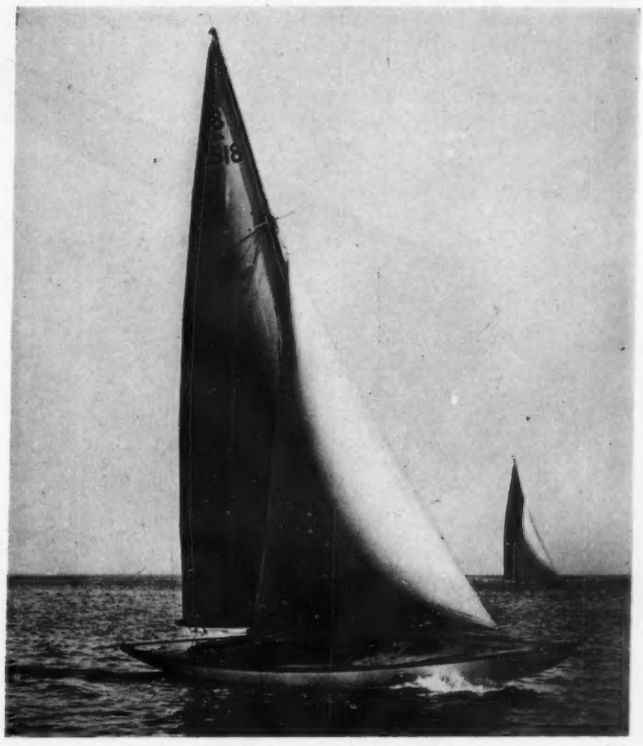
special sloops, with 9¼ points, against 7¼ for Henry Warren's *Ahmeek*. Angelman and Smith's schooner *Ocean Waif* again won easily in the 45-foot cruising class, with William Watson's schooner *Wiletie* second and Charles Farrell's yawl *Flying Cloud*, third. R. L. Russell's *Patricia* won the skimmer title and in the Star



***Angelita*, the new "Eight" designed by Nicholas Potter which gave *Marin* a hard tussle.**

Class Hook Beardslee's *Barbara J.* took the new Borzage Cup. Point scores for the three sloop classes follow:

Eight-Metre—*Marin*, 18¾; *Angelita*, 17½; *Babe*, 10; *Monidah*, 5.

Class R—*Robin*, 25½; *Alert IV*, 24¼; *Friendship*, 21; *Pirate*, 20; *Lady Gay*, 17½; *Heather*, 13; *Machree*, 12; *Debra*, 4.

Six-Metre—*May-Be*, 25¾; *Ayayay*, 22; *Caprice*, 21; *Synnove*, 16¼; *Clio*, 13¼; *Ednada V*, 8.

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### Piloting For The Beginner

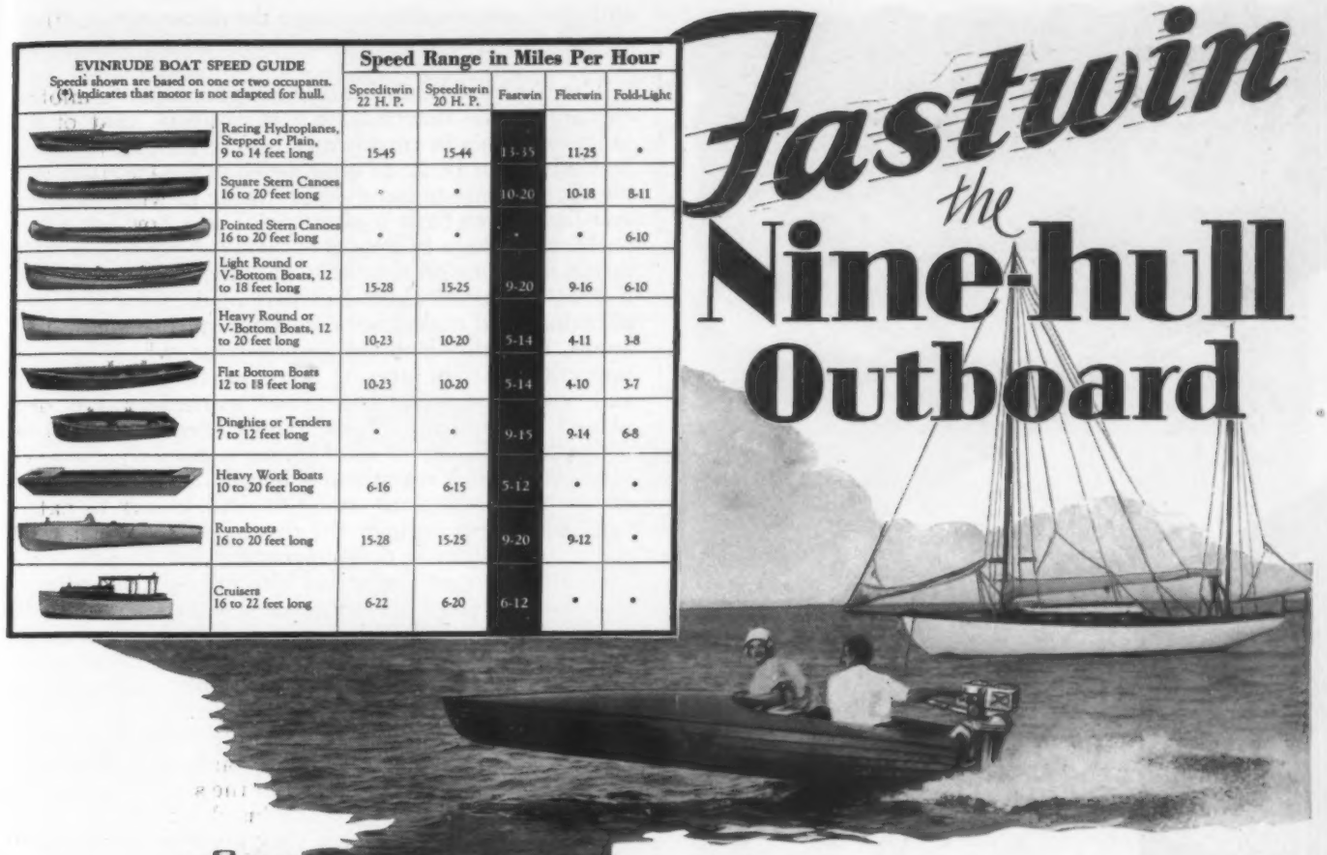
(*Continued from page 88*)

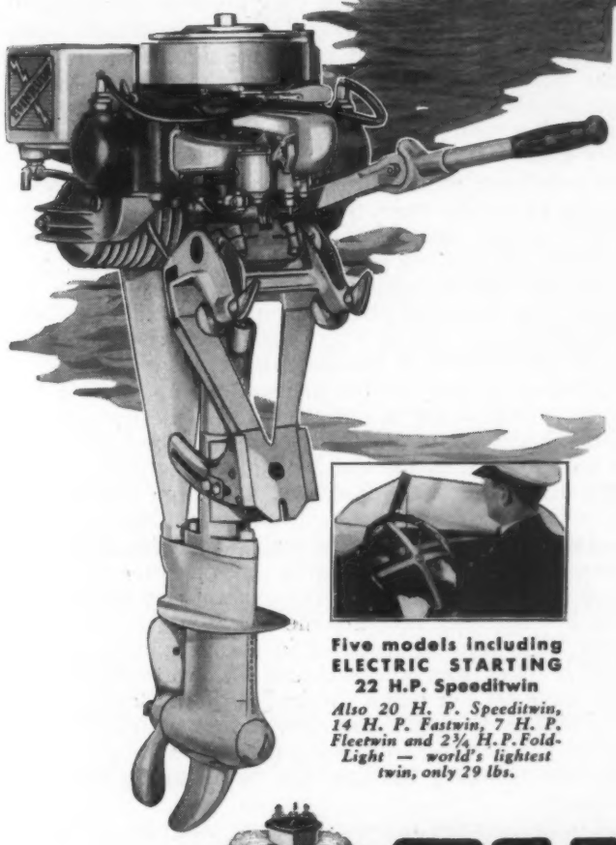
sighted upon, is the simplest and perhaps the best. In using any such device the thing to remember is that you must read the compass quickly, before the boat has a chance to change her heading.

The cross-bearing may be termed the general case, of which all other kinds of bearings are adaptations. There is one useful "special" that comes in very handy, especially at night. This is the "bow-and-beam" bearing, and its virtue is that it will give you knowledge of your position when there is but one object in sight: Make a note when a certain object bears 45 degrees off your bow (that is, half way between dead ahead and abeam) and again when it is right abeam, and the distance run between the two bearings will be the same as the distance which the object is from you when it is abeam. This, of course, gives you your position relative to that object and enables you to plot your position upon the chart, this time by means of a direction and a *distance* instead of two bearings which intersect. This method presupposes that you keep to the same course between bearings

| EVINRUDE BOAT SPEED GUIDE<br>Speeds shown are based on one or two occupants.<br>(*) indicates that motor is not adapted for hull. | | Speed Range in Miles Per Hour | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Speeditwin 22 H. P. | Speeditwin 20 H. P. | Fastwin | Fleetwin | Fold-Light |
| | Racing Hydroplanes, Stepped or Plain, 9 to 14 feet long | 15-45 | 15-44 | 11-35 | 11-25 | * |
| | Square Stern Canoes 16 to 20 feet long | * | * | 10-20 | 10-18 | 8-11 |
| | Pointed Stern Canoes 16 to 20 feet long | * | * | * | * | 6-10 |
| | Light Round or V-Bottom Boats, 12 to 18 feet long | 15-28 | 15-25 | 9-20 | 9-16 | 6-10 |
| | Heavy Round or V-Bottom Boats, 12 to 20 feet long | 10-23 | 10-20 | 5-14 | 4-11 | 3-8 |
| | Flat Bottom Boats 12 to 18 feet long | 10-23 | 10-20 | 5-14 | 4-10 | 3-7 |
| | Dinghies or Tenders 7 to 12 feet long | * | * | 9-15 | 9-14 | 6-8 |
| | Heavy Work Boats 10 to 20 feet long | 6-16 | 6-15 | 5-12 | * | * |
| | Runabouts 16 to 20 feet long | 15-28 | 15-25 | 9-20 | 9-12 | * |
| | Cruisers 16 to 22 feet long | 6-22 | 6-20 | 6-12 | * | * |

# Fastwin the Nine-hull Outboard







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and that you are able to gauge the distance run. Fig. 3 makes the geometry of this interesting case quite clear.

The bow-and-beam bearing introduces us to another element in the determination of position, that of distance, and this in turn brings up the subject of "dead reckoning," or D. R. as it is labeled in the log. In principle, D. R. consists merely in knowing in what direction you have come from a given point and how far. Obviously, with these two elements you can readily plot the course and scale off the run, and so determine your position at any given time. But here again there are complications that make the process not quite as simple as it seems. In addition to the human error, which plays an important part in steering a course, there are currents and tides to be considered, as well as the leeway or drift caused by the wind. These things affect the *direction*, while the difficulty of establishing accurately the average speed over a considerable length of time affects the *distance*. There are automatic devices, known as patent logs, which will register the distance traveled through the water with more or less accuracy, but these will not take into account the action of a strong tidal current. This either retards or accelerates your speed *over the bottom*, which is the thing that counts. It is necessary to know how to take these various factors into account.

Since we are dealing with pilot water navigation we may assume that the beginner will not get out of sight of land. Presumably, he will be able to see and distinguish known landmarks in the region from which he has come for a considerable time, and the simplest and most practical check he can get on his direction is to look back occasionally and see if they are where they ought to be. If he has been steering S.W. from a certain headland it follows that that headland should continue to bear N.E. from him. If it fails to do so he will know that he is off his course, and he can correct the error by a slight alteration of the boat's heading before it becomes very great. But while this is valuable as a check it is too indefinite to be satisfactory in determining what course he should steer. To do this he should know the direction and force of the tidal current which he has to meet. On most of our charts this is shown, for both flood and ebb, by small arrows with figures telling the velocity of the tidal stream in nautical miles per hour printed against them. The Coast Pilot gives more detailed information on this important matter.

There is a very simple method of determining how much to allow for a current, which merely involves drawing a diagram like that shown in Fig. 4. It applies to any case. Draw the line AB connecting your point of departure with your objective, and from the point B draw a line parallel to the current arrow but in the opposite direction. On this line scale off the distance which the current may be expected to set you in the estimated time of crossing, and mark that distance by the letter C. The line AC then becomes the course which you should steer. This must of necessity follow, because while your boat is going from A to C through the water the current will have set her down the length of the line CB, and you will hit B on the nose. Or, to look at it a little differently, while you are *steering* the course AC you will be actually *following* the line AB, owing to the set of the current.

To discover the amount of leeway you may sight back at the vessel's wake. Not a bad scheme on a long run is to drop overboard some object that you are through with, such as an empty bottle, with a stick thrust into the neck, which can be seen some little distance back. Sight on it before it disappears and determine how far it is from being directly astern. If it is half a point on your weather quarter you must alter course by that same angle to correct the leeway you are making.

Now the great winds shoreward blow
Now the salt tides seaward flow

Now the white wild horses play
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
M. Arnold.

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**Sandy Moffat** — "Of the 10 yachts I have owned — this is certainly the best mannered."

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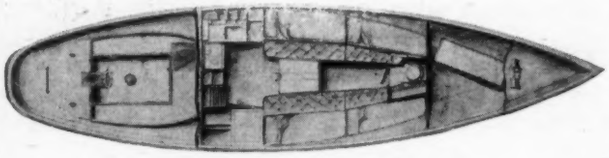
**Frederic M. Gardiner** — Beverly Farms, Mass. who sailed the *Primrose* to Europe and return.



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### American Yachts Win At Bermuda

(*Continued from page 86*)

annual visits to Bermudian waters. Mrs. Holt, who, by the way, races as member of her husband's crew, is a charming hostess.

The third race was started in the afternoon, windward and leeward. The U. S. team scored 23¼ to 13. With a total of 63¾ points to 43 the Bermudians conceded the series to the Americans and cancelled the fourth race.

With the finish of this series interest switched to the meeting of the Six-Metres. March weather this year in the "Summer Isles" was not up to standard. The American Sixes, as well as the new Bermuda Sixes, suffered from lack of suitable weather in which to break in new sails and otherwise tune up these temperamental craft. Nevertheless there were no excuses made by either side. The three Bermuda boats, which are of one design, were conceived and built by Bjorne Aas of Norway, who has designed some remarkably fast boats. C. Sherman Hoyt, who was in Bermuda to sail *Clytie*, and who knows his boats, declared from the moment he saw them that we were in for trouble, and Sherman was right. The *Viking*, owned and sailed by Eldon Trimingham; the *Achilles*, owned by W. J. H. Trott and sailed by Captain Holt; and the *Sea Venture*, owned and sailed by Lloyd P. Jones, were not only good looking, but slippery in any kind of weather.

In spite of the fact that our team consisted of two old and one entirely new and untried boat, we were able to give a good account of ourselves. With *Emerald*, owned and sailed by Paul Shields; *Clytie*, owned by J. S. Johnson and sailed by Sherman Hoyt, and *Thalia*, owned by Louis G. Young and sailed by the writer, we had a good all-'round team. *Thalia*, a new boat, was handicapped by the weather. Her sails were not properly broken in and she had had very little tuning up.

The first race, sailed April 1st, fooled everyone. The windward and leeward course, in light and extremely shifty breezes, brought many surprises. Outspeeded from the start by the Bermudians, fickle old Boreas conspired with the American Eagle to so blow his variable winds that the United States boats should profit. *Thalia* led at the start with all but *Achilles* under her lee. Then the latter caught a slant and soon camped on *Thalia's* wind. To make American hopes still more blue *Viking* was making *Clytie* sweat from every seam.

Bam! The scene changed! *Emerald* ran into a header and covered *Sea Venture*. *Clytie* squirmed out from under *Viking* with *Thalia's* help and entered the picture, the outlook turning more rosy hued. But after the first mark was reached another shift in breeze again changed the scene. *Viking* rounded first, *Clytie* second, *Emerald* third, *Achilles* fourth, *Sea Venture* fifth and *Thalia* last. It looked as if the new Bermuda boats would run away with the race, as they broke out extremely light spinnakers without booms and moved along very fast.

Then Boreas chuckled and blew a little streak of wind about twenty feet wide which all went into *Emerald's* sails and she romped into the lead. In spite of this all three 'Mudians were parked right on her stern and all six boats turned on the wind within one minute and ten seconds of *Emerald*.

*Achilles* caught and passed *Emerald* just before the windward mark, *Clytie* turned third, *Viking* fourth, *Thalia* fifth, and *Sea Venture* a bad last, due to a flat spot, the first of a streak of bad luck which seemed to park on the shoulders of Lloyd Jones.

The only change on the run home was the direct result of the efforts of the fourth member of the United States team, Mr. Boreas. He again puffed out his fat cheeks and blew—and blew the *Emerald* across the line just seven seconds ahead of *Achilles*, with *Clytie* third,

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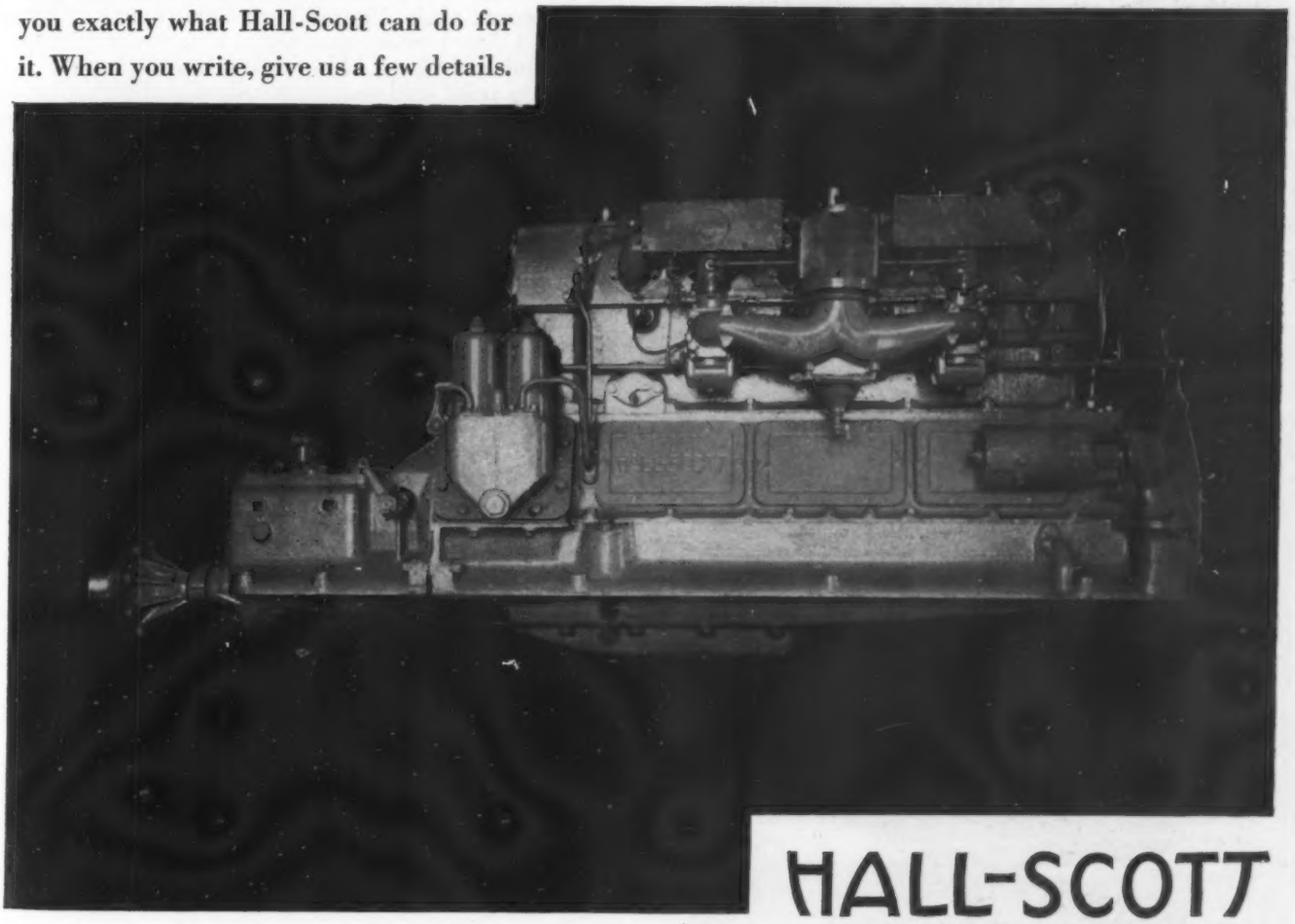

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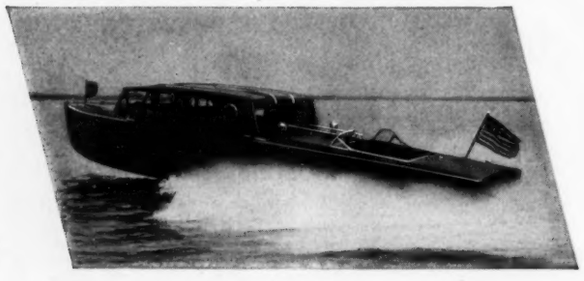

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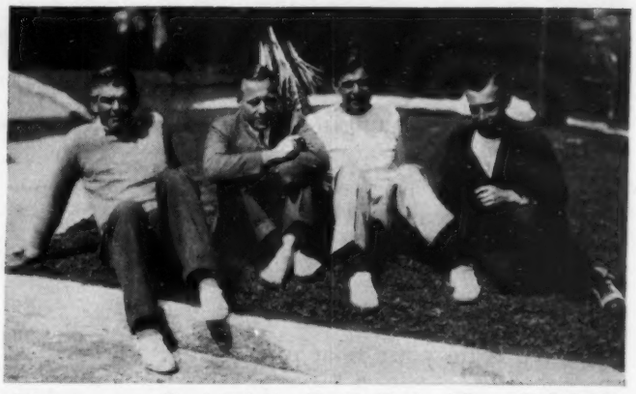
*Viking* fourth, *Thalia* fifth, and *Sea Venture* over twelve minutes back of the winning boat. Score: United States and Boreas 12¼, Bermuda 9.



*Aileen's* crew; Paul Shields, E. C. Endt, "Corny" Shields. F. A. Sachs.

The second race found a heavy breeze, but Boreas didn't pick out any one boat or team to favor this time. This race was triangular, 1½ miles to a leg. It was blowing about 20 miles from S.W. Twenty miles in Bermuda means a breeze. *Emerald* tacked in order to extricate herself from an untenable position and again profited thereby, for when the boats approached the windward mark *Emerald* was first. Eventually, she won, *Achilles* taking second place, *Viking* third, *Clytie* fourth, *Thalia* fifth, and *Sea Venture* was again last. Score: United States and Lady Luck 11¼, Bermuda and Jinx 10.

The 4½ point lead was practically wiped out early in the third race, again windward and leeward, in a strong breeze with the windward mark tucked away in a small bay on Somerset Shore. Local knowledge counted in

Bermuda's "crack" crew; H. Butterfield, E. Trimingham, K. Trimingham and son.

this race, and after a close start the Bermuda boats just romped along, turning the first windward mark one, two, three. At this point Lady Luck, on behalf of the Americans, conspired again to put Lloyd Jones in trouble. As he rounded the mark inside *Viking*, the mark boat rolled to windward as *Sea Venture* luffed by and the leach of her mainsail brushed the staff, just as it had done to *Daphne* in the previous series. *Sea Venture* immediately withdrew. It was an unfortunate thing for the Bermudians. The chances were that they would have placed one, two, three — at the worst, one, two, four; and if this had been so, they would have won the series, and deservedly. Although they outscored the United States in the last race with only two boats by 11¼ to 9, it was not enough to overcome that 4½ point lead, the final score being 32½ for the United States to 30¼.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED



## In Quakertown

Port Ludington, the permanent motor boat show of the Boat Division of Ludington Aircraft, Inc., was opened recently in Philadelphia. It occupies the entire ground floor of the Atlantic Building, 258 S. Broad St. Here are displayed the Elco *Marinette* and *Veedette*, the Model 103, 24-foot *Chris-Craft* runabout, the Ludington *Sportship* and *Sportship Senior* (17-foot runabouts with inboard motors and outboard drive), and the Ludington hydroplanes, *Lightning*, *Rocket* and *Flash*. In addition there is a D. H. Gypsy Moth biplane with folding wings. The types of boats on exhibition offer to the purchaser a wide range of choice, from the racing hydro to the cruiser. The Philadelphia district is well suited for boating, with the Delaware River at its doors and many yacht clubs along the banks of this historic waterway.

## For a Tight Joint

Hose clamps are small things, but one that does not hold is an unmitigated nuisance. This fault cannot be found with the Grip-Tite clamp which consists of a band

**The Grip-Tite clamp makes for tight joints.**

with a series of transverse ridges embossed on its inner surface. These form a toothed rack which the tightening screw, mounted in a trunnion, engages. In applying, the band is slipped over the hose and compressed by hand. Then the screw is swung into position and tightened with a screw driver. It acts as a worm gear, the screw feeding the band under the thread until it is as tight as desired.

## Stories Wanted

The Outboard Motors Corporation of Milwaukee, Wis., has just announced a series of prizes for stories of outboard cruises. The conditions of the contest are simple, the main one being that all stories must be based on actual happenings. Not less than six clear, usable photographs must accompany each story submitted. There is a first prize of $100, two second prizes of $50 and five third prizes of $10. Winners will be announced by Outboard Motors Corporation on November 1, 1930.

## The Baby Gar 22

Announcement has just been made of the latest *Baby Gar*, a runabout 22 feet long, and 6 feet 5 inches beam. The boat has the general appearance of her larger sisters with the same flaring bows and sharp V-bottom. Her frames are of oak, while keel and chines are of apiton, a Philippine hardwood. Planking (double on the bottom) is of mahogany, as is the deck. Fastenings are all of Everdur. Powered with the Chrysler Crown motor of 75 h.p., the boat develops a speed of 35 m.p.h. The *Baby Gar* 22–35 is driven by a motor of 135 h.p. The new boat is the fourteenth in the Gar Wood line which now includes boats of from 22 to 33 feet with speeds up to 55 m.p.h.


WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., who is adding fame to an already famous name with his talking pictures. He married the screen beauty, Joan Crawford, not so long ago, and can be seen these days in "Loose Ankles" — his latest success.**

# "Shaving is a pleasure with Barbasol"

***Says Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.***

*** "Shaving with Barbasol is indeed a pleasure. No brush. No lather. Just Barbasol and a trusty blade . . . and the shave is quick and comfortable."**

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

**** Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.***

WHY do men write Barbasol letters bursting with praise of this modern shaving cream? It must be genuine enthusiasm, because their shouts of joy over this easy, quick, *clean* shave are *voluntary*.

Listen to this: "I'd rather drive an auto without a self-starter than go back to the old shaving brush." — W. E. L., of New York. "Wonderful results . . . the smooth and clean shave from Barbasol." — M. W., of New Jersey. "I have a tough beard, but with Barbasol the razor doesn't pull." — N. R. G., of California. (Yes, names on request if you like.)

*You* can join the crowd of Barbasol believers and get the shaving surprise of your life, *but* you must follow these directions. At that, *you'll be following along with the crowd*. Here they are:

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet.
2. Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in.
3. Wet a good blade and — *Shave*.

It's as simple as that. Easy, quick; no lathering-up; no brushing or rubbing. And the results are amazing. The blade slides along *easy*. The beard comes off close, with never a pull. Face feels soft, refreshed. And blades last longer. Now *you* try it. Start tomorrow morning. Generous tubes 35c and 65c at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

**BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER**

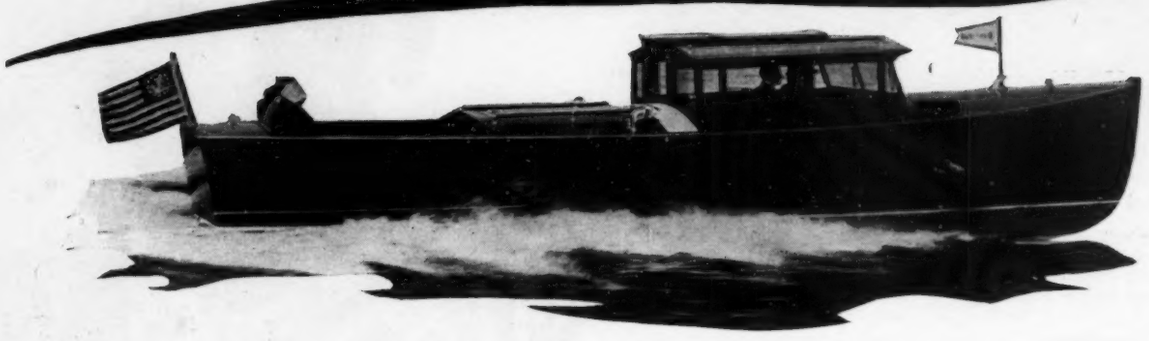
**Here's a bracer for the face, morning, noon or night. Slap it on face and neck when tired. It tingles; rejuvenates. Makes a new man of you. Try it!**

# Barbasol

***for Modern Shaving***

**NO BRUSHING — NO LATHERING — NO RUBBING**

# Banfield



## *What is Meant by SEAWORTHY ?*

THE Dictionary tells us: "In fit condition for a voyage." Does that mean an occasional brief spin into choppy waters or weeks of ploughing through heavy ocean seas? Banfield Sea Skiffs have cruised into the frigid Arctic seas further north than any boat their size has ever dared venture. They have made the Trip down the Mississippi from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, across the Gulf of Mexico to South America, through the Caribbean Sea to the Antilles, Bahamas and other Tropical lands. They have made the voyage from New York to Bermuda through the severest hurricane ever recorded for the time of year, while ocean liners were held in port awaiting the raging seas to abate. BANFIELDS ARE SEAWORTHY! — they are in fit condition for a voyage.

Banfield Sea Skiffs are being built in nine different models of Runabouts, Sedans, and Cruisers priced from $2750 to $7950 with speeds up to 38 m.p.h. and choice of motors.

## BANFIELD SEA SKIFF WORKS INC.

LARGEST BUILDERS OF SEA SKIFFS IN THE WORLD

*Sales Offices and Permanent Exhibit*

**254 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

PLANT:
ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, NEW JERSEY

RUNABOUTS ····· CRUISERS ····· SEDANS

## Moorings

Permanent moorings should certainly be permanent. You may lie to the light stream anchor for a couple of hours' fishing or even overnight in a landlocked harbor, but you're never really at ease with light ground tackle. You may have to turn out in your pajamas in the rain, too, if it starts to pipe up at night. And when you are in your home port and have to leave your boat from week-end to week-end, you want her fast to something that you know is going to hold. For such moorings the bulb shank mushroom anchor has many advantages. It is scientifically designed, with its base divided into four compartments by webs and the heavy bulb at the end of the shank. This bulb insures that the anchor falls over and bites into the bottom, and does not sit upright to be a menace to other craft if in shallow water. The weight of the bulb holds the shank down so that the chain will not foul it at the turn of the tide and also, when an extra pull comes, allows the shank to lift a trifle and ease the strain. Another feature is the eye on the edge of the mushroom through which a tripping line may be rove. Bulb shank mushrooms are manufactured by the Fairhaven Iron Foundry Co. and are distributed in the New York district by Topping Brothers.

## Yacht Uniforms

A new department, devoted exclusively to the needs of the yachting world, has been added to the well established business of the Brooks Uniform Company.

"Saltair" yacht apparel and accessories are now produced for yacht owners, yacht club members and also for the officers and crew of the yacht fleet.

The company's headquarters are 143 West 40th St., New York City.

## Treibers in Boston

Treiber Diesels will be distributed in New England by Noyes Marine Co. of Boston. This concern has a dealer organization which extends all over the six New England states. The complete Treiber line, including generating sets of 7½ to 70 kw., and marine Diesels from 65 to 3,000 h.p., will be handled and serviced.

Treiber Diesels have been chosen for many fine motor yachts, commuters and express cruisers. They are of the light weight, high speed type.

## Lyon-Tuttle Expands

The famous City Island shipyard of B. F. Wood & Sons, which has been owned and operated by the Wood family for seventy years, has been purchased by The Lyon-Tuttle Corporation.

The original Lyon-Tuttle yard and shops will be continued with the same force of craftsmen for the maintenance of boats up to 100 feet in length. The Wood yard will have no change in personnel, except in executive positions. With its modern equipment, including the four large marine railways capable of hauling 200-foot boats at any stage of the tide, yachts up to 300 tons may be cared for day or night. Even at low water, there is eight feet minimum depth over the foot of the railways.

Howard W. Lyon, President of the Lyon-Tuttle organization and builder of the Sea Lyon, announces that sales for the first two months of 1930 have been 50 per cent greater than for the corresponding period of 1929. A notable recent sale is that of a Sea Lyon which will be used as a tender for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht, *Ara*. This, by the way, is his fifth boat from the same builders.


*by* MOTOR .. TO *Golf*... AT ST. ANDREWS

SWING your car up through New England's seacoast or mountain routes to Bangor, Maine ... then 145 miles by U. S. 1 to Ellsworth ... on to the border ... and you're at St. Andrews.

The golf-playing Scots of Canada made St. Andrews for themselves ... and made it right. Two cool, moist sea-air courses by the Bay of Fundy ... the eighteen to thrill experts ... the nine to keep learners out of their way ... a famous place among golfers in the know.

Good tennis, bowling, bathing, riding, fishing, dancing ... garage, yacht anchorage ... food and service famous even among Canadian Pacific hotels.

The Algonquin opens June 21 ... rates and information from Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York ... 405 Boylston St., Boston ... 71 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago ... 32 other offices. Or write

*Hotel Algonquin*

ST. ANDREWS BY-THE-SEA

*New Brunswick, Canada*

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL